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THE

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A Monthly Periodical

DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES,
FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.,

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UNIV OF CALIFORNIA

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EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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THE PRESENT STATE OF CELTIC STUDIES.

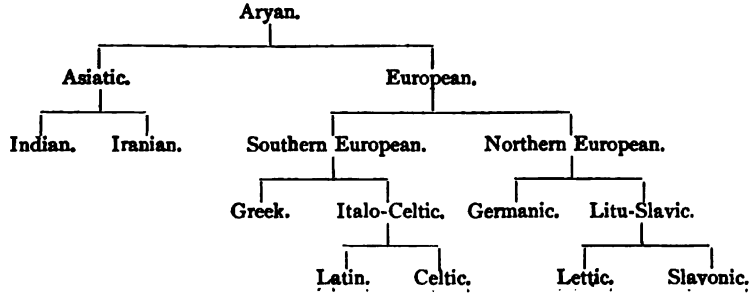
In this article the intention is to show briefly what modern science has proved in respect to the Celtic languages. We shall consider shortly how the Celtic languages stand in relationship to the other leading European tongues, how they are related to each other, and especially how Gaelic is related to itself historically. In a future article an account will be given of the ethnological and antiquarian theories now advocated by the leading scientists in these subjects.

The Celtic languages are divided into two leading groups, the Goidelic and Brythonic. The leading difference between these two groups lies in the change of an original Celtic *qv* into Goidelic *c*, but into Brythonic *p*. Thus Old Gaelic *cóic* (five) appears in Old Welsh as *pimp*, pointing to an Old Celtic *qvenqve*, Latin *quinque*. The Goidelic group of Celtic is divided again into three leading branches or dialects: (1) the Irish Gaelic, (2) the Scotch Gaelic, and (3) the Manx. The Brythonic group also divides into three branches: (1) the Welsh, (2) the Cornish (extinct since last century), and (3) the Breton, in France. Both the Welsh and the Irish exist in glosses and MSS. as far back as the 8th century, and this early period is called respectively Old Irish and Old Welsh, while from the 11th and 12th century, when the process of change and decay has well advanced, they are called Middle Irish or Welsh, and the dialects of our day and the last three centuries are named New or Modern. For Irish there is even an older period still, in the Ogamic inscriptions of early Christian

times. In France, two thousand years ago, more or less, the Celtic language spoken was of a pre-historic Welsh type; it thus belonged to the Brythonic branch, or rather to the pre-historic Brythonic; for even so early as that the two great branches of the original Celtic language must have existed. Thus, Gaulish, as this language of Old Gaul is called, presents Gaelic *còig* as *pempe*. We know this Gaulish only from inscriptions, place and person names, and separate words recorded by ancient writers; there are no literary remains of it, great and powerful and highly civilised though the Gauls were as a nation.

The Celtic languages belong to the Indo-European or Aryan group of languages, which comprises the languages of the chief nations of Europe, Western Asia, and India. The languages comprised under the name Indo-European are grouped as follows: (1) The Indian group—ancient Sanskrit and the modern Hindoo dialects; (2) the Iranian group—ancient and modern Persian, and Zend; (3) the Armenian; (4) the Greek family—ancient and modern, and, possibly, Albanian; (5) the Latin or Italian group—Latin and the modern Romance tongues—Italian, French, Spanish, &c.—descended from Latin; (6) the Celtic group; (7) the Slavonic group — Bulgarian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, and Russian; (8) the Lettic or Baltic group—old Prussian and Lithuanian, and modern Lettic; and (9) the Teutonic group — Gothic, Scandinavian, German, and English. These languages and sub-languages can all be proved to be descended from one parent language, for their grammar—the inflections, stems, and pronouns—are the same in type and descent, and their vocabularies have numerous words and roots in common. It was the discovery of Sanskrit, the ancient language of India, and its presentment to European scholars towards the end of last century that first gave the true scientific start to philology. The European languages were compared with Sanskrit, and the "thoughts of men were widened" by the kinship of nations which such evidence of common origin pointed to. The Sanskrit was raised to the position of elder brother of all the other languages—some even claimed it as the parent language; and the respectability of European tongues in the first half of this century depended on their more or less close relationship or no relation-

ship with Sanskrit. By-and-bye sounder views prevailed as to the position of Sanskrit, and Schleicher, more than a generation ago, made a genealogical table of the Indo-European tongues, showing the exact degrees of relationship of the main families. He found that the languages grouped themselves into three leading groups: (1) The Aryan division—the Indian and Iranian languages; (2) the South-Western European—Greek, Italic, and Celtic; and (3) the Northern European—Lettic, Slavonic, and Teutonic. The home of the original Aryans or Indo-Europeans who spoke the original parent tongue was in the Central Highlands of Asia; so Schleicher's theory ran. This parent people separated; first the Slavo-Teutonic, the language which afterwards became Slavonic and Teutonic, branched off; then after a time those that remained split into two, and the Graeco-Italo-Celtic parted company with the Indo-Iranic or Aryan. The Graeco-Italo-Celtic family came westwards, and again split into two—the Greek and the Italo-Celtic. Fick, some fifteen years ago, slightly modified Schleicher's groupings. The original Indo-European divided into two main families—the Asiatic and the European. The Asiatic includes the Indian and the Iranian branches, known shortly as the Aryan division. The European group split up into two after a while — the South-Western European and the Northern European divisions. The South-Western division includes the Greek, Latin, and Celtic; the Northern division includes the Slavonic (with the Lettic family) and the Teutonic. These groupings are founded on correspondences in inflections, phonetics, and vocabulary—or, in short, on grammar and dictionary. The following table will make this genealogical view perfectly clear:—



The latest views, however, discard the genealogical idea, and adopt the view that juxtaposition or geographical position decides the relationship between the different groups. Two Indo-European languages bordering upon one another have always some features common to them alone. Accordingly, instead of Schleicher and Fick's genealogical tree, we have rather a wave which spreads in concentric circles ever thinner in proportion as it is further from the centre, or, as Schmidt, the author of this view, says, "an oblique plane inclined from Sanskrit to Celtic in an uninterrupted line." This view places Greek and its neighbour Armenian as intermediates or steps between the Aryan (Asiatic) and Latin; the Latin stands between Greek and Celtic; Celtic again lies between Latin and Teutonic; and between Teutonic and Asiatic Aryan is the Slavo-Lettic. There is thus made a chain, which, starting from Asia, passes through Armenian, Greek, Albanian, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Lettic, and Slavonic back to Asia again.

The position of Celtic in the Indo-European kinship was until lately a matter on which philologists held much dispute. When Sir William Jones, in 1786, demonstrated the importance of Sanskrit, then lately introduced to European notice, he not merely said that Latin and Greek sprung from the same origin as Sanskrit, but suggested that Gothic and Celtic had the same origin as Sanskrit. This was spoken about the same time that Pinkerton, who led the anti-Celt crusade at that time, suggested the probability that Celtic mythology was Hottentot in type, and their language "as remote from Greek as Hottentot is from the Lapponic." Celtic enthusiasts, however, were able to give him a Roland for his Oliver, but both sides left the scientific study of the language to the German. The recognition of Celtic, as an Aryan language, was slow. Bopp even said in 1823—"We might add, besides the above-mentioned languages that are to be compared with the Sanskrit, still many another one to the present examination, if it were our intention to embrace those languages which bear separate relations with the Sanskrit. There are found of these several in the Celtic speech-family; and the Finnish and related dialects, as well as Hungarian and Albanian, offer also, especially in the pronouns (the truest of ancient forms), the most

wonderful similarity." Even at that time Bopp could mix up Celtic with two such non-Aryan languages as Finnish and Hungarian, nor did it find a leading place in his comparative grammar, published in 1833, though its connection with Sanskrit was subordinately recognised. Our countryman Pritchard published in 1831 his "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," where the connection of Celtic and Sanskrit was abundantly proved by a com parison of words and of grammar. Yet Pott, one of the leading philologists of the time, could in 1836 speak of a non-Sanskrit kernel or ground in Celtic. Pictet, in 1837, and Bopp, with more weight, in 1838, demonstrated that Celtic must take its place among the Indo-European languages. This view was rendered unassailable by the appearance of Zeuss's epoch-making work in 1853, the *Grammatica Celtica.*

Yet, in the genealogical grouping shortly afterwards in vogue, a dispute arose as to whether Celtic was more allied to Latin or Teutonic. Schleicher grouped it along with Latin, basing his theories on the stems in *-tion-*, the dat. plural in *b*, the futures in *b*, and the passive in *r*, all which are peculiar to Latin and Gaelic. Lottner and Ebel maintained that Celtic was more allied to Teutonic than to Latin, but they had to base their arguments on "a pervading anology in the Slavonian, Teutonic, and both branches of the Celtic," and, when they brought forward single instances in phonetics, declension, or conjugation, these were either of little significance or were actually wrong. In modern philology so much has been revolutionised in the matter of interrelationship of languages that the importance of the question is not now so great. Windisch, however, says:—"The Celtic languages belong to the Indo-Germanic or Aryan languages, and stand in the circle of the same between the Italian and Germanic. The points where they touch with the Italian languages are, especially in the conjugation, more numerous and important than those with the Germanic." M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, in a recent article, has shown that Latin is, of all Indo-European tongues, nearest allied to Celtic; indeed he seems to prove, as he asserts, that they formed, at a remote period, one people speaking one language. He points in proof to the *i* genitive of Latin and Celtic *o* stems (originally a locative), the *-tion-* stem, the future in

b, and the passive in *r* (despite the Indian *-re* and *-rate*), which are peculiar to Latin and Celtic; and the *i* plural of *o* stems, the dative plural in *b*, the *s* aorist of Irish, and other minor details, which are all absent in the Germanic and represented there by forms equally unknown to Celtic.

Grimm's law of interchange of sounds in the Indo-European languages, enunciated fully in 1822, is parallel in its effect on the progress of philology to the effect of Newton's law of gravitation or Darwin's evolutionary hypothesis on their respective sciences. System thereafter ruled amid the chaos. A glance at the work of Pritchard, who had not taken advantage of Grimm's system, will at once reveal how mighty a revolution was effected, if we compare our order with Pritchard's chaos, a chaos which is better than the veteran Lhuyd's of over a century previous only because Sanskrit had opened a wider vista of comparison. Bopp was the first to make real discoveries in the Celtic philological field. This was in his work in 1838 on the Celtic languages. He discovered that the whole of the aspirations and eclipses of Irish and Gaelic are nothing else than the relics and results of the after-action of the old case-endings. The eclipsis, for instance, is caused by the nasal of the singular accusative case, or of the neuter nominative singular, or of the genitive plural, all of which, as in Greek, ended with *n*. This nasal in falling away left its after-influences on the initial syllable of the next word following. This eclipsis is rare in Scotch Gaelic, but it does exist. Thus, we say " ar n-athair" (our father), where *ar n-* is the genitive plural *aran* for an original *(n)ostran*, exactly parallel to the Latin *nostrum*. The aspiration of vowel-flanked consonants is the leading feature of the Celtic languages. This aspiration happens first within the individual word, as *mathair* for *mātīr*, where *t* being vowel-flanked is softened to *(t)h*. But the researches of philologists, beginning with Bopp and ending with Windisch, have shown that not merely within the individual word does this principle hold, but it also applies to syntactical combinations; that is to say, certain sets of words, namely, a substantive with a foregoing article, possessive pronoun, numeral, preposition, or interjection, or a following genitive or adjective, and a verb with a prefixed adjective, preposition, conjunction,

compound relative, or negative or interrogative, or with a following object or subject, form a *junctio*, as Ebel said, or grammatical combination; and these words have a phonetic influence on each other, and are held together by a common accent. In fact, these combinations are, as respects phonetic laws, regarded in Celtic as one word, and indeed many of them are written together as one word in the oldest manuscripts. Hence, if a previous word in such a combination ended originally in a vowel, the initial consonant of the next word is aspirated, if the consonant is of an aspirable character. But if the previous word ended in a consonant, the succeeding word was not affected. Thus, we have *fear ċeart* (right man), but *bean ċheart* (right woman), because the former stood originally as *viras-certas*, while the latter was *bena-certa*. In the former the *c* of *certas* was defended by the *s* of *viras*, but in *bena-certa* the *c* was alone and vowel-flanked, and hence became aspirated.

Bopp and his fellow-workers knew the Celtic tongues only in their modern and phonetically decayed form. But in 1853 Zeuss produced his monumental work, the *Grammatica Celtica*, where only the oldest forms of the Celtic languages, as found in manuscripts of a thousand years old, more or less, were considered. This work forms the foundation of Celtic philology. Now, in its second edition, published under the editorship of Ebel in 1871, it is a mine of linguistic material for the Celtic tongues. Here we have Celtic phonetics, Celtic declension, nominal and pronominal, Celtic conjugation, and Celtic word construction, placed on a sure basis of science for the first time. Since then the work of Celtic philology has proceeded with vigour and success, largely benefiting by every advance made in the general philology of the Indo-European languages. The leading men since Zeuss are—Ebel, who first placed Celtic declension in clear relation with that of Latin, Greek, and the other languages, even attempting to restore the old Celtic forms; Stokes, who has laboured, and still labours vigorously, we are glad to say, in every field of Celtic philology—derivation, declension, conjugation, and phonetics—and whose contribution to this work is second only to that of Zeuss himself; Windisch, a younger man—a man of this generation, who has edited old Gaelic texts, has made elaborate research

into the laws of desinence or inflexional termination, known in German as "auslaut," has contributed the Celtic derivation to Curtius' great work, and has written a compendium of Irish grammar invaluable for its completeness and accuracy; Rhys, professor of Celtic in Oxford; Gaidoz, who started the *Revue Celtique*, and edited it till last year; D' Arbois de Jubainville, present editor of the *Revue Celtique*, who has written much on Irish literature, law, and mythology. There are such new men in the field as Thurneysen, Zimmer, Loth, Kuno Meyer, and others, whose work is of great value, with the promise of much more in the time to come.

Under Grimm's law of interchange of consonantal mute sounds, Celtic takes its place by the side of Latin and Greek, as against English and German. But it has its peculiarities: *p* is entirely lost, except when *t* followed it; compare *athair* and *seachd* to Latin *pater* and *septem*. It has changed, as the English has done, the original Indo-European aspirates *gh*, *dh*, *bh* to the medials *g*, *d*, *b* respectively. Its present aspirates are later developments. Thus modern Gaelic *f* is but *v* strengthened, as *fear* is equal to Latin *vir*; while modern *ch*, *th*, *ph*, *gh*, *dh*, *bh*, are merely vowel-flanked forms of *c*, *t*, *p*, *g*, *d*, *b* respectively. Hence we have the rule that if a mute begins words the Indo-European hard and soft mutes are unchanged in Celtic, while the aspirates become soft mutes; but, in the middle or end of words, the mute is represented by its corresponding aspirate. Another peculiarity follows from this: unaspirated *c*, *g*, *t*, *d*, *p*, *b* in the middle or end of a word can never correspond to these letters in any other language. They really stand for some double consonant. Thus the *d* of *ceud* stands for Old Gaelic *t (cét)*, and it again stood for *nt* (*centum*). Usually non-initial *c*, *t*, *p* stand for *cc*, *tt*, *pp*, as *seac*, *cat*, *ceap* are equal to Latin *siccus*, *cattus*, *cippus* respectively. So *g*, *d*, *b* often stand for *c*, *t*, *p* with a nasal preceding, as *còig* stands for *quinque* and *deud* for *dent-*. The liquids *l*, *m*, *n*, *r* and the sibilant *s* stand for the corresponding Indo-European letters. The Gaelic vowel sounds are very difficult to handle, for a succeeding vowel affects a preceding one usually in some way, and hence it is often difficult to find what really was the original vowel. Besides, it is only a few years since a correct account was given of the

original Indo-European vowel system. The vowels *e* and *o*, for example, were not supposed to have existed in that language. Consequently, even in our best works on Celtic, all the five vowels are set down as possible representatives of an original *a*, the truth being that this *a* stands for *a*, *e*, *o*. The Indo-European vowel system, it is now known, was practically the same as the Greek. Where Greek and Latin agree on the same short vowel, the Gaelic, in uninfluenced root vowels, follows them. The long vowels *a*, *i*, *u* are the same in Gaelic as in the Indo-European ; long *e* appears as long *i*, (*rìgh* from *rēg*-), and long *o* generally becomes *ua*. But the influence of neighbouring vowels and even of consonants, especially the liquids, renders the vowel system very complicated. Two years ago Zimmer and Thurneysen discovered simultaneously the rules and the influence of accent in Gaelic, old and new. The discovery effects not a little revolution in Gaelic phonetics : the confusion of the compounded verbs was at once unravelled. The accent of the Old Gaelic noun was the same as that of the modern Gaelic ; it was on the first syllable. But in the compounded verb the acute accent rested, as a rule, on the second syllable, the exceptions being that the imperative placed the accent on the first syllable, and this occurred also after the negative and interrogative particles, and the conjunction *gun* with two other obsolete ones. Thus, *faic* (see) ; future *chì* for old present *at-chi* (the unaccented preposition *at*- being dropped in modern Gaelic) ; imperative, *faic* for *f-aid-c*, with accent on the preposition ; past tense, after negative particle, *chan fhaca* for *f-ad-ca*, with accent again on the preposition. The same holds with *nì* (" will do," for *do-gnìu*), *dèan* for old *dén* (*do-gni*, with accent on the preposition *do*), *rinn* for *do-rigni* (*rigni=ro-gni*). When the accent falls on the root, it is preserved intact, but when the accent falls on the preposition, the root is truncated and phonetically spoiled.

Passing from phonetics, let us glance briefly at what has been done in grammar—in declension and conjugation. The orthodox five declensions of Latin are now abandoned by philologists. Declension is now divided into three main parts, according to the ending of the stems. Stems ending in the vowels *a* and *o* are vowel stems ; stems ending in a consonant before the case terminations are consonant stems, and allied to these are the semi-vowel stems

in *i* and *u*. Hence we have the *a*, *o*, *i*, *u*, and consonant declensions, with the case terminations of the last three the same. Celtic declension was like Latin and Greek declension. We can restore it fairly well from Old Irish by attending to the laws of *auslaut*, as the Germans call it—that is, by attending to the terminations of the cases. The *a* stems of Gaelic are all feminine, as *cas* "foot" (for original *coxa*), genitive *coise* (for *coxēs*); this answers to the Latin first declension. The *o* stems are the masculine nouns that have the genitive singular and nominative plural made by inserting an *i* into the terminal syllable; nominative *bard* ("bard" for *bardos*, or prehistoric Gaelic *bardas*), gen. *baird* (for *bardi*), nom. plural *baird* (for *bardoi* or *bardī*). The *i* and *u* stems are like the Latin and Greek nouns in *is* and *us*, of the third (and fourth) declension. Thus *suil* and other such nouns whose last vowel is *i* having a genitive in *a* with the *i* dropped, as *sùla* (for prehistoric *sūlayos*), belong to the *i* declensions. The consonant declensions had the stem ending in consonants, mute, liquid, and sibilant. The most important Gaelic consonant stems were in *c* or *ac*, and in *n*. For in the onward progress of the language the plural terminations were lost, and only the stem remained. The stem, being longer than the nominative singular, was made to do duty for a plural. Hence we get our plurals in *n*, which are really nothing else than stems like Latin *hom(o)* (man), pl. *homin(es)*, with the last syllable of the nominatives sing. and plu. left off. The guttural stem *ach* or *ach* comes in to help the *n* stem. Hence we get the plural termination *-achan* or *-ichean*. The fem. *a* stems, as well as the *i* and *u* stems, have followed the analogy of the consonant stems in the plural. Again the consonant stems have gone over in the singular to the *o* declension. Windisch's studies on the laws of *auslaut* and on declension can be seen in the *Scottish Celtic Review*, and Stokes's in the last volume of the *Philological Society's Transactions*. Much has also been done in explaining the Old Irish verb, which is very complex. Our modern Gaelic verb is but a fragment of what has been. The future is entirely lost, its place being taken by the old present. So with the aorists in *s* and *t*. The subjunctive is gone, its place being held by the old Secondary Present or Imperfect. The personal terminations are, some of them, difficult to explain—the

preserved *m* of the first singular, the *nn* of the first sing. subjunctive, and the *s* of the third person sing. relative form. Otherwise the personal endings and the whole cast of the verb answer to the Latin verb, even to having the *r* of the passive voice.

The work of lexical etymology, the derivation of words, is proceeding rapidly. Ebel, over a generation ago, began examining the Gaelic and Welsh vocabulary to see its Indo-European relations; Windisch supplied Curtius' great work a dozen years ago with the Celtic comparisons, and his work was supplemented by Stokes, who has been unremitting in this field. An Irish etymological dictionary is promised from two sides—Drs. Atkinson and Zimmer. Hitherto we must say that too little attention, especially for phonetics, has been paid to the living dialects; but, as this is a strong point with the "New School" of philology, we may expect to see this matter soon remedied.

UNPUBLISHED GAELIC PROVERBS.

Is làidir luchag fo cruaich fheoir.
A mouse is bold under a stack of hay.

Thig dàil gu dorus.
Credit will come to the door.
(That is to say, the creditor must be paid some day soon).

Riaghal, thusa a' phailteas, is riaghlaidh an airc i fhéin.
Rule thou the plenty, and want will rule itself.

Deireadh a' chrochadair, a chrochadh.
The hangman's fate, to be hanged.

THE TALE OF THE "BODACH GLAS."

[*Translated from the Gaelic, by Mrs. Mackellar.*]

THERE was once upon a time a king, and he had an only son—a young man of great beauty, who excelled all others in the sports of the country, and his father was very proud of him. The young man had the habit of going daily to the top of a green knoll that was near his father's house, in order to look out for some one to play the game of shinty with him, but whoever played with him the king's son was always sure to win.

One day he went, as usual, to look about from the top of the green knoll that was near his father's house, and he found there before him a grey old man—"Bodach Glas"—that he had never seen before in his life.

"Will you play a round of shinty with me," said the "Bodach Glas." "I am willing," said the king's son, and they set to, and after intense playing on both sides, the "Bodach Glas" gained the victory.

"Now," said he to the king's son, "you must meet me here to-morrow, at the same hour, and you must have for me a silver shinty and a golden ball, or else you will lose your head."

The king's son went home to his father and told him about the matter. "Do not be afraid," said the king, "I will get what you want for you," and next day he gave his son the silver shinty and the golden ball, and the young man went to deliver them to the "Bodach Glas."

"Are you for a round of shinty with me to-day," said the "Bodach Glas." "I am willing," replied the king's son, and after intense playing the "Bodach Glas" was again victorious.

"Now," said he to the king's son, "You must have for me here, at this hour to-morrow, a herd of black cows, having red ears, or else you will lose your head." The king's son went home heavy and sorrowful, and he told his father about the matter.

The king was sorry for his son, and though the demand was not easily met, he told him to be of good courage and he would do his best for him. He searched every place with great haste

and anxiety, and he got the herd of black cows with red ears, and the young man had them at the appointed hour on the green knoll, where he delivered them to the "Bodach Glas." "Will you play a round of shinty with me to-day," said the "Bodach Glas."

"I am willing," said the king's son, and they set to, and after intense playing the "Bodach Glas" was again victorious.

"Now," said he to the king's son, I lay it as an obligation upon you that you must seek me throughout the four red divisions of the world—ceithir roinnibh ruadh an domhain—until you find me.

The king's son was in great distress, and he went home to tell his father of the obligation—Geasan—laid upon him. The king was very sorrowful, and he told his wife about the matter. The king's wife was the young man's stepmother, for his own mother had died when he was born. His stepmother, however, was very fond of him, and as he was setting out in quest of the "Bodach Glas," she told him that she had three sons by the husband she had before she married his father, and that the eldest of them travelled to the furthest end of the world, where he remained; the second travelled to the half of the world, and remained there; and the third had only travelled to the end of the nearest quarter of the world, and he settled there. "I will make three bannocks, which you will take with you," said the stepmother; "you will seek my sons," she continued, "and when they taste the bannock, you will give to each as you find him; they will know that you came from me, and they may help you to find the 'Bodach Glas.' I cannot help you further than this, for if none of them can find the 'Bodach Glas' for you, I know not how you are to find him."

The young man left his father's house, and travelled to the end of the first quarter of the world in quest of his stepmother's youngest son, in case he might direct him in his quest, and after much searching through the world he found him. He walked into the house in which he dwelt, and he found no one in but a churlish old crone, who sat by the fire, and who ordered him out of the house.

He refused to obey her, and determined not to go away until he would see the son of his stepmother. The master of the house

was very surly when he returned home in the gloaming, and he said angrily to the old woman,

"Who is this pert fellow (peasan) that you have sitting by the fireside?"

"A pert fellow who was taking the road here, and he refused to go out of the house at my bidding," said the old hag.

"I'll soon put him out," said he, and taking hold of the king's son angrily, he kicked him out at the door. The young man was sorely hurt, but he did not complain, and on taking a bannock from his wallet he handed it to his stepmother's son, saying—"take and taste." The young man did so, and on recognising his mother's message in the bannock, for he knew the taste of her bread, he at once understood that this was the king's son, and saying —"Son of the good, good mother (muirichinn), and son of the fine, fine mother," he took him by the hand and led him to the fireside, and showed him every kindness. He could not, however, give him any information about where to find the "Bodach Glas." He told him, however, about the best way to take to the half of the world, where his second brother had settled, and then when he found him he might be able to give him the information he wanted.

The king's son started afresh again, and sought through the world until he got to its half, and when he got there and found the house out in which his stepmother's second son was residing, he entered it. There was no one in but an old crone sitting by the fireside, who was very unhospitable, and ordered him out. He refused to go out, however, until his stepmother's son would return. He came in the gloaming—in the mouth of the night—and said to the old woman:—

"Who is this pert fellow you have got at the fireside"? "A pert fellow who was taking the road, and who refused to go out for me," said the old woman.

The master of the house then took hold of the king's son and kicked him out of the door, and though the young man was sorely hurt he did not complain, but putting his hand into his wallet he took out a bannock, which he gave him, saying, "Take and taste." As soon as he had tasted, he knew his mother's baking, and understood the message the bannock conveyed, and who the

young man was. "Son of the good, good mother, and son of the fine, fine mother," he said, taking him kindly by the hand and leading him to the fireside. He showed him every kindness, but could not tell him where to find the "Bodach Glas." He directed him, however, on the best way to find his eldest brother, who lived in the furthest away confines of the world, and who might know something of the object of his quest.

The young man went on his journey again, for an obligation was upon him, and he could not rest until he found the "Bodach Glas."

He searched the world until he reached its utmost confines, and there he found out the house of his stepmother's eldest son. He went in, and there was nobody in but an old crone sitting by the fire, who, in surly tones, ordered him out of the house. He refused to go until his stepmother's son would return home. He came in the gloaming, and, on seeing the stranger before him, he said angrily to the old hag—

"Who is this pert fellow sitting by the fire?"

"A pert fellow who was taking the road, and refused to go out at my bidding," said the old woman.

The master of the house then took hold of the king's son and kicked him out; and, although the young man was sorely hurt, he did not complain, but, putting his hand into his wallet, gave the remaining bannock to his stepmother's eldest son, saying, "Take and taste." The moment he tasted of the bannock, he knew his mother's baking, and understood the message it conveyed and who the young man was. "Son of the good, good mother, and son of the fine, fine mother," he said, taking him kindly by the hand, and leading him to the fireside. He showed him every kindness. In the morning the young man told him about the "Bodach Glas," and the obligation that was laid upon him to search for him until he would find him.

"I understand whom you mean," said his host, "the 'Bodach Glas' is a king who is under bonds of obligation himself, and who is seeking for means to set himself free. Come with me to a knoll that is near this, and I will shew you a small lake. When you get to that lake you will hide yourself under the shadow of a leafy green tree that is there, and wait patiently until three

beautiful swans will come to the lake. These swans are the three daughters of the 'Bodach Glas,' and, after they swim about for a time, they will come ashore, and put off their garments of feathers, and will, as three young women, go to bathe in their own proper shape and form. The youngest of the three is the most beautiful and the best—you will easily know her from the others—and watch where she puts off her feather garments and secure them. She will have to seek them from you then, for she cannot resume the shape of the swan without this covering; and make your own conditions before you give it to her, and she will take you to her father's house.

The King's son was delighted to be so near the end of his quest, and though the lake was a good distance from him, he was not long going to it. He saw the green leafy tree, and he hid himself among its boughs, and awaited with patience until the swans came; and, as his stepmother's eldest son had told him, after swimming about for a long time, they came ashore, and, having divested themselves of their feathery covering, they went to wash themselves in the lake as three lovely young maidens, and he easily distinguished the youngest from her sisters by her very great beauty, and he secured her garment of feathers. She saw him at length when searching for her covering, which it was necessary for her to get as she was a great way from home, and her sisters flew away without her. The King's son told her of all the pains and toils he had undergone because of her father's having laid him under obligation, and as he restored to her her garment of feathers, he appealed to her mercy, and not in vain. When she got again into the shape of a swan, she made him lie down on her back between her wings, and she flew home with him to her father's house. Her father was hunting away out on the mountains when they arrived, but when he returned home he knew the King's son, and gave him a hearty welcome. They ate and drank merrily of everything one could desire, and they sat in the best chamber in the house.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

(Continued.)

President Forbes, on the 24th of October, 1745, wrote to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, urging the necessity of either him or Macleod of Macleod marching forthwith, at the head of the largest body of their men that could be got together, to the town of Inverness, while the other of them should remain in the island "to give the people directions, and to keep the proper coun tenance in that country." The people were most unwilling to join their chiefs to fight against Prince Charles, and it is well known that had they been told before they left home they were going to fight for the Hanoverian dynasty, and against the Stuarts, they would not have left Skye. Even after they arrived in the South they expressed their unwillingness to fight against the Prince, and there is little doubt that they only did so in a very half-hearted manner. Donald Macleod of Bernera refused to follow his chief when requested to go to Dunvegan with his followers. In reply, he wrote—"I place at your disposal the twenty men of your tribe who are under my immediate command, and in any other quarrel would not fail to be at their head, but in the present I must go where a higher and more imperious duty calls me." He then joined his Prince and fought against his chief.

President Forbes, writing to Mr. (afterwards Sir Andrew) Mitchell on the 13th of November, 1745, says, among other things, that he found himself "almost alone, without troops, without arms, without money or credit; provided without no means to prevent extreme folly, except pen and ink, a tongue and some reputation; and if you will except Macleod, whom I sent for from the Isle of Skye, supported by nobody of common sense or courage." Macleod was with the President for some time prior to the date of this letter; for we find Forbes writing to Sir John Cope from Culloden on the 12th of the previous September a letter in which he says—"Monday night Captain Sutherland, with 54

men, and Tuesday night Captain Macleod, with his company complete arrived at Inverness," and in the same letter the Lord President continues—"I have great assistance at present from Macleod, who at my desire came from the Isle of Skye, alongst with his son" (who commanded the Macleod company), "and is now my fellow labourer." It would appear that the son and his men were not altogether to be depended upon; for six weeks after the date of this letter we find Macleod on the 23rd of October, during a visit home to Dunvegan, writing the letter in which he said—"The behaviour of my son's men vexes me to the soul. They were entering an outhouse of Lovat's, and sent to the master's rendezvous." The master, it will be remembered, was at this time on his way to Corryarrick, at the head of the Frasers to join Prince Charles. Young Macleod seems, however, to have reconsidered his position, and to have followed the advice of his father by adhering to the Government.

The Lord President and the Earl of Loudon, writing to General Wade, at this time commanding in the North, on the 16th of November, 1745, says that 160 Mackenzies, seduced by the Earl of Cromarty, marched in the beginning of the week up the north side of Loch-Ness, depending upon being followed by five or six hundred Frasers under the Master of Lovat. The Mackenzies had not then, however, passed the mountains, and the Frasers had not yet left their own country, and their Lordships had hopes they would not, for they had seven hundred Highlanders then in pay at Inverness, and looked hourly for more, with whom they were to endeavour to persuade the Frasers to stay at home. "Last Friday," the writer of this letter continues, "Macleod, with 400 of his kindred, joined us; which gives us hopes that we shall prevent the march of the Frasers who are not yet gone." This was on the 15th of November, when the four Macleod Companies mustered at Inverness, and their officers received their commissions. The Captains who commanded the respective companies were—John Macleod, younger of Macleod; Norman Macleod, of Waterstein; Norman Macleod, of Berneray; and Donald Macdonald. The Lieutenants were—Alexander Macleod, Donald Macleod, John Campbell, and William Macleod; and the Ensigns John Mac-

Caskill, John Macleod, John Macleod, and Donald Macleod. These four companies were joined by a company of one hundred men raised in Assynt by Captain Macleod of Geanies, and on the 10th of December they marched towards Elgin, under command of Norman Macleod of Macleod, to oppose Lewis Gordon's operations in the Counties of Banff and Aberdeen. On the 13th of that month, the President writes to Macleod at Elgin "that Lord Lovat is come into town (Inverness) after abundance of shillie shallie stuff," and that "he has at last agreed that all the arms belonging to his people shall be carried into Inverness by Sunday night." This undertaking of Lovat's, whether, as the President says, it be "jest or ernest," detained Lord Loudon from going to the east to support Macleod, but Munro of Culcairn's and William Mackintosh's companies were sent after him so as to enable him to redeem engagements entered into by the Lord President, and those in superior command with the Duke of Gordon and others in Banffshire. On the same day President Forbes wrote Macleod another letter, in which he says—"As zeal for His Majesty's service, and for the support of our happy Constitution, is the sole motive of your march, with so many of your kinsmen, to a country so distant from your own, I presume you will not scruple to take directions from me, who, though I have no military command or authority, am actuated by the same principles that direct you." The first object of the expedition was to be "to deliver the Duke of Gordon's vassals and tenants and their neighbours in Banffshire from the oppression of the rebels, in the illegal and treasonable levies of men and money which they presume by force to make." Four days later, on the 17th of the same month, the President writes Macleod again, saying—"The complaints of the City and County of Aberdeen of the oppression they suffer from the rebels are so clamorous, and the injury they suffer so violent, that it is no longer possible to endure them. You are, therefore, without loss of time, unless some accident insuperable detain you, to march alongst with Captain Munro of Culcairn and the company under his command, to Aberdeen, to secure that City and its neighbourhood from the hardships it has already felt, and is further threatened with." On the same day the Lord President wrote to

James Morison, ex-Lord Provost of Aberdeen, intimating to him that "the Laird of Macleod goes a volunteer, at the head of a considerable body of his own kindred, to deliver you from harm." In this expedition the Chief of Dunvegan had altogether seven companies under his command. He seems, however, not only to have failed in his object, but to have secured no laurels whatever for himself and his followers during the expedition.

On his arrival in Elgin, Macleod received information that a body of two hundred of Prince Charlie's followers had taken possession of the passage of the River Spey at Fochabers, but as he advanced they retreated and allowed him to cross the river without any opposition, after which he continued his march to Cullen, Banff, and Inverury. In the latter place, he was met on the 23rd of October, and nearly taken by surprise after night-fall by a superior force commanded by Lord Lewis Gordon. He was able to get his men hurriedly under arms, and take possession of a few points of vantage in the town, where he made a brief stand, but his shot being expended, after a short skirmish, in which he lost about forty men, most of whom were taken prisoners, he made a hasty retreat across the Spey, on to Elgin and Forres. Here many of his men, who had no sympathy whatever with the cause for which they were asked to fight, left their Chief and went back to Skye as fast as their feet could take them. At Forres he mustered the remainder of his followers, and remained in that town until after Prince Charles' march from Stirling. Macleod was ordered to Inverness, where he was joined by two companies of Sir Alexander Macdonald's men, under the command of Captain James Macdonald of Airds, Troternish, Skye, and Captain John Macdonald of Kirkibost, North Uist, forming part of a force of about two thousand men, under the supreme command of the Earl of Loudon.

At Inverness, Macleod received a letter from Lord Lewis Gordon in reply to inquiries which he had made of his Lordship regarding the prisoners taken at Inverury. In this letter, dated at "Aberdeen, December 27th, 1745," Lord Gordon says—"I received your letter by express last night, dated from Gordon Castle, the 24th. All the care in our power has and shall be taken of your wounded men; and all the prisoners that were taken

under their arms shall meet with all the civility in our power. . . . . I shall take care to order supplies to be given to all the prisoners who want them, and the wounded men are as well taken care of as our own. I shall send you a list of the prisoners and wounded, with any useless papers and letters, as soon as possible; and any other thing we can reasonably agree to, shall be done with pleasure." As Lord Gordon did not know where to find Macleod, he addressed the letter "To the Honourable ye Laird of Makcleod, att Duncan Forbesse's House, near Inverness. These." Lord Gordon asked to be obliged in offering his compliments to Lord Charles Gordon, and he intimates in a postscript that "Colonel Colbert desires his compliments to be made to his Broyr. Castlehill," Inverness.

The next expedition in which we find Macleod engaged is in the ludicrous scare known as the "Rout of Moy," in which Lord Loudon, who commanded, and his followers, among whom were the Macleods and their Chief, cut such a sorry figure. The following is the best version of the facts:—On the 16th of February, Prince Charles arrived at Moy Hall, the seat of the Mackintosh, who was himself away from home fighting for the Government. His lady was, however, a strong Jacobite, and, in the absence of her husband, she raised the clan to join the Prince, under Alexander Macgillivray of Dunmaglass, who led them to Perth. He afterwards joined Prince Charles, on his return from England, and was there appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the battalion, then raised from five to eight hundred by the addition to it of three hundred Farquharsons. They afterwards, on the 17th of January, 1746, took part in the battle of Falkirk, after which the Prince and his whole army retired to the North, arriving, as already stated, at Moyhall, on Sunday, the 16th of February, within twelve miles of Inverness, where Lord Loudon was stationed at the head of some two thousand Government troops. The Commander at Inverness soon learnt that the Prince was in his vicinity, and determined to take him dead or alive. For this purpose he placed a cordon of sentinels round the town to prevent anyone getting out of it to give the alarm at Moyhall, and on Sunday evening he marched out for that place at the head of fifteen hundred men, the advance guard commanded by Norman Macleod of Macleod.

Notwithstanding Loudon's sentinels, messengers were despatched from Inverness to Moyhall in advance of Loudon's troops intimating the danger of the Prince. Mrs. Mackintosh, on the arrival of his Royal Highness at her house, had sent out five or six men, under Donald Fraser, the smith of Moy, to watch the road from Inverness, which crossed the Nairn at the Bridge of Faillie. About midnight the blacksmith and his scouts discovered the approach of troops—Loudon's advanced guard—under Macleod, who, according to the *Jacobite Memoirs*, had been for some time "lying in a hollow, not knowing what to do by reason of the flashes of lightning from the heavens that was confounding all their designs." On perceiving them, the blacksmith, with great presence of mind, drew back his men to a pass near Creag-an-Eoin, and after instructing them as to how they were to act, posted them on each side of the road, and then coolly awaited the approach of Loudon's army. There were a number of peat stacks about, and they are supposed to have mistaken them in the dark for bodies of men. As soon as the first of Loudon's army came in sight, Fraser fired his piece amongst them, his companions making a great noise, and running from place to place in different directions, following his example. The smith at the same time was, at the height of his voice, ordering imaginary Macdonalds and Camerons to advance on the right and on the left, and to give no quarter to the enemy, who wanted to murder their lawful prince, thus leading Loudon's followers to think that they were confronted by a large body of the Prince's army. Macleod's famous piper, Donald Bàn MacCrimmon, was killed by the blacksmith's first shot, standing close to the side of his Chief. The Government troops, thinking they had a whole army in front of them, made a hasty retreat to Inverness, the Macleods carrying the piper's body, who was the only person killed, all the way to Inverness, where he is said to have been buried. The author of *The History of Clanchattan* says that "the advanced guard, already dazzled by the lightning, fell into a panic, and rushed back on their main body, throwing that also into confusion. None doubted that the whole Jacobite force was upon them; and the entire army, inspired by an indescribable terror, turned their faces towards Inverness, and made their way to a place of safety with all the speed of which they were capable."

Home, the author of *The History of the Rebellion*, says :—"The panic, fear, and flight continued till they got near Inverness, without being in any danger but that of being trampled to death, which many of them, when they were lying upon the ground and trod upon by such numbers, thought they could not possibly escape." The Master of Ross, who was present, and from whom Home got his account of the famous Rout, said "he had been in many perils, but had never found himself in a condition so grievous as that in which he was at the Rout of Moy." The Prince in the meantime, on learning his danger, was up and out of bed at an early hour on Monday morning, and, after dressing hurriedly and seeing his brave hostess in the court-yard, was conducted to Moybeg, where the Camerons of Lochiel were encamped, with whom he had resolved to make a stand in the event of his being attacked. Shortly after his arrival, however, a messenger reached him conveying the gratifying intelligence of the blacksmith's remarkable victory, whereupon the Prince at once returned to Moyhall, and he almost immediately with his force, now greatly augmented, marched upon Inverness, which he entered, at the head of his troops, on the 18th. Loudon, thinking the whole of the Highland army was at his heels, believed that in his retreat he was only saved from annihilation by the darkness of the night, did not remain in Inverness for a moment, but crossed Kessock Ferry as quickly as he could get his troops across on the 17th and 18th, pursued by a considerable force under the Earl of Cromarty. They were afterwards followed into Sutherlandshire and broken up, after which Loudon made for the sea coast. He then took passage with Macleod and his followers to Skye, where he and Lord President Forbes remained, at Dunvegan, in safe quarters until after the Battle of Culloden.

Donald Bàn MacCrimmon, killed at the Rout of Moy, was reputed the best piper in the Highlands in his day. The author of *The History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye* says that MacCrimmon, when leaving Dunvegan at that time, had a presentiment that he would never return from the expedition, and on that occasion he composed that plaintive air 'Cha till mi tuilleadh;' or MacCrimmon's Lament, which he played on the pipes as the independent companies of the Macleods were leaving Dunvegan,

while their wives and sweethearts were waving a sorrowful farewell to them. To this air MacCrimmon composed a feeling Gaelic song, the sentiments in which are brought out in the English imitation by Sir Walter Scott, which is as follows:—

"Macleod's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoored are the galleys;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As MacCrimmon plays 'Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!'

"Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming,
Farewell each dark glen in which red-deer are roaming,
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river,
Macleod may return, but MacCrimmon shall never.

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Culen are sleeping,
Farewell the bright eyes in the fort that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion farewell! and for ever—
MacCrimmon departs to return to you never.

"The Banshee's wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
And the pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;
But my heart shall not fly, and my nerve shall not quiver,
Though devoted I go—to return again, never!

"Too oft shall the note of MacCrimmon's bewailing,
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;
Dear land! to the shores whence unwilling we sever;
Return, return, return, we shall never!

MacCrimmon had a sweetheart at Dunvegan, who, on hearing him play his "Lament," is said to have composed a touching song in response, which appeared in *Cuairtear nan Gleann*, and which is quoted below. It is, however, alleged that the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, of St. Columba's, Glasgow, the genial and talented editor of the *Cuairtear*, was himself the composer of the song:—

"Dh' iadh ceo nan stuc mu aodann Chuilinn,
Is sheinn a' bhean-shith a torman mulaid,
Tha suilean gorm ciuin 's an Dun a' sileadh
O'n thriall thu bhuainn 's nach till thu tuilleadh.

"Cha till, cha till, cha till MacCruimein,
An cogadh no sith cha till e tuilleadh,
Le airgiod no ni cha till MacCruimein;
Cha till gu brath gu la na cruinne.

"Tha osag nan gleann gu fann ag imeachd;
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach;

Tha ialt' nan speur feadh gheugan dubhach,
A' caoidh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
" Cha till, cha till, etc.

" Tha'n fhairge fadheoidh lan broin is mulaid,
Tha 'm bata fo sheol, ach dhiult i siubhal ;
Tha gair nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
" Cha till, cha till, etc.

" Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar,
'S mac-talla nam mur le muirn 'g a fhreagairt ;
Gach fleasgach is oigh, gun cheol, gun bheadradh,
O'n thriall thu bhuainn 's nach till thu tuilleadh.
" Cha till, cha till, etc."

(To be continued.)

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

I.

LONG before the disaster which overwhelmed Captain Macpherson and his companions in the beginning of this century, the forest of Gaick was regarded throughout Badenoch as a place of evil omen. Within its recesses lies lovely Loch Vrotainn, beneath whose waters MacGillenaoimh's *soi-disant* hound and the famous white stag of Ben Alder had disappeared. Near Loch an Dùin, the rash lover of a weird tale, met his fate. On the rocky slopes of Loch an t-Seilich, the wicked Lord Comyn was torn in pieces by eagles as he rode from Athole intending to consummate his unhallowed scheme. It was in Gaick that MacIan, the hunter, experienced the last of the poor wife of Laggan's "high jinks." A bard, whose lines do not seem to have been cast in any very pleasant places, thus expresses his ideas :—

Thug mi greis an Cuilc 'san Gàidhig,
'N Eadairt agus Allt-na-Laraig,
Ach 's mor gum b'annsa bhi 'n Drum Uachdar
Na bhi 'n Gàidhig nan creag gruamach.

The scene of the following little ballad is laid in Gaick. I took down the words and air from a woman in Strone ninety years of age. The chorus is common to other districts. The following verses evidently refer to a tragedy of some kind. What it was my old friend could not say, but she was positive that the fairies were concerned in it. Indeed, these good folks or the Feinne are invariably credited with whatever is inexplicable in ballad or legend. I give the verses exactly as I wrote them at first. When sung, however, some simple vocables require to be occasionally introduced. They will thus form an artless and exquisite melody:—

KEY F.

d ., r : m .f	s,s_1. — : l_1,s_1.—	d ., r : m .f	s,m. — : d^1
l,f— : s,m. —	r.,d : l_1.s_1	d .,m : s.,m	r,r. — : d ‖

Chì mi 'n toman caoruinn, cuilinn,
Chì mi 'n toman caoruinn thall,
Chì mi 'n toman caoruinn, cuilinn,
'S laogh mo chèill' air 'uilinn ann.

An creagan dubha Loch-an-t-Seilich.
Far an d' rinn mi 'n cadal seang;
'S nuair a dhùisg mi 'sa mhaduinn,
Cha robh leth mo leabaidh ann.

Dh' eirich mi moch maduinn Earraich,
Sheall mi mach an gleann;
Sùil dha 'n d' thug mi thar mo ghualainn,
Bha d' cheum ullach suas an gleann.

Ach na 'm b' aithne dhomhs' an rathad,
Gu bean-tighe an Uillt Bhàin;
Dh' innseadh dhomh mu éirigh gréine,
'N e fuil an fhéidh bha ann.

She had followed the steps of her companion into the mist, and at length came to what had evidently been the scene of a severe conflict. She found blood on the heather, and resolved to submit it to the inspection of a neighbouring wise woman, who at the moment of sunrise would have—like others versed in the Black Art—peculiar powers of discernment. No further trace of the unfortunate hunter having been discovered, it was supposed that he had been withdrawn into fairy-land. T. S.

A PECULIARITY IN GAELIC DIALECT.

[By John Whyte.]

In his valuable and interesting paper on the Dialects of Scottish Gaelic in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Vol. XII., Professor Mackinnon, in treating of the distinctive phonic differences between the Northern and Southern dialects, says, "The most marked distinction in sound between the Northern and Southern dialects is a greater tendency in the former to what Professor Rhys calls diphthongisation, and which is attributed to a more delicate sensitiveness to musical sounds. The test sound between the two dialects is the prevalence in the North of an *ia* sound, where the South is content with the original long *e*." As examples, the Professor instances *beul, bial; feur, fiar; breug, briag*, etc. We have here a very important fact, and a very interesting suggestion. As to the latter, namely, the alleged superior sensitiveness to musical sounds in the Northern Gael, I do not venture at present to offer any remark, preferring to content myself on the safer ground of fact. I may, however, be permitted to say that Professor Mackinnon has pointed to a field of study not yet much cultivated, but one which will amply repay the labour of the intelligent student—the field of Gaelic phonology. I had recently occasion to dip slightly into the subject, and among the peculiarities which met me was of course this one, to which the Professor has given the first distinguishing place, namely, the substitution in the Northern Highlands of an *ia* sound for the long *e* of the Southern dialect. I found, however, that while, as Mr. Mackinnon observes, scores of words were pronounced with an *ia* sound in the North, which in the South retained the sound of a long *e*, usually represented in modern Gaelic spelling by *eu* as in "beul," "eun," etc., there were a number of words which were also spelled with *eu*, but which underwent no change, such as, "ceum," "beud," "breun," "treun," etc. In philology, as in other things, I suppose there is nothing without a cause, and therefore I did not dismiss these stubborn vocables of the latter class by labelling them with the convenient

desigration of "exceptions." Neither, however, have I discovered the cause of the distinction; more competent philologists than I am will doubtless be able to settle that matter. What I have discovered may be of some little service; in any case I deem it of sufficient interest to the student of Gaelic phonetics to justify me in sending it to the *Celtic Magazine.*

I find that there are two distinct classes of words in the southern or south-western dialect spelled with *eu.* In the first class the *eu* has the sound of *e* in the English word "where." The following may serve as examples:—"Beul," "deur," "eun," "feur," "freumh," "leus," "meud," "neul," &c. In all these the *eu* becomes *ia* in the Northern dialect, the "beul" (bêl) becoming "bial;" "eun," "ian," &c. In the second class, on the other hand, the *eu* is sounded like *e* in "whey;" thus—"beum," "beud," "ceum," "feum," "geum," "treun," &c., all of which retain their vowel sound unchanged, and are pronounced alike North and South. I have met with one exception in either class; in the first the personal pronoun "e" (he) which, though sounded *é* in the South, does not become *ia* in the North. I may remark, however, that it is not uncommon to hear in Argyleshire the plural of this word pronounced *éd*, though spelled *iad*, as if it were unwilling to constitute itself an exception after all. The only departure from the second class I have found is the word "geur" (sharp), which, though sounded by Southerners *geyr*, becomes in the North "giar," unlike the other words in which the *eu* sounds *é* as in "whey."

I thought that possibly some clue to the solution of the question might be found in the spelling of the words in Old Irish, but could not discover anything reliable, both classes of words being generally spelled with a simple *é*, as they are now, though differing in sound, spelled in the South uniformly with *eu.* I have little doubt, however, that they must in old, as in modern, Gaelic have belonged to two distinct classes distinguished by difference of sound, though possessing the same vocalic symbol. What led to the distinction or caused the one class to appear in the North with an *ia* instead of an *é* sound, while the words of the other class are identical North and South, I do not consider myself competent to offer even a conjecture.

GLASGOW STUDENTS.

II.

[By W. J. Douglas.]

A Scottish University—at least in the Southern cities—is its professors. And there lies the root of the great evil that pervades them, the cause why so often they impart education without culture. A man who enters a Scottish University a boor has a good chance of leaving it a boor, even although he has won the right to put after his name every letter with which his *alma mater* labels learning. And if he does gain a more polished manner, a more easy, delicate, and discriminating taste, if his mind becomes more sensitive and subtle, and if he gains the many nameless charms that are style, he has to thank not so much his University as the quick and vivid life of the city in which the University is placed. This appears in the regard with which those who have gone out from our colleges look back to them. What memories cluster around the name of Bann or Oxford when uttered in ears of men who have there received the bread and the wine of thought from honoured teachers. The name of the *alma mater* is an inspiration strong and tender to the very end of life. The professional man whose existence is passed going up and down the same narrow and dreary path will look back to college and forward to heaven as the two shining things within the circle of his conceptions. There is something of that feeling in those who have studied at the smaller Universities beyond the Forth, and Aberdeen and St. Andrew's have still a poetic halo and a semi-sacred charm. But there is little of it in the bosoms of Glasgow and Edinburgh graduates. Some who have in their college days found or formed a cultured and a friendly circle have a deep, almost a passionate feeling, towards their University, but by far the greater part have for it that regard which is more than half as deep in its affection, and is only wholly awake in its criticism, which, with the partiality of the age for words and terms that never commit anyone to anything, they call a "general interest." There is also a minority, respectable from a politician's point of

view as possessing the only force of modern society, the force of numbers, who regard their University with the same love and reverence that an Irish leader may feel when he looks back upon the placid hours, free from care and free from temptation, that he spent within the walls of Kilmainham.

Natural selection is a good thing—for those who can select. But choice does not guide you at 8 A.M. on a winter morning, in a fog which is only one part unadulterated fog, and is three parts soot, with a dogged and savage frost, with a gown of fiery red and a nose of the same warlike hue; with your brains frozen to the bottom with a feeling that somehow you have awakened up in the wrong world, you enter the class-room of Professor George G. Ramsay, called by a sounding and startling title, Professor of Humanity, which makes the uninitiated suppose that he is a sort of gowned-and-capped Dr. General Booth, with a mission to get number one to heaven by making numbers two and three miserable on earth. You will find, however, that Humanity is a collegiate slang term for Latin. It shows the sense of irony which lies deep in the scholastic mind, the Romans having been marked for the inhuman greed of gain and glory which urged their bloody conquest of harmless nations whose only crime was their wealth. The Inhumanity Class would be more correct, but what will not people sacrifice for a syllable? However, Professor Ramsay is more in touch with the humanity than the inhumanity of that ancient town council which conquered a world. He is—as all should be who pretend to explain Rome and Athens to Glasgow and to Edinburgh—an ardent politician. A man who does not understand the conflicting emotions of patriotism and party is as fit to lecture upon Athenian literature and Roman life as a man who is colour blind is to lecture upon pictures. What, he says, may be interesting, but it is not likely to be valuable. Now, Professor Ramsay is not only a politician, but he is an orator, with often the strong and vigorous Roman manner in his oratory. On the other hand, it is only by an effort that he is terse, and his speeches have often an air as if written by a Roman, and extended by a Frenchman. For the great majority of his students—for those who are fairly comfortable in the Latin language, and are neither dons nor boobies—Professor Ramsay is an admirable teacher. There is a

rough and ready wit, a vigorous and homely life, or a martial ring, in his translations. You are not asked to be too nicely accurate, nor are you expected to write like Cicero or Cæsar. A large and honest acquaintance with the language you must have; and then he endeavours to bring as near to you as may be—the olden times and the illustrious dead. The complaint is made, and with some truth, that those who came to college not for culture, but to unbar the examination gateways to the professions, do not find in Professor Ramsay what they want. They seek brain, he offers them culture. Again, it is complained by those who have already learned in school all that they can possibly be taught in a Scottish college, that he does not give enough importance to the minute points and fine distinctions and wide embracing laws, the knowledge of which constitute the highest scholarship. These objections are really recommendations. They show that his lectures are on the level of his class, not above or beneath it. If there are some who came to college, educated to the degree of an infant schoolboy, and some who know beforehand all that can be taught within the limits of the session and the course, it is their fault or their misfortune, not his. Professor Ramsay's style may at times be too quick and too impatient for minute accuracy, and sometimes too elevated and too vehement for those who struggle after him, loaded with painful ignorance, but, take it all in all, it is a fine, broad, manly, and vigorous style, somewhat lavish, a trifle loud, a little discursive, but by it you gain a very human and a very loving acquaintance with the men of ancient Rome.

Professor R. C. Jebb can hardly be called popular, but few men are so widely respected. His manner is a great misfortune. Handsome, after a certain heathenish and outlandlish type, with eyes of fire and a voice of music, with a simple beauty and a grace of thought and word which is wholly Greek, he is yet cursed by a self-consciousness which, to protect itself from the brambles of ordinary life, assumes an appearance of arrant haughtiness, frequently oppressive and occasionally ludicrous. Remember these manners are not the man. The man is a scholar and a gentleman, and the gentleman fills the scholar with a free, firm, bold spirit, but the scholar makes the gentleman so sensitive and tender to every touch that for the purposes of

self-defence he is perhaps obliged to wear a coat of prickly mail. In spite of all this, Professor Jebb has a rare and wonderful gift of teaching. Perhaps the secret of it may be that he takes infinite pains. Slowly he goes from line to line, marking every point, bringing every obscure thing into the clearest light, and giving a translation that you seem to feel no art can better. It is not rare for a student to translate some passage of Greek literature into what seems to himself the perfection of musical and classic English. A wholesome discipline he gains when he comes to compare it with the strong, elegant, and simple rendering of Jebb. 'Tis like comparing the Venus of a classic chisel with the Venus of an opera ballet. Even grammar, that woodenest of studies, feels the touch of this man's patience and his genius. It becomes to the students of Mr. Jebb a survey of harmonious and eternal principles by which language has been built to beauty and to splendour. Grammar is no longer a difficult rule to be learned and forgotten, but an insight into the revolutions of man and the evolution of humanity. The note-books that a careful student will construct in this class are often interesting reading. If you do not throw off your Greek with your College gown, it is always a delight to read again the books that were read in the senior and private classes, referring as you go to those notes of apt translation and striking comment, of historical illustration, and deep, clear, complete analysis, a perfect treasury of illustration and explanation. Not that he ever acts upon the principle of the humourist, and says to you, "this is a beauty." The excellence is there; all enshroudments are taken away, and if you cannot see it for yourself, you would not be likely to see the better for twenty notes of exclamation.

Until very lately the Scottish Universities cared nothing for modern languages. French, in their opinion, was only fit for dancing-masters; Italian for opera singers; and German for pedants; while English was a little useful as a medium for grammars and lexicons. History began with the politics of Troy, and ended with the fall of Constantinople. And just as Conservatives always try to prove themselves Democrats, and Democrats assert that they are the only true Conservatives, so the professors of these studies assumed that only these studies

were "useful." For the word "useful" in learning is like the word practical in politics, and the word orthodox in religion, or like the eloquence of a Prime Minister, a thing which at the same time means anything, everything, and nothing. We are becoming more civilised. The object of a University training is twofold—to impart knowledge and give culture. If both of these, a classical training often and conspicuously fails. After the student and his nourishing mother have parted company for one or two short years, he only knows enough of Greek and Latin to misquote a few simple sentences, and his culture is represented by an ignorant intolerance of other people's knowledge and a contempt for all who have not like himself had an opportunity of abusing glorious chances. Thus, while the journalism of this country represents always intelligence and often the very highest culture, it is the commonest of things to find a College—taught booby who regards himself as belonging to a class infinitely superior to journalists. The classical training of our Universities overwhelms many a simple soul with intellectual ruin. He had in him the elements of a man—he has become a prig. This might not be so if the time passed in learning Greek and forgetting it, as one builds a house of cards to knock it down again, were passed in the acquirement of some modern language, some living tongue not yet come to the philological sarcophagus. He would have gained a means of real culture. For having once acquired masterly and fluent ease in a modern tongue, every motive would urge him to retain his treasure. He would read foreign books and newspapers; he would come to see that the vast world depends on the law of gravitation, and not on the dictum of any little, great man whatever; his mind would gain strength, breadth, and fertility; he would have been presented with a true patent of nobility and culture. Nor would any injury have been done to the cause of classical learning. The fates forbid. We need to-day the lessons of the Athenian teachers more than any day upon which the sun has risen. The world is engaged in a confused battle of hysterics and brutishness. Our literature is not artistic, but canibalistic. We do not admire, we vivisect. We gorge upon each others emotions, and at last feast upon ourselves like the serpent devouring his own tail.

We want, we need the light and the liberty of Greece, the serenity and the beauty, the grace and the harmony. The vision of Athens, so calm, so lovely, and so great, is of more worth for us to-day than the vision of the Holy Grail. But the knowledge and the perception of this antique loveliness will not be brought into modern life by forcing boys to learn Greek who can't and won't learn it. Greece will always have her temples and her thronging worshippers, but it is a species of persecution to drag in a poor young rustic, who might have lived for better things and *nolens volens* offer him up in sacrifice to Grecian culture.

From the classics the victim of a university education passes to the philosophies. The change marks an era in his life. If he is intellectual he assumes eye-glasses and the air of Plato. If he is not intellectual he talks with eloquence upon the sin of wasting one's youthful prime upon unprofitable studies, and he becomes very facetious—the satirical dog that he is—upon these wonderful philosophies that seem made to knock one another about like Punch and Punch's wife in the show. In one or other of these moods we put ourselves under Professor John Veitch. There is something very satisfying about Mr. Veitch's lectures—he is so certain about everything. Opinions are now-a-days rather apt to have a game at lawn tennis with a fellow's mind. They pass it over the line, and back again, to and fro, up and down until at last he believes in nothing but disbelief. Your trusted guide and teacher calmly says to you "My dear boy here are two beliefs. It is very likely that they are both wrong, it is very unlikely they can both be right. On the whole, taking one thing with another, I might almost venture to think, though ready at any time to revise my opinion, that creed A is, perhaps, in some slight degree, preferable to creed B." That is not the way with Professor Veitch. He thinks in a certain way, and if you think in that way you will be right. Other people have thought differently, but then they have thought wrongly. Now, of all things in this world I like a good, firm, dogmatic creed. I hate these people who are reaching a new development every year, and a new philosophy every lustrum. It is particularly hateful after you have fixed up your mental habitation to have people telling you that you have built upon sand, and that they only are patented to discover genuine rock.

Sand is not a bad foundation when you can't get better, and don't go digging a hole under your house to get out on the other side of the world. And so I am all for dogmas and Professor Veitch. There is a quiet, literary charm, too, about the old man's style that is very soothing and gentle. He is a Scot of Scots. Here and there seldom but delicious, throughout his lectures, appears a piece of Scottish irony, a touch of native poetry, a characteristic expression that thrills the attentive ear. There is within him a deep well of thought and fancy, and its gentle waters find ways to fertilise and enliven his somewhat arid philosophy.

The student's wings having now been strengthened by the careful nursing of Professor Veitch, he is ready to fly into the regions presided over by Edward Caird. He may now study Moral Philosophy. There is an awe, a fascination, and a mystery about this class, and orthodox clergymen over their tea and toast whisper dreadful things about heresy. Nor is the appearance of Professor Edward Caird at all reassuring. Like his brother, the principal, he looks intellectual all over from his hat to his boots. A dark, slender, saturnine man, with the domed and lofty forehead peculiar to great philosophers, and to Ally Sloper. Your first idea of Caird is intellectual greatness, and your last idea is like the first. He towers above ordinary humanity, and looks upon it with a somewhat cynical regard. His speech is the eloquence of intellect—clear, cold, unadorned demonstration, not persuasion. He seeks to unfold the secrets of philosophy as a teacher of mathematics unfolds the problems of Euclid. His method is historical and Hegelian. He leads you to an intellectual height, always cool, sometimes frosty, and enables you to watch through the clear, still atmosphere the long procession of developing philosophies. And as all roads lead to Rome, so all Professor Caird's teachings arrive at Hegel. Hegelianism in our days is the philosophy of the religious, and the religion of the philosophical. To many of its students it seems full of the most tremendous meaning, because as far as they are concerned it means nothing. The most accomplished writer in modern Scotland has written a work called the "Secret of Hegel." Every sentence of this work is brilliant, every page is fascinating, but "the secret" is not there. Before this book was written it was generally supposed that its

author alone of living men understood the central idea of Hegel's mind. Since this book, it is believed that the Secret of Hegel died with Hegel. But although we do not know the secret of the sun we may enjoy the sun's fair light. And so Caird's teaching makes thinkers. Those who enter his class boys leave it men. They have been armed for the combat of the age, they have been taught to fear no false opinion, but to regard it as a power which by the very force of opposition will bring out the true; they have learned that there is no difficulty without a solution.

It might seem to lay thinkers that no class in a British Literary University would be so important as the class of English literature. Poor lay thinkers! The ideas of a University are deep, its designs inscrutable. The chair of English Literature, which, to the eyes of all the cultured world, is more honourable and useful than half the chairs taken together, and is at this time held by one whose name is famous over the whole Anglo-Saxon world, is in some respects considered inferior to the other professorships. There seems to be an idea that Greek is a necessity and English a luxury. This explains why so many of the older generation cannot write and speak their native language. At present, however, the senior class of English literature is accounted the best, and is certainly the most pleasant, in Glasgow. Conceive Burns in a University wearing a professor's gown, and delivering daily lectures, and you have Professor Nichol. There is the same deep humanity, tempered with a lurking scorn, the same poetic impulse restrained, but not confined, by pervading humour, the keen perception of shams, calling themselves things, and the tender, sensitive regard for great realities disguised and hidden. A strong and fearless man, with infinite tenderness, and infinite humour. As a professor, the best of him is squandered and lost. He has written a literary history among the first in our language, he might have been the epic poet of Scotland. For a professor's task at best is dull and tedious, wearing out both heart and brain. It breaks upon the lonely contemplation that is necessary for the highest work, and it does not supply that which might compensate for the interruption, the stimulus of an eventful public life. But the Glasgow students will hardly regret that

the world has lost a poet since they have gained a professor. All the poets in the world would not give to them the inspiration and the impulse that they gain from John Nichol. The fashion of our modern day is to complain that gratitude is dead. 'Tis false. Men are grateful enough when there is anything to be grateful for. Whenever any man spoils our fair earth, or our sweet, strong mother tongue with what he calls improvements, he comes and demands of us our gratitude, howling aloud when we won't and can't be grateful. And there are so many of these social mendicants complaining of icy charity that an impression about universal ingratitude has gone abroad. But men like Dr. Nichol find the world very grateful, often too grateful. Throughout this country there is many a cultured home where English books have a quiet and honoured abiding place, and the student as he looks round upon his loaded shelves and feels a secret glow at the thought of all their treasure wishes for one thing still. He remembers the shapely form of the revered professor, the shapely forehead, the flashing eyes and curling lips, and he wishes that in oil or marble that face and form should be ever with him, because it was the eloquent magic of these lips that caused his soul to behold the splendour and rapture of that other Britain compared to which our material land is but a shadow and an empty show, the Britain of acts and letters.

SPELLS AND CHARMS.

LEAVES FROM OUR HIGHLAND FOLK-LORE NOTE-BOOK.

THE "SIAN."

"SIAN" or "seun" simply means a charm for personal protection. In the West Highlands certain persons were believed able, by some mysterious power, to render the bodies of persons on whom they placed this charm invulnerable by steel or bullet. The charm held good from the time the person under its protection left the bestower's presence until he again returned to him. This charm was mostly placed upon a friend before going to battle.

We give the following popular stories as illustrating its use:—

When the Earl of Seaforth was proprietor of Kintail he wished to erect on one of the streams there what is generally known as a "crò," or crating, for preventing the salmon from going up the stream. The people were by no means willing to have this crò erected, but at the same time they were afraid to offend the Earl, especially as he was a man of a very fiery temper, apt to do rash actions on the spur of the moment. When the day appointed for beginning the crò came round, the inhabitants determined to place in close proximity to Seaforth one of their company named Donald Dearg, who was privileged with the "sian" charm, and whom Seaforth would find as invulnerable as air. Donald Dearg resolved to pretend to be dead if he was struck by Seaforth, and it was expected that his feigned death would be the cause of relinquishing the work. Donald Dearg was called upon to put the first stone in the erection, which he pointedly refused to do. According to expectation, Seaforth drew his sword, struck Donald Dearg to the ground, and made a very hurried departure in the firm conviction that he had killed the man. The Earl had no sooner disappeared than Donald Dearg arose marked neither by gash nor bruise.

This same Donald Dearg incurred the displeasure of two maternal uncles of his, who were besides most anxious that his property might fall into their hands. He had become the tacksman of the farm of Morvich, which these uncles much coveted. They determined to kill him, and, accordingly, arming themselves with swords they made for Donald's house. They posted themselves on either side of the door, and when their would-be victim appeared they attempted to cut him down; but their weapons rebounded from his body with a hollow sound, and Donald Dearg came forth unscathed.

TORADH.

"TORADH" means produce, but, in the language of superstition, it appears to have been applied to the power which certain people were believed to have over the produce of their neighbours' cattle It was believed that persons gifted with this power or charm could divert to themselves the milk of other people's cows. The effect of the charm was discernible in various ways. The quantity

of milk might be lessened; or, if the quantity of milk was not less, its quality would be impoverished, for it would seldom yield cream, and if it yielded cream, the cream would certainly yield no butter. Recourse must be had in all such cases to people learned in the art of repelling this particular charm. One prescription may be given as it is of interest. The fire at bed-time was to be "nested" with three peats, which must be burnt thoroughly to coals, qui in matellam hand vacuam conjiciendi erant, to use a classical phrase; the cows were to be rubbed with this from head to tail in the name of the Trinity; and, for prevention's sake, this was to be done on the first day of every quarter *before sunrise*. The person able to place this charm on cattle also had some working apparatus, as the following story shows:—Coinneach Ban was a famous cattle physician, being more especially notable for his power of repelling this charm. A shepherd from afar, came to him for help. Coinneach though declaring he was "too old to meet with Satan's teeth," nevertheless gave the shepherd a bottle filled and well corked, and told him not to go from home next day, at the same time assuring him that the woman who was perpetrating the evil would come to him for relief, which he was not to grant until she was nigh-well dead. And as old Coinneach said, so matters came to pass. The woman's friends were much scandalised at this, and demanded proof of her guilt from the shepherd. Coinneach was able to direct the shepherd to a house where he found the apparatus for bewitchment in a box fast locked. What it was, our informant could not say.

CASG FOLA.

CHARMS were employed for all sorts of bodily ailments. Rhymes were ordinarily necessary, and on repeating them the person found relief. But certain persons were evidently independent of incantations, gifted with a supernatural power to arrest some ailments or to cure certain diseases. Thus, a man might possess the gift of "Casg Fola," which literally means the stopping of blood. A man possessed of this power could stop any bleeding or running at a moment's notice, without any medicaments, but simply by the word of his power. He must, however, know the name of the person to be cured; otherwise the charm or power

he possessed would not work. The following story illustrates this power and also the supreme importance of knowing correctly the sufferer's name.

In Wester Ross, once upon a time, lived Ian Ban, who was famous for his gift of Casg Fola. He was one night at a wedding at Aultbea, when a young man accidentally cut himself while slicing some cheese. Several persons present knew of Ian Ban's supernatural power over bleeding and flowing generally, and when the bleeding from the young man's hand was too seriously profuse, Ian was called upon to put his charms into effect. Ian knew the young man, and tried to bring his power into effect. But it was of no use. In this moment of excitement, he thought he had lost his power, and out he rushed to see if his dreadful suspicion was correct. But, no! he could stop the stream that flowed past the house with the word of his power as ever before, and the charm seemed to work as vigorously as ever. He could not, however, stop the bleeding in this particular case, and it was not until a wise woman near at hand, likewise possessed of this gift, was sent for that the blood stopped at her request. She had known the young man and his family history; she knew that grave doubts were entertained as to his paternity, and, judging that he was wrongly named, she gave him in the charm his proper name, and he recovered at once!

On an another occasion Ian Ban was passing along the highway at a place where he was well known. It was in the winter season, and some men at a farm there were killing the "mart geamhraidh," or the winter's cow. At this work there was always some whisky going, and so it happened on this occasion. Seeing Ian approach, the men, who were just taking their dram on the eve of commencing operations, hid the bottle in a niggardly spirit with the intention of giving Ian no share. Ian suspected what had taken place, and immediately decided upon his revenge. They proceeded to kill the cow, but not a drop of blood would flow. Ian had put his charm into effect, and thus had taken his revenge. Mutual explanations soon followed, and matters were eventually set right.

CORPAN CREADHA.

THE "corpan creadha," or clay body, was made of clay in the image of a human being, or as nearly human as the culture of the rude artist could devise. It was intended to represent the body of the victim on whom the spell was to work. Pins, pieces of iron, and broken glass were stuck all over it, and especially over the vital parts. It was then placed in a smooth part of a stream, or in a half-dry channel where it might waste away, but with not too much hurry. As the corpan wasted away, so with the pains and torments of pins, knives, and glass wasted also the person for whom it was intended, and, when the corpan disappeared in this wasting process, the victim died. If the person for whom the corpan was meant was fortunate enough to find it before it began to waste away, and if he kept it in safety and preservation he would come by no harm. We have been told of a case where the victim of this deadly spell a few years ago discovered his own corpan, took it home, and still preserves it fast and carefully locked up from any harm. In 1883 there was a case before the Inverness Police Court where a woman pleaded provocation for assaulting another, because the latter had caused a corpan creadha to be made for her destruction, and the corpan was actually produced in Court. In the local prints for December of that year the matter is described as follows:—"Upon being asked by the Bailie if she had anything to say for herself, the accused expressed her idea that the girl's grandmother was a witch, and in proof of the statement and to the great surprise and amusement of the court, exhibited a *corp creadha*, which she carefully extracted from a covering in which it was wrapt to protect it from injury. It bore a rude resemblance to the human form and was destitute of the legs. All over the body pins and shoe sprigs had been stuck in, the superstition being that the insertion of each pin produced in the victim of the witch sharp pains, while the removal of the legs was supposed to lead to withering of the limbs." Readers of Mr. Black, the novelist, will remember his interesting and weird story of the "Wise Women of Inverness," which also turns on the superstition of the corpan creadha. Many instances have come to our knowledge of the use of the clay corpan even within recent years.

REVIEW.

MERUGUD UILIX MAICC LEIRTIS: The Irish Odyssey. Edited by Kuno Meyer. London: D. NUTT, 1886.

DR. KUNO MEYER is fast taking his place in the front rank of Celtic scholars. This is his third publication of Irish or Gaelic texts in as many years. He edited in 1883 the Irish version of the *Alexander Saga*, last year he published, with English translation and notes, a valuable edition of the *Cath Finntraga*, or Battle of Ventry Harbour, a tale of the Feinè. Besides these, he has edited several texts for the *Revue Celtique*. For students of Scotch Gaelic, his name ought to be of peculiar interest, for he and Gaidoz were the first to draw the attention of philologists to the treasures of old Gaelic literature that exist in the Edinburgh Advocate's Library. We hope soon to see some of these published under his able editing.

The *Merugud Uilix*, or Wandering of Ulysses, belongs to the *Troy* cycle of Middle Age romance. The four great romantic cycles were (1), the Arthurian stories; (2), Charlemagne and his twelve peers; (3), tales of Alexander the Great; and (4), the Siege of Troy and its congeners. Of these the Irish borrowed only the last two, for they had heroic tales enough of the Arthurian and Charlemagne type in their own Cuchulinn and Finn cycles. They borrowed the Troy and Alexander tales from the French poets of the 12th and 13th centuries, and not from any more original sources. These tales they worked up in their own fashion on Irish and Scotch soil; in fact, at times they altered their originals to such an extent as scarcely, but in name and main idea, to be recognised in their Irish dress. That is especially the case with the work before us. The main idea of the story is kept, and nothing more: Ulysses, after the fall of Troy, is making his way home to his country and wife. With the exception of the story of Polyphemus, and a reminiscence of the old dog Argos—and even these are characteristically changed, the rest of the story of the wanderings is entirely different. Indeed, the rest of the wanderings is but an early variant of a popular tale still existing in the Highlands though unpublished. The story is known as the

Tale of the Three Advices, and in it the folk-lorist recognises a strong family resemblance—not one of descent possibly, but one indicating kinship simply—to tale 103 tn the *Gesta Romanorum*. The three advices are exactly the same in the Highland story as in the *Gesta*, but the plot is quite different: the plot in the Highland story is, in fact, the Ulysses plot. A young man, newly married when he left home, escapes from a battle (Culloden is given in the story) and takes service with a baker. He serves five years first for the mere preservation of his life; then he serves three periods of five years each for service money, and is offered at the end his choice of getting the money earned or of hearing their advices. He accepts the latter, and the advices are the same as in the *Gesta*—to think well before action, never to leave a high-way for a bye-way, and to beware the jealousy of an ill-assorted couple. The baker gives him a loaf, with injunctions not to taste of it till he meets his wife. It is needless to recouut his adventures by the way, but, when he arrives at last at his house one night, he thinks his wife is married to the young man that he sees within lovingly conversing with her. His first impulse is to shoot them both, but he remembers the first advice. He goes in and discovers that the young man is his own son, and that his wife—Penelope-like—is still unmarried, waiting his return. He breaks the loaf of bread, and finds all the earnings there of his fifteen years' toil. These features are brought out in the work before us; the three advices, the return and adventures by the way, the discovery of the wife and the young man who turns out to be the son, and, lastly, the loaf of bread or whatever the *cilfing* may be in the text. But details are different. The third precept in the work before us advises travelling only when the sun is up. Besides, the folk-tale dwells much on the stirring adventures on the journey home, while they are practically passed over in the book. From all this it seems clear that the author of the book most likely took a popular tale, added the Polyphemus incident, and gave the whole the name of Ulysses.

The text is edited from two MSS. of the 14th century. Dr. Meyer has tried the hazardous experiment of reconstructing a corrected or critical text from the two. He gives, however, all the important variants of either MS. from his text in footnotes,

leaving aside mere orthographical variations. We are afraid that it is impossible to reduce the various spellings of Old and Middle Irish texts to a uniform standard; that can be done only with a living tongue and literature, and we find it difficult enough in the Highlands here to arrive at a decent understanding on the most ordinary words of our every-day modern writing and editing. We strongly advise Dr. Meyer in future to print one MS. in full and give the variants from other MSS. in footnotes, as is usually done. His experiment, however, is very successful. His translation, with the exception of one or two very small slips, as "eighty ships" for "twenty-four" at p. 24, is excellent. He gives at the end a list of some seventy words that are new or peculiar. The work is admirably got up.

NOTES AND NEWS.

It will be of interest to our readers to know the work that is to be done in Professor Mackinnon's Celtic Class at Edinburgh for the coming session. The following is a summary of it :—

The Introductory Lecture for the coming session will be delivered on November 8th—Subject—"Loan-words in Gaelic." The class meets daily thereafter at 4 P.M. The work for this year will be arranged as follows :—

1. Monday and Wednesday—Lectures on the Celtic Language, Literature, and History.
2. Tuesday and Thursday—Reading and Exposition of Gaelic and Irish Poets and Prose Writers.
3. Friday—Manuscripts, Grammar, Exercises, and Examinations.

The course of lectures for 1886-7 will consist of two parts :—(1.)—On Mondays, Lectures on Celtic Philology; (2.) On Wednesdays, Lectures on the Literature of the Scottish Highlands.

The Readings on Tuesdays will be selected from the First Part, and on Mondays from the Second Part of the class reading-book.

During the latter portion of the session, the advanced sections of the class will give an hour on Friday to the reading of old MSS.

The books recommended are :—

1. In connection with the lectures—Zeuss's Grammatica Celtica; Curtius's Greek Etymology; Schleicher's Comparative Grammar; Rhys's Lectures on Welsh Philology.
2. For the Reading Class—(a)—Junior Divison—Class Reading Book (Part

First); Macpherson's Grammar; Stewart's Grammar; (b)—Senior Division—Class Reading Book (Part Second); Stewart's Grammar; O'Donovan's Grammar; Windisch's "Kurzgefasste Irsiche Grammatik."

A special prize will be given for the best essay on the dialect of any particulars district in the Highlands of Scotland, selected by the candidate.

UNIFORMITY in the spelling of Gaelic is much to be desired; indeed, it is an absolute necessity, if any good result is expected to come from the teaching of Gaelic in schools, to agree upon a standard spelling. Another necessity is that, if teachers are to make passes—which means that they impart education and gain money—simplicity, as well as uniformity, must be aimed at. The apostrophes and accent must be dealt with firmly, and with a view to their reduction, if their extinction is impossible, as perhaps it is. But who are to decide what this simplified and uniform spelling is to be?

WE are glad to notice that the Gaelic Society of London has taken this matter up. At a meeting, held on the 20th October, the subject was discussed in an able and ntelligent manner, and the conclusion was come to that a conference of leading Gaelic scholars should be held next year for the purpose of seeing what could be done. Previous experience does not make us very hopeful of success by means of a conference. One humorous gentleman asked, on hearing of the proposed conference, who would come out of it alive? For we know of friendships having been broken and professional advancement wrecked over a little Gaelic apostrophe!

THOSE immediately interested are the teachers, and, if they leave the matter to the dilettantism of mere litterateurs and editors of old texts, their hopes are ruined. A good set of educational works suitable for the New Code will do much more to uniformise and simplify our spelling than any conference of impractical *savants*. And here it comes to our mind that in the New Code there is as yet no Gaelic schedule for the three years specific course. A scheme has been put forward in the last volume of the Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions which, though in our opinion inclined to be too difficult, may form the basis of a good scheme. We here reproduce it, so that Gaelic educationists may pronounce their verdict upon it and suggest amendments:—

1st Stage.—Reading of 50 pages of ordinary Gaelic prose. Reciting of 50 lines of Gaelic Poetry. General knowledge of Gaelic Declension.

2nd Stage.—Reading 100 pages of Gaelic prose and verse. Writing to dictation from the same. Reciting 100 lines of Gaelic poetry, with meanings and allusions. General knowledge of Gaelic Grammar.

3rd Stage.—Reading of Gaelic prose and verse. Reciting of 150 lines of Gaelic Poetry. Composition of a theme in Gaelic, and some knowledge of the history, construction and literature of the Gaelic language.

WHETHER, as rumoured, the *Scottish Celtic Review* is dead or not, the Rev. Mr. Cameron is not so. He has, in the *Scottish Review*, a poem from the Dean of Lis-

more's Book, edited afresh, with translation, notes, and a modern version, and a later popular version similarly treated. The poem is *Urnaigh Oisein*, or Ossian's Prayer. Mr. Cameron's edition may be taken as absolutely correct, or at least as correct as the state and character of the MS. can allow. Dr. Maclauchlan's text, in his published edition of the Dean's book, contains, as compared with Mr. Cameron's readings, some seventy errors in as many lines. Most of the errors do not seriously interfere with the meaning, though some certainly do. We cannot, in fact, be satisfied now with Dr. Maclauchlan's edition, and Mr. Cameron should be encouraged and urged to publish at least the corrected text. Mr. Cameron gives also a last century version of the poem, as found in the MacNicol MSS. Those MSS. were published in 1872 by J. F. Campbell, in "Leabhar na Feinne." We are sorry to see that J. F. Campbell has made a few mistakes also in the transcription. It would be a boon to Gaelic scholarship if some one compared Campbell's book throughout with his originals, and published the necessary corrections; for the book does not, like the Dean's Book as published, require a new stock, lock, and barrel. Mr. Cameron has not noted that MacNicol's copy of this poem is merely a MacNicolian revisal of honest Thomas Hill's edition in his collection of poems sent to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1783. MacNicol, besides, transcribed, literatim almost, Hill's *Cath Mhanuis*, and adopted Hill's *Diarmad*. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion that the MacNicol MSS. require careful handling. Mr. Cameron has adopted Irish orthography for his modernised form of the poem from the Dean, and he has practically the same for his corrected form of MacNicol's version. A good deal may be advanced for so treating the Dean's MS., and, if the word "modern" were dropped, and an attempt made to render the Dean's work into the corrected Gaelic spelling of his time, which would be very Irish without doubt, no one could object. We cannot follow Mr. Cameron in rendering MacNicol into Irish forms; we cannot admire forms like a "a bh-feil," "Oisin," "Eireann (gen.)," &c. We wonder if "nam" of the third line on p. 364 is a printer's error (of which there are a few, as in the numbering of the notes on p. 344, and "sheannamaid" on p. 360), or a conscious dropping of the apostrophe. We see still several other useless apostrophes kept, as in *gu'm*, *cha'n*, *a'm'*, &c. May we suggest that in future Mr. Cameron should print the ancient and modern version on opposite facing pages, line for line, and the English translation at the bottom? It would be a great convenience to the reader.

READERS of this *Magazine* who have followed with interest the controversy on the Early Celtic Church between Provost Macandrew and the Rev. Mr. Chisholm, will be glad to hear that a new work by Professor Stokes, of Dublin, entitled "Ireland and the Celtic Church," will be issued presently by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It describes, from original authorities, the origin and introduction of Celtic Christianity, the social life of St. Patrick's age, the invasion of the Danes, the doctrines, missions, and scholarship of the Irish monks, and traces the course of the events which led to the conquest by Strongbow and the Normans.

THE *Academy* has become a recognised medium for Celtic news and notes. Letters, notes, and reviews from Celtic *savants* like Rhys, Stokes, Meyer, and others, constantly appear in its columns, and lend an added interest for Celts to the otherwise excellent contents of this weekly review. The latest Celtic articles in the *Academy* have been a

series of three papers by Dr. Whitely Stokes, entitled "Notes of a Philological Tour." They appeared in the numbers for September 25th and October 2nd and 9th. Dr. Stokes has been visiting France, Switzerland, and Belgium, where he examined the Celtic, especially the Irish, MSS. that exist in the leading Continental libraries. He gives corrections of texts already published, presents new glosses, and otherwise makes most interesting and important observations. But the corrections and comparisons of MSS., which are of most interest to Scottish Gaels are those he offers upon Dr. Reeve's edition of Adamnan's Life of St. Columba. These will be found in the number of the *Academy* for October 2nd.

THE *Revue Celtique* since it came under the editorship of M. D'Arbois de Jubainville and his three coadjutors, MM. Loth, Ernault, and Dottin, has appeared with the regularity of a Quarterly. Nor are its interests and importance any lessened by the change. The last number, the third number of the seventh volume, appeared a week or two ago. One of the articles of most interest is Dr. Whitley Stokes's text, translation and note f "Find and the Phantoms." It is a poem ostensibly by Ossian, found in the Book o Leinster, a MS. of the 12th century. It and two other poems, also found in this MS., are the oldest "Ossianic" poems we possess. One interesting superstition appears in this poem, which may be here mentioned: the sunrise disperses evil phantoms. So, too, the Norse Trolls burst if they saw sunrise, and on two previous pages of this number of our Magazine, in the article on Badenoch Songs, and in "Spells and Charms" under *Toradh*, the same idea appears. This number contains also a long and very important review of the second edition of Rhys' Celtic Britain, by the Editor. No student of early Gaelic history can afford to overlook this article; it suggests wholesome doubts as to some of the Professor's positions. He approves of Windisch and Rhys' derivation of Britannia. They point out that good Greek MSS. give the name Prettania, and this, if considered a Gaulish or Gallo-British word, would answer to Crettania among the Old Gaels; and this at once leads to the name Cruithnech, the Irish name of the Picts. Hence Britain was named after the original name of the Picts. The importance of this derivation, if it is correct, and that looks likely, cannot, either historically or ethnologically, be over-estimated.

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR NOVEMBER, 1886.

XI. Mhios.] AN T-SAMHUIN, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

☽ AN CIAD CHR.—3 LA—5.5 F. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.—18 LA—10.40 F.
○ AN SOLUS LAN—11 LA—7.7 F. | ● AN SOLUS UR—25 LA—7.19 F.

M.	DI-		*A'ghr'an.*	*An Lan An Lite.*		*An Lan An Grianaig.*	
			E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	MAD.	FRASG.	MAD.	FRASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	L	An t-Samhuin; Bàs Thighearna Dheòrsa Ghordain, 1793	7.22 E	5.31	5.54	3. 5	3.25
2	M	La nam Marbh	4.30 L	6.19	6.45	3.47	4.10
3	C		7.26 E	7.13	7.43	4.34	4.59
4	D	Tighin a nall Phrionns Orainns, 1688	4.26 L	8.20	8.58	5.32	6. 6
5	H	Latha Inkerman, 1854	7.29 E	9.38	10.15	6.44	7.22
6	S	Breith Raibeart Heron, 1764	4.23 L	10.48	11.19	7.58	8.32
7	D	*XXI. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	7.34 E	11.48	...	9. 3	9.29
8	L	Bàs Dhuns Scotuis, 1308	4.18 L	0.10	0.31	9.53	10.15
9	M	Breith a' Phrionnsa, 1841	7.38 E	0.50	1. 9	10.35	10.54
10	C	Breith Fhir Chuil-fhodair, 1685	4.14 L	1.27	1.44	11.13	11.32
11	D	An fhèill Martainn	7.42 E	2. 1	2.18	11.50	...
12	H	Bàs Shir Uilleam Fhoirbeis, 1806	4.16 L	2.34	2.50	0. 8	0.26
13	S	Latha Sliabh an t-Siorra, 1715	7.46 E	3. 7	3.24	0.45	1. 4
14	D	*XXII. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	4. 7 L	3.42	4. 1	1.23	1.42
15	L	Bàs Iain Witherspoon, *Oll. D. Oll. Leigh.*, 1794	7.51 E	4.21	4.41	2. 1	2.20
16	M	Bàs Banrigh Mairghread, 1093	4. 3 L	5. 3	5.28	2.41	3. 3
17	C	Bàs Banrigh Tearlag, 1818	7.55 E	5.53	6.22	3.25	3.50
18	D	Glacadh Chars, 1877	3.59 L	6.52	7.26	4.17	4.47
19	H	Breith Righ Tearlach I., 1601	7.59 E	8. 4	8.42	5.20	5.53
20	S	Breith Uilleam Bhlackwood, 1776	3.57 L	9.23	10. 2	6.30	7. 9
21	D	*XXIII. Donaich an dèigh na Caingis*	8. 3 E	10.37	11. 9	7.47	8.22
22	L	Breith Dhùghall Stiùbhart, 1753	3.53 L	11.38	...	8.55	9.26
23	M	An t-sean fhéill Martainn	8. 7 E	0. 5	0.31	9.54	10.21
24	C	Bàs Iain Knox, 1572	3.51 L	0.55	1.19	10.46	11.11
25	D	B. Sheann Tormoid MhicLeoid, 1863	8.11 E	1.42	2. 4	11.35	11.59
26	H		3.47 L	2.16	2.47	...	0.23
27	S	Latha Phentland, 1666	8.15 E	3. 6	3.25	0.44	1. 5
28	D	*I. Donaich de'n Teachd*	3.45 L	3.45	4. 5	1.26	1.46
29	L	Oidhche fhéill Anndrais	8.19 E	4.26	4.47	2. 6	2.25
30	M	An fhéill Anndrais	3.43 L	5. 8	5.29	2.44	3. 4

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LOAN-WORDS IN GAELIC.*

[By Professor Mackinnon.]

If we examine the vocabulary of a langauge, we find that it consists of two main divisions—a native element and a foreign element. The native element embraces the portion of the family stock of roots and vocables which the particular language has preserved, together with the words which, in accordance with its own laws, it has formed from these. The foreign element consists of such words and forms as the language may have borrowed from the various peoples and tribes with which, in the course of their history, those who speak it have been brought in contact.

In modern times, owing to our greater commercial enterprise and freer intercommunication, the foreign or borrowed element is larger than we find it in the languages of antiquity. But from the very earliest times, when peoples met, they exchanged words and ideas, as well as articles of food and clothing—mental as well as material products. The Hebrew exile could not "sing the Lord's song in a strange land," but after the captivity the language of the Jew was largely Chaldaic. With a fertile intellect and a language capable of infinite expansion, the Greek, of all the nations of antiquity, was the least dependent upon his neighbours for intellectual aid, but the Greek vocabulary is far from being free of foreign admixture. Latin borrowed freely from Greek, though the haughty Roman would hardly be indebted for a word or an idea to a Barbarian.

* Inaugural Lecture to the Edinburgh University Celtic Class.

This exclusiveness has now, in great measure, passed away We meet oftener, and are glad to learn as well as to buy from one another. Partly because of their mixed origin, partly owing to their geographical position and commercial instincts, the English-speaking people have from the first borrowed freely from the neighbouring tongues. With a Teutonic base, not only have French, Latin, and Greek been largely made use of in building up the great fabric of English speech, but there is not a corner of the world where a Briton has set his foot from which he has not brought home something or another, and he has hardly ever borrowed an article without at the same time borrowing its name. Your Englishman is the literary cateran of the world. The result is that for wealth his vocabulary is unparalleled, whether in ancient or modern times. The new English Dictionary, now being published under the editorship of Dr. Murray, is calculated to contain upwards of 240,000 words. The words of native origin are less than one-third of the whole—over two-thirds being gathered from all quarters of the globe. Mr. Skeat appends to his Etymological Dictionary tables showing the distribution of words in English, according to their origin. The tables cover nearly 14 pages. The words of purely English and Saxon descent are, as a rule, the shortest words in the language, but they are contained in 2¼ pages of the 14, while those which come directly or indirectly from Latin occupy 5½ pages, and those from Greek 1¾ pages. These interesting and valuable tables show that about 70 separate languages entering through upwards of 300 channels contribute to the wealth of the English tongue. The largest and most interesting chapter of British History is written in the English Dictionary, a book which also furnishes no mean contribution to the history of the world. The history of the single word *apricot*, which comes to English from Latin, through Greek, Arabic, Portuguese, and French, is an epitome of the history of commerce on the shores of the Mediterranean during the Middle Ages.

Our own Gaelic vocabulary is also a most interesting study. In wealth and variety it cannot, of course, compete with the English vocabulary. But Armstrong's Dictionary contains upwards of 34,000 words, while there are several thousands more

in Gaelic books and in free circulation among the Highland people, which have not yet found their way to any lexicon.

The Gaelic vocabulary is, to a large extent, though not to the same extent as the English vocabulary, derived from foreign sources. We have not as yet accumulated a sufficient amount of reliable material to enable us exhaustively to separate what is native from what is foreign, and to assign to the latter element its proper place among the various languages which lent from their stores to our own. But, by the aid of a few familiar examples, I propose to-day to direct your attention to this useful and interesting branch of our studies here—a field not hitherto entirely neglected perhaps, but explored at best in a fragmentary, and, frequently, in a most unsatisfactory manner. To a bilingual people, like the Highland people, the study of the *loan-words* possesses exceptional value. We are able to observe in our every-day life, and in living tongues familiar to us, the phonetic processes which others less favourably situated can only learn through foreign languages and dead books.

Many of our countrymen, as some of you are doubtless aware, sturdily refuse to acknowledge that their dear mother-tongue is under obligation to any language under the sun. With a power of assertion, and a capacity for ignoring or manipulating evidence suggestive of infinite resource, they insist that, where there is borrowing, Gaelic invariably occupies the position of the gracious giver; that of the humble receiver, never. It has sometimes occurred to me that this lofty refusal to acknowledge patent facts is due in part, at least, to the position which our people hold among their neighbours. We Celts do not bulk so largely in Europe as we once did. In Britain, especially, those who speak the Celtic dialects have for many centuries been a small and weak community, beside a powerful and aggressive neighbour. Perhaps this is the reason why we are prone, if not to lay claim to virtues which we do not possess, to put an exaggerated value on those that belong to us, especially if our neighbour has them not. Be this as it may, it is the fact that our countrymen are rather apt to place as it were in contrast to the material wealth and political power of the Saxon, the blue blood and pure speech of the Gael. The boast is a vain boast. It is made with greater

zeal than knowledge. It is not true; and it would be a pity if it were true. The vigour of a language, as well as of a people, is due, in part at least, to its mixed and composite character. In-breeding is almost as fatal to the one as to the other. No language and no people can live alone and apart. To introduce foreign ideas and foreign words and idioms into a language is to enrich its literature, and to advance the civilisation of those who speak it. To keep the door reluctantly shut against foreign influence from mistaken notions of purity, is, in language as in life, to consign a people to ignorance and isolation, the sure precursors of decline and death.

Words pass from one language to another in two ways—by living contact with the people who speak the foreign tongue, or by borrowing directly from the literature of the stranger. English received the French element mainly from the living speech. The additions made to its vocabulary direct from Latin and Greek are from the dead book. Who are the peoples with whom the Celts have come in contact, either directly as neighbours, or indirectly through their literature? It is to them and their languages that we must look for an explanation of the foreign element in Gaelic.

Among Aryan tribes the Celt has mixed, within historic times, only with two—the Roman and the Teuton. In the South of Gaul, Celt and Greek met in the neighbourhood of Massilia, and to this we owe that the Gaulish inscriptions found in that neighbourhood are written in Greek characters. But the direct influence of the Greek language upon Celtic, if it exists, is hardly perceptible. Several Gaelic words no doubt find their Indo-European cognates in Greek: *suain* and hupnos; *earr* and oura; *fearg* and orgē. But even so, one or two words are more easily identified in the Litu-Slavonic tongues than among our nearest neighbours: *bran*, "a raven," *e.g.* is in Slavonic *vranŭ*, and *eruim(h)* is in Lithuanian *kirmis*, initial *c* having in this case disappeared from the Latin *vermis*, and the English *worm*. Even our loan-words from the Greek are few in number. They are almost entirely ecclesiastical, and come to us through Latin. Celt and Roman, on the other hand, met in Gaul and in Britain. After the withdrawal of the Roman government from this country, a knowledge of the Latin language and literature was kept up

through the Gaelic Church. The Teuton and the Celt have been neighbours on the Continent and on the Eastern shore of Britain from the dawn of history, probably long before. In the North and West Highlands the Norsemen, a Teutonic tribe, held the land for a considerable time. We may accordingly affirm *a priori* that the loan-words in Gaelic are chiefly from two sources—from Latin and from one or other of the Teutonic dialects, mainly English and Norse.

But is there a non-Aryan element in our Gaelic speech? There is, of course, an interesting though not a very numerous class of words which we have incorporated from the Hebrew Bible. Several, such as *cerub, seraph, omer, secel, urim, tumim,* are Gaelic only in appearance, but some proper and a few common names we have permanently adopted: *Adhamh, Daibhidh, Iacob, Ioseph, Solamh, Esther, Aleluia, Satan,* &c. Some of these Hebrew words have come to us through Greek and Latin: *Amen, Iudhach, Phaireasach, Sàbaid, Càmhal, Iosa. Raca,* untranslated in our New Testament, is from the Chaldee language, and *Maran ata* is a Syriac phrase. *Cotan* again is Arabic, coming to us through Spanish, French, and English; and *paipeir* is supposed to be Egyptian borrowed by the Greeks. We have the word from Latin through English.

This class of words is not numerous. Their foreign character is easily recognised. Their non-Aryan descent is admitted by all save the happy few who would make the Hebrew language an offshoot of the Celtic. He who believes that *Cain* is merely a contraction for *ceud-ghin,* "first-born;" *Jezebel,* another form of *deas-bheul,* "handsome mouth;" and *Keziah* of *cas-chiabh,* "curly locks," we cannot hope to convince. Lachlan Maclean's derivation of *pòs* from *bus,* because in early times marriage was solemnized, according to him, not by the joining of hands, but "by the touching of the lips," or, as Mr. Maclean profanely expresses it, *bus ri bus* is equally scientific and much more amusing.

But when we speak of a non-Aryan element in Celtic we mean something more than this. The Celt, there is reason to believe, came in contact in the course of his wanderings with a people of a race different from his own. When we first hear of him, he is already settled in the extreme West of Europe, with a

non-Aryan tribe for his nearest neighbour. Herodotus tells us that "the Celts are outside the pillars of Hercules, and that they border on the Kynesii, who dwell the farthest away towards the West of the inhabitants of Europe." On the Spanish side of the Pyranees a Celtic tribe mingled with the original Iberian population. The district was known as Celtiberia and the people Celtiberi, a warlike tribe who gave no end of trouble to the Romans. In Britain one, if not two, races, so archæologists and ethnologists inform us, preceded the first Celtic invasion. But these early settlers would not be annihilated; the men would become the slaves, the women the concubines of the conquering tribe. It would appear, then, that the British Celt has a non-Aryan drop in his blood. Can we trace a non-Aryan element in his language? The one is not a necessary consequence of the other. Languages die, while blood flows on. As Professor Rhys puts it, "skulls are harder than consonants." The blood of France is in the main Celtic, while the language is Latin, largely modified no doubt by the speech of old Gaul. Among ourselves the language of the Pict disappeared, leaving only a few vocables behind. In many parts of Scotland, where the old tongue has not been heard for centuries, the blood of the people is more Celtic than Teutonic. On the other hand, in the Western Isles, notably in the north of Lewis, the blood is largely Norse, while the language is Gaelic, and Gaelic time out of mind. Still the probability is that there is a non-Aryan element in the language if we were able to trace it. The frequent use of *cù*, "dog," among the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland in place and personal names—*Cu-chulainn*, *Cu-ulad*, *Conan*, etc.—may, it has been suggested, be an echo of the time when the *Kynesii*, or *Kynetes*, or *Dog-men* and Celts lived together. Again, *Iberia* and the *Iberians* of Spain naturally connect themselves in language as in legend with *Hebernia*, *Iverna*, *Iuerna*, *Ierne*, *Erin*, *Eirinn*, and, in Scotland, (the river) *Earn*. With *Belerion*, the old name for "Land's End," which Rhys would assign to a pre-Celtic source, is perhaps connected *belre*, now *beurla*, "speech," and especially the speech of the stranger, a word in Scottish Gaelic now applied exclusively to "English," *the* unknown tongue. In the same way Mr. Skene would regard such river names as *Urr*, *Urie*, *Ile* (river and island), and *Ulie* (the

river of Helmsdale), as non-Celtic, non-Aryan. In the ninth century Cormac notes in his Glossary two common names as belonging to an obsolete speech or *iarmbelre*, to use his own phrase. The letter *p* once disappeared almost, if not altogether, from at least the Goidelic branch of Celtic. But the ancient geographers note several place names which contain the lost letter: *Mons Graupius* or *Granpius*, *Corstorpiton*, *Petuaria*, *Leucopibia*, *Epidion*, etc.

Gaelic grammar also shows certain features which can hardly be explained by reference to the related tongues. In old Gaelic it was a frequent construction to place the pronominal object between the prefix and the main syllable of a compound verb. The practice has now been discontinued for 500 years. In the Book of Deer *e.g.*, *rosbenact* "he blessed him" occurs. Here the *s* in *ro* + *s* + *benact* stands for the pronoun of the third person. It is as if you said in English: "he re-me-lieved" for "he relieved me." The combination of the preposition with its pronominal object so frequent in Gaelic *le* + *am*, *le* + *at*, *le* + *is* (with me, with thee, with him) finds it exact parallel, not among the Indo-European Sisters of Celtic, but in the Agglutinative family of languages. The collocation in the use of emphatic forms *sa*, *féin* are, to say the least of it, remarkable:

do cheann
do cheann-sa
do cheann mòr-sa
do cheann mòr fada-sa
do cheann mòr fada dubh-sa

The main concept occupies its place and the qualifying epithets, according to Gaelic usage, follow in regular order, while the relation of the concept to the subject is shown by the possessive pronoun occupying the first place in the series, and the emphatic form being invariably joined to the *last* of the qualifying epithets. Finally, one peculiar mode of forming compound words must not be omitted. As in English, so in Gaelic, a substantive and adjective are thrown into a compound without disturbing the collocation by merely shifting the accent: *réd-coat* differs from *red coat* in meaning just as *tigh-mór* (a mansion house) differs from *tigh mor* (a big house.) But in Gaelic we can deal with

two substantives, one of which governs the other in the genitive case, in the same manner: *Mac Fhionnlaidh* is "a son of Finlay," but *Mac-Fhiónnlaidh* is "Finlayson." Many of our family names, and not a few ordinary compounds—*fear-siùil, tigh-chon, mucmhara*, etc., etc.—are formed in this way. We have a combination exactly parallel in the French *Hotel Dieu.*

These features in our grammar and vocabulary are interesting. When taken along with the concrete facts of skull, and weapon, and legend, which Ethnology, and Archæology, and Folk-lore produce in support of the existence of a non-Aryan element in our midst, they are of high scientific value. At the same time too much weight is not to be attached to the evidence, especially from particular words. We are not warranted in saying that because we cannot assign a Celtic word to an Aryan root, the word must be pre-Celtic and non-Aryan. The Celtic language alone, of the Indo-European group, however unlikely the supposition, may have preserved the particular root, or further analysis may be able to show its relations. *Teine* (fire) was for a long time among the unrelated class. It is now referred, with loss of *p* to root *tep*, skr *tap*, Latin *tepeo, tepens.* The two words which Cormac in the ninth century relegated to the unknown speech have been analyzed by Whitley Stokes. According to him, *fern* "everything good" is an old pret: part: pass in *-na* from root *var* "to choose." *Ond, onn*, "a stone," with loss of *p*, is perhaps cognate with *pondus.* A pre-Celtic, non-Aryan element, very probably exists in the language. But as things are, the phrase defines the limit, rather than the extent, of our knowledge. What we cannot analyze we are apt to say is non-Aryan.

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF THE "BODACH GLAS."

[*Translated from the Gaelic, by Mrs. Maskellar.*]

IN the morning the "Bodach Glas" went to the king's son, saying, "There is no one to be idle here, and you must to-day clean out the byre, in which there are seven stalls, and which has not been cleaned out for seven years. I am going a-hunting to the mountain, and if you have not got it clean on my return you will lose your head."

The king's son went to the byre and began to throw out shovelful after shovelful of what he had to clear out. His labour was, however, in vain, for every shovelful that he threw out returned in again. Evening was coming on, and he knew not what to do, and in his sore strait he sat down to weep in sorrow, for he could not finish the task given to him, and he expected to die. There came to him a very beautiful young maiden, dressed in great splendour, and she asked him, "What aileth thee?" When he looked at her he knew she was the lovely maiden who had in her swan-form carried him there, and he told her his trouble. She quickly gave him a small golden spade, and when he began to use it the byre was cleaned out as quickly as if every spade in the country was at it, and his task was done before the "Bodach Glas" returned home, and he told him he was well pleased with the work he had done.

On that evening again he took him to his best chamber and gave him to eat and drink of whatever his heart could desire, and entertained him with great hospitality.

In the morning he went to him, saying, "No one is to be idle here, and you must to-day thatch the barn of the seven couples with the feathers of birds, and if you have not got it ready when I come home from the mountain, on which I go to hunt, you will lose your head."

The king's son was sorely perplexed by this strange command. He went about all day, but could neither catch nor kill one fowl, and when evening came he sat in sorrow and in hopelessness,

when the same beautiful maiden came to him, dressed in great splendour. She asked, "What aileth thee?" and he told her what her father had commanded him to do, and how hopeless the task was. She quickly gave him a small golden rod, and as he waved it in the air all the birds of every kind and size came from far and near and shook their feathers off themselves and on to the barn, and it was all thatched before the "Bodach Glas" returned from the mountain on which he had been hunting on that evening. Again they sat in the best chamber, and ate and drank merrily together all that the heart could desire.

In the morning the "Bodach Glas" went again to the king's son, saying, "No one is to be idle here, and you must to-day get for me a golden ring that is in the bottom of a well that is on the top of my castle, and if you have not got it for me when I come home from the mountain on which I go to hunt, you will lose your head."

The King's son hoped this would be an easier task than the former ones, but although he tried every plan, he could not get to the top of the castle. There was no ladder tall enough and he knew not what to do. When at last he sat down hopeless and expecting to be beheaded on the "Bodach Glas's" return, the same beautiful young maiden came to him dressed in great splendour.

She asked, "What aileth thee," and he told her of her father's command and how impossible he found it to have the ring for him, and that he must therefore expect death. He was in this land of enchantment like a person in a mist, and he forgot each day the deliverance of the previous day, and, therefore, the beautiful maiden's presence brought no hope.

She told him, however, to take courage, for that she would help him as she had done before, and when he would restore the ring to her father the bonds of his obligation would be broken. "I will turn myself into a ladder," said the maiden, "and the ladder will lengthen with you as you ascend until you get to the top of the castle. You will then easily get the ring, but I cannot resume my own form until you come down again; so, for my sake as well as your own, you will have to be careful of yourself when on the top of the castle, and in returning you must put

your foot on every separate step of the ladder, for if you miss one step I cannot resume my own form. The young man heard her gladly, and, climbing up on the ladder that lengthened itself as he ascended, he got to the top. He searched the well and found the ring, and, in his haste to return to the earth, he missed one step when near the foot of the ladder, and remembering with dismay that the maiden could not resume her own shape without his fulfilling all the conditions she made, he climbed up again and carefully put a foot on each step, and when, after he got to the earth, he saw her again before him in her own lovely form, he put his arms about her and kissed her. His bonds of obligation were now broken, and he resolved to ask her in marriage of her father when he would give him the ring he had taken from the bottom of the well that was on the top of the castle.

When he restored the ring to the old man, he did not seem over-pleased at his success, but he granted him his daughter in marriage and to return with him to the home of the king, his father.

On the morning of the marriage, the bride told the king's son that her father and sisters hated him for having got rid of his bonds of obligation, and that they hated her for having helped him, and that they would on that day in their treachery try to kill them. "Do you in every thing as you see me do, and eat of no dish but what you see me partake of, and we may conquer them yet," said the maiden. After the marriage was over, she warned him against walking before her sisters into a room where there were two boiling cauldrons, into which they meant to throw them both.

The evil sisters walked into the chamber before the young pair, and not knowing that their intentions had been discovered they were off their guard, and so the young couple got them thrown into the boiling cauldrons that they had prepared with murderous intentions.

"Follow me quickly," said the young bride to her husband, and he followed her forthwith. She took out a black steed from her father's stable and told him to mount at once. He did so and she leaped up behind. "That horse," said she, "is so fast that he will overtake the fleet March that flies before him, but the fleet

March wind that follows can never overtake him, and we need all he can do for us now." As the steed careered along, the young wife looked behind her, and saw her father following them.

"Put your hand into the horse's ear and see what you can find there," she said hastily to the king's son.

"There is nothing in his ear but a small bit of wood," was his reply.

"Throw it quickly behind you," she cried.

He did so, and immediately there was a dense forest growing behind them, as a barrier between them and the "Bodach Glas."

"Oh!" said the "Bodach Glas," "if I had my own little maiden here she would soon cut down for me all the trees of this forest." He no sooner made the wish than his own little maiden was by his side, and she soon cut down all the trees of the forest, and he again set forth to overtake his daughter and the king's son. The young wife was continually looking behind her, and at last she saw her father again pursuing them.

"Try again what you will find in the horse's ear," she cried eagerly to the king's son.

"Nothing," he replied, "but a very small stone."

"Throw it behind you," she said; and he did so, and immediately there were behind them—between them and the "Bodach Glas"—a barrier of rocks, and immense boulders, and stones, so rough that no one could pass it.

"Oh! if I had my own little maiden here she would soon clear this for me," said the "Bodach Glas," and no sooner had he said it than his own little maiden was by his side, and stone by stone, rock by rock, she soon cleared the ground, and the "Bodach Glas" was again in eager pursuit of the fugitives.

The young wife looked again behind her and saw her father in the distance.

"Try again what you can find in the horse's ear" she cried eagerly to the King's son.

"There is nothing but a drop of his own perspiration in it" he replied.

"Throw it behind you," she said, and he did so, and there was forthwith a lake as a barrier between themselves and the "Bodach Glas."

"If I had my own little maiden here she would soon drink this up," cried the "Bodach Glas." He no sooner expressed the wish than the maiden came and swallowed the lake, but it was too much for her and she burst as soon as she finished it and the lake was as great as before, and the "Bodach Glas" had to return home; he could not follow them further. The young pair travelled on in safety after this until they came near to the King's house, and the wife said to her husband, "You must beware of any living creature—either man or beast—kissing you before we enter your father's house, or else you will lose me."

"I will be careful of that," said he, but unfortunately his favourite dog leaped upon him and licked his mouth just as he leaped off the horse at his father's gates, and when he turned round his wife had disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and everything that happened to him seemed like a dream to him for he was again in the mist of enchantment. The young wife travelled on until she came to a green tree with a beautiful clear fountain at the foot of it, and after drinking of the water she climbed the tree, and on looking down she could see her own image in the fountain. A blacksmith was living near hand, and he sent his servant for a pail of water to the fountain, and when drawing the water she saw before her the image of the beautiful creature who was in the tree, and thought it was her own charms that she beheld mirrored there.

She left the pail there, and, tossing her head, she said aloud, "I never knew before that I was so beautiful; I can make something better of my charms than to remain as servant to a blacksmith," and off she went without returning again to her master's house. When the blacksmith thought his servant was long of returning, he sent his wife for the water, and when she also saw the beautiful face reflected from the fountain, she also tossed her head proudly, saying, "With all this beauty I can get one of the great men in the king's Court, and so I'll never return to live with a blacksmith," and off she went. In the course of some time the blacksmith went to the fountain himself, and, on going to fill the pail, he saw the face and form so lovely in the fountain, and knowing too well that this was not the reflection of his grimy self, on looking up, he saw the beautiful wife of the king's son,

and understood what had happened. "Come down," he cried, "and if it is your fault that my wife and servant have left me, you must keep house for me yourself." She forthwith descended from the tree and followed him to his home, promising to keep his house.

The fame of her great beauty soon spread throughout the country, and every young man from east and west and north and south came to the smith's house eager to see her, but she only allowed herself to be seen when she chose. Among the others, the servants in the king's house came, and from them she heard about the unhappy state of the king's son—that he had returned from the far-off bounds of the world, and was in such low spirits that nothing could make him smile. "The king," they said, "was in great distress about his only son. The young man could not give a clear account of his journey, but he was always speaking of the beautiful young wife who had fled with him from the far-off bounds of the world on the back of the steed that would overtake the swift March wind that went before them, but could not be overtaken by the swift March wind that followed him." They told also that the wise men of the country advised the king to make a great feast, to which all the young maidens of the country would be invited, in case any one of them might dispel the young man's enchantment. The king had now given the invitations to the feast, and said that whatever maiden made his son laugh three times would become his wife, and would live with her husband in the king's house for evermore.

The young wife listened, and she determined to go to the feast even though she was not invited, and so when the king's miller came, among others, to see her she promised to receive him kindly if he brought her a handful of barley from the king's garner. He did so. The next servant that came was the young man whose mother had charge of all the king's poultry. She promised to be kind to him also if he brought her a young cock and hen from the king's poultry. He did so. And, thirdly, the king's door-keeper came to ask for her love, and she promised to receive his attentions, on condition that he would let her in to the feast that was to be given by the king to all the maidens in the country, and to which she was not

invited as being a stranger, and being of so lowly a condition as only to be a smith's servant. The door-keeper promised that he would admit her to the feast. At length, when the feast-day came, and all the maidens were gathered together in the king's house, each one eager to be the wife of the king's son, they were all sorely disappointed, for none of them had been able to make him smile. He walked among them like one in a dream, and his father was very sorry, and he knew not what to do with him. At length, one of the gentlemen of the Court came to the king saying that there was a young maiden at the door seeking to see the king's son, and saying she was sure she would make him laugh. "Who is she?" asked the king. "I know not," said the other, "but her face is the fairest that I have ever seen; she is like a sunbeam dazzling the eyes." "Bring her in," said the king, and she came. She had the cock and hen with her that she got from the king's poultry keeper, and the handful of barley that she got from the miller, which was taken from the king's garner, and she went to where the king's son was reclining listlessly on a couch, and a crowd of beautiful maidens near him. He looked at her, but did not recognise her. She put the cock and hen on the side of the couch in front of the king's son, and she made him put a pile or two of barley in the cock's ear, and the cock struck him with his beak, saying, "It is ill on your part to do that to me. Do you remember the day the byre of the seven stalls, which had not been cleaned for seven years, and was cleaned out for you before the 'Bodach Glas' came from the mountain on which he was hunting?" The king's son remembered about that and he laughed. The lady made him next put a pile or two of barley in the hen's ear, and she struck him with her beak, saying, "It is ill on your part to do that to me. Do you remember the day the barn of the seven couplings was thatched for you with feathers before the 'Bodach Glas' came home from the mountain on which he was hunting?" The king's son remembered, and he laughed again. Then the young wife struck her finger on his face saying, "Do you remember the day on which I made a ladder of myself that you might get the golden ring from the bottom of the well that was on the top of the castle, so that you might not lose your head?" The king's son laughed

heartily, and the spells of his enchantment were broken. He knew the beautiful young wife that had come with him from the far-off bounds of the world, and, full of gladness, he shewed her to his father and told him this was the wife he had so mysteriously lost. They then celebrated the marriage with great rejoicing, and they were all happy ever after, as long as they lived.

THE RE-ARISING OF THE KELTS.*

[By J. S. Stuart-Glennie, M.A.]

Few things are more remarkable in Man's history than the way in which the oppression and retardation of the development of a Race often conduces, in a special manner, to the progress of Humanity. Of the three great constituent races of the Aryan population of Europe—the Teutons, the Slavs and the Kelts—the two last have been for centuries overborne and oppressed in South Eastern and North Western Europe respectively. But the consequent retardation of the development of the Slavs and of the Kelts has now, with the resurgence of these races, contributed one of its most powerful factors to the Modern Revolution. For the consequence of this retardation of development has been the preservation, among the Eastern Slavs, of the organisation, and, among the Western Kelts, of the ideas, at least, of Primitive Socialism, and of the idea especially of the proprietorship of the

* 1. With respect to this spelling, I may note that, unlike the Greek k before e or i, the Keltic ci s generally transliterated by, and always pronounced like, k in English, save, very strangely, in the name by which Cæsar says that the people called themselves ("Celti ipsorum lingua, Galli nostra, appellantur" *De Bel Gal.*) I see no reason for, and every reason against, this exception to the general rule. German scholars, in writing the name, generally, I think, spell it with k; and even when they write *c*, they mean it to be pronounced *k*. Mone, for instance, though he writes *c*, does so with these remarks—"Kein celtisches Volk schreibt den Namen Celtæ mit k, sondern alle mit c wie die Römer . . . wenn mann weiss dass c in allen celtischen Wörtern wie k gesprochen wird, so genügt es." *Die Gallische Sprache*, s. ix. I may add that the greater part of this paper was read at a meeting of the Gaelic Society of London, 12th June, 1884, and hence such phrases as "you remember," etc.

land by the clan or community, and of the wrongfulness, therefore, of private landlordism, with unlimited rights of eviction; and from this preservation among the Eastern Slavs of the organisation, and, among the Western Kelts, of some of the ideas, at least, of Primitive Socialism, have already followed consequences of the most far-reaching character. It was the discovery of the Primitive Socialism of the Eastern Slavs that changed the old, unhistorical, and Utopian Socialism of Fourier into the new, historical, and Scientific Socialism of Marx. And it is the never-eradicated ideas of the Western Kelts with respect to the proprietorship of land that are chiefly now giving force and fervour to every scheme of land-restoration. But the new European life to which the Kelts are now rising in those energies and aspirations which constitute a main element in the Modern Revolution—this new European life of the Kelts is no illegitimate and abnormal birth of the time, but a legitimate and normal rebirth and resurrection. And I now propose rapidly to indicate some of those larger historical facts—which I hope some day to set forth in a less cursory manner—some of those larger historical facts that show the continuity of the history of the Kelts as a great European race; a continuity that has not hitherto been pointed out;† yet a continuity of adventurous enterprises and romantic fates, not unworthy in their way, to be historically compared with the fortunes and achievements of the nearest kinsmen of the Kelts, the imperial Romans, and the yet more illustrious Greeks.‡

But before I proceed to point out this continuity of the his-

† But though such continuous outlines as are here indicated, and as I hope at no distant date to complete, of the history of the Kelts from their first recorded achievements to the present time, may be for the first time sketched, such outlines could not have been scientifically attempted but for the great number of admirable researches in special parts and periods of that history which have been recently published.

‡ With respect to the relations of the race and language of the Kelts, see *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Sprachforschung B. I.* EBEL, *Celtisch, Grechisch, Lateinisch;* SCHLEICHER, *Die Stellung des Celtischen im Indo-Germanischen Sprachstamme; B. II. Löttner, Keltisch Italseth;* and *Zeitschrift für veigleichende Sprachkunde, B VII.;* EBEL, *Celtic Studies,* translated by Sullivan; MONE, *Celtische Forschungen;* KORNER, *Keltische Studien;* STARK, *Keltische Forschungen;* GARNETT, *Philological Essays;* NEWMAN, *Classical Museum, VI.;* D' ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE, *Revue Historique* t. xxx; and *Celtic Magazine,* vol. xii. pp. 1-11.

toric life of the Kelts, let me say that I do not speak of the Kelts as now a distinct race, but as a special element only in the population of these Islands, and of Scotland particularly. I do not believe that the Lowlands of Scotland were ever so purely Teutonic as some writers affirm. (Even in Fifeshire Gaelic appears to have been spoken in the fourteenth century; and in Ayrshire, half a century before the birth of Burns.) But even admitting that the population of the Lowlands was, previously to the Rebellions, mainly Teutonic, it is quite certain that, since the military and commercial opening up of the Highlands, which followed the suppression of the Rebellion of 1745; and above all, since what I may justly call the reconstruction of the Scottish Nationality by Macpherson, Burns, and Scott, and by the last more especially, the population of the Lowlands has become far less Teutonic than it formerly was, and the proportions of Teutonic and Keltic blood in the veins of Highlanders and Lowlanders respectively have come to be much more similar. Macpherson it was who first excited among the Lowlanders interest in, and sympathy with, the Highlanders, and made it even a subject of pride in a Lowlander to have Highland blood in his veins. Burns, though his father and forefathers were men of the Mearns (and, indeed, tenants of my maternal ancestors, the Stuarts of Inchbreck, for three hundred years on the southern slopes of the Grampians), Burns was, on his Ayrshire mother's side, of distinctly Keltic descent, and united Highlands and Lowlands in his poetry, wedding the Lowland dialect of his verse to Highland melodies. But what had been with Macpherson and Burns the unconscious work of reuniting Scotsmen and recreating the Scottish Nationality, Scott, with full consciousness of his great task, continued and completed. Divided at the period chosen by Scott for what is, perhaps, artistically, the greatest of his romances, into two peoples —Lowlanders, mainly, perhaps, Teutonic, and Highlanders, mainly Keltic—nor differing thus in race only, but in religion and in economic organisation, and separated besides by bitter memories of mutual injuries—*'Tis Sixty Years Since* (the second title of Waverley), *'Tis Sixty Years Since* became, as it were, the watchword with which Highlanders and Lowlanders sank their animosities for ever; the barriers, not of hills only, but of hatreds,

being levelled, Highlands and Lowlands become almost equally Teuto-Keltic in race, and more completely and permanently than by the great War of Independence under Wallace and Bruce, the various elements of the Scottish people were united into one Nationality.*

These remarks will, I trust, prevent misunderstandings that might otherwise possibly arise. And I will now proceed at once to point out that the history of the Kelts, as a great European race, is, in this sense, continuous, that, in everyone of the great Half-millennial Periods into which the history of Modern Civilisation, dated from the great revolutionary Epoch of the Sixth Century, B.C.,† naturally falls, the Kelts are not only found to have a history, but a history that can be definitely characterised. The first of these Periods, the Half-millennium before the Christian Era, or the Hellenic Period, may, in Keltic history, be characterised as the *Period of Invasions.*‡ You remember the story of the envoy, from a tribe of Illyrian Gauls, who, when Alexander the Great asked them what they were most afraid of, replied "that they feared no man, nor any danger, except one, lest the heaven

* See the writer's, *Macpherson, Burns, and Scott in their Relation to the Modern Revolution*, "Fraser's Magazine," April, 1880.

† The sixth century, before Christ, was the century of Confucius in China; of Buddha, in India; of Kyros the Great and the new Zoroastrianism, in Persia; of the Babylonian Captivity (588—536), the so-called second Isiah, and the national conversion of the Jews to the Monotheism of their Prophets; of Psammetichus, its last Pharaoh, in Egypt, and of the worship of Isis and Horus, the divine Mother and Child, rather than of "Our Father," Osiris: of Thales, the Father of Philosophy, of Pythagoras, and Xenophanes, the Fathers also of religious and ethical Reform, and of Sappho and Alkaios, the first of the new subjective and lyric school of poetry in Greece, and finally in this rapid indication of its greater synchronisms, it was the century in which, through the world-conquests of Kyros (followed as these afterwards were by those of Alexander and of Cæsar) the Aryan race first obtained that predominance which it has since then kept; the century of those political changes, from Monarchies to Republics, which were but the outward sign and seal of far profounder economic changes both in Greece and at Rome; and hence the century of the first clear distinction between the civilisations of Europe and of Asia.

‡ With respect to the history of the Kelts, previously to, and in, the earlier part of this Period, see, besides the well-known works of PRITCHARD, PICKET, *and* BELLOGUET SCHRADER, (*O*) *Sprachvergleichung and Urgeschichte*, D' ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE, *Premier habitants de L'Europe*, KOHN UND MEHLER, *Vorgeschichte der Menschen in östlichen Europa*, *&c.*

should fall upon them."* Alexander, who expected them to say that they feared him only, was rather disgusted at this proud answer, and agreed with his courtiers that these Gauls were great swaggerers. It was, however, not so. This proud and, apparently, too boastful answer was more than justified by the splendid series of conquests which these proud envoys, their sons, and their grandsons achieved. You all know about the burning of Rome by Brennus I. (390, B.C.), and the attack on Delphi by Brennus II. (280 ?). But these and other such facts are usually thought of as mere incidents of Greek and Roman history respectively. The truth, however, rather is that the capture of Rome and the attack on Delphi were but incidents in a long century of Keltic conquests, coming, the most of them, between those of Alexander and of Caesar.† Nor were these Keltic conquests but passing raids. They resulted in the establishment of Keltic Kingdoms, not only stretching across the whole breadth of Europe from the western shores of Scotland and Ireland to its eastern limits at the Dardanelles, where Gallipoli, as you know, the City of the Gauls, still records in its name the former extent of the Keltic Kingdoms of Europe—not only, I say, did the Keltic conquests establish Keltic Kingdoms stretching from those of Ireland, of Britain, and of Gaul, through what is now Switzerland and Austria,‡ Macedonia and Thrace, to the furthest limits of Europe, but the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus were crossed, and a great Keltic Kingdom was established in the heart of Asia Minor—a kingdom that was called after the name of its conquerors, Galatia.§ Picture to yourselves, then, Europe and Western Asia between the times of Alexander and of Cæsar, and it must be marked by a broad band of red or blue, or whatever colour you prefer, painted right across from the Western Coasts of Ireland to the confines of Persia, and indicating Keltic occupa-

* See *Plutarch, Alexander.*

† See CONTZEN *Wanderungen der Kelten;* D' ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE *Revue Historique, t. XXX, Origines Gauloises.*

‡ See Koch's *Alteste Geschichte Oesterreich, und Rayuns, Celtische Alterthümer zur Erlanterung der ältesten Geschichten und Verfassung Helvetiens.*

§ See Wernsdorf *De Republica Galatarum;* Perret, *Exploration de la Galatic;* Robion *Histoire de Gaulois d'Orieut.*

tion and independent Celtic Kingdoms. And of the civilisation of these kingdoms it is sufficient here to say that they had gold and silver coinages, of which many fine examples are still preserved in the Museums of Europe*—coinages modelled, indeed, on the Greek coins of Macedonia, but with distinct national characteristics.

Such were the European and Asiatic conquests, and such was the extent of the Kingdoms of the Kelts in the Hellenic Period of the history of Modern Civilisation. But there was a terrible change in the fates and fortunes of the Kelts during the next half-millennium, the first 500 years of the Christian Era. To a romantic period of conquering *Invasions* succeeded a tragic period of overpowered *Subjections*. During the first 500 years of the Christian Era, the Kelts were subjugated by the Romans,† subjugated by Christianity,‡ and subjugated by the Teutons.§ By the time that Paul wrote his *Epistle to the Galatians* the independent Keltic Kingdom of Galatia had been overthrown, and incorporated in the Roman Empire.¶ But still there is a certain significance in the fact that the great Apostle of Christianity addressed one of his Epistles even in name to Gauls. By Christianity we know that the Kelts were the first subjugated among the so-called Barbarians—long before the Teutons, and still longer before the Slavs. How far their subjugation by

* See Evans' *British Coins.*

† See besides, of course, CAESAR, VALROGER, *Les Celtes, (La Gaule Celtique*, and *Gaule Romaine.)* SCHAYES *Le Pay Rus avant et devant la Domation Romaine.* F DE COULANGES *Problemes d' Historie*, and the *Histories* of Thierry and Pellontier, &c.

‡ With respect to the Pagan beliefs of the Kelts see MONE, *Gesch. de Heidenthum, im Nordlichen Europa;* ECKERMANN, *Lehrbuch der Religion Geschichte III. Die Kelten;* LEFLOCQ, *Eludes de Mythologie Celtique;* MARTIN, *Etudes d' Archeologie Celtique;* BERTRAND, *Archeologie Celtique;* GAIDOZ, *Esquisse de la Religion des Gaulois;* PICTET, *Du Culte des Cabries chez les Anciens Irlandais*, F. DE COULANGES, *Comment la Druidsme a disparu? (Academie des Sciences Nusales*, 1879, and *Rev. des Deux Mondes*, 15th Aug. 1881; RHYS *Celtic Britain.*

§ HOLTZMANN, *Kelten und Germanen*, arrives at the astounding conclusion that the Gauls were Germans, and that both were Celts. See BRANDE'S *Ethnographische Verhältniss des Kelten und Germanen.*

¶ But in the third century St. Jerome found that their language was still the same as that which he had been accustomed to hear in Gaul, *Com.*

Christianity tended to their subjugation by the Pagan, Romans, and Pagan Teutons; or how far their subjugation by the Romans and the Teutons tended to their subjugation by Christianity with its precepts of submission and forgiveness, and its consolations in another world for the miseries endured in this world—these are historical questions which can be here only suggested for consideration. And in this rapid survey I can only add, with respect to this tragic period of Keltic history, that Keltic genius still showed its pre-eminence in the Saints which it gave to the Christian Church, and still more, perhaps, in the Heretics.*

We now come to the third Half-millennial Period in the history of Modern Civilisation, and the third Half-millennial Period in the modern history of the Kelts—the period between 500 and 1000 of the Christian Era. Again, the fates and fortunes of the Kelts underwent a striking change. The former, or second Period of their history, I have characterised as the *Period of Subjections;* the third Period may be characterised as the *Period of Kingdoms*, or, more correctly, of *Northern Kingdoms.* For not now, as in that first brilliant period of Keltic history, did the Kingdoms of the Kelts extend all over Europe and into the heart of Western Asia. Their Kingdoms were confined now to the north-western borders of Europe—to Scotland,† to Ireland,‡ to Wales,§ and to Brittany.¶ After the sixth century, the beginning of this Period, there came a pause in the desperate pressure of their Pagan foes on the now Christianised Kelts. But in the sixth century there was still desperate fighting between the Pagan Hordes of the Northern Sea and the Christian Kymry of what is now Northern England and Southern Scotland. In the *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, edited by our countryman, Mr. Skene, we have some remains of the bardic records of this desperate struggle between Christian Kelt and Pagan Teuton. And taking up and carrying on the

* Pelagius, for instance, of Brittany.

† See SKENE'S *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots* and *Celtic Scotland.*

‡ See O'DONOVAN'S *Annals of the Four Masters;* O'CURRY'S *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History;* and SULLIVAN'S *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish.*

§ See RHYS'S *Celtic Britain.*

¶ See COURSON, *Histoire des Peuples Bretonnes.*

scholarly work of Mr. Skene, I venture to think that I have proved that this bard-recorded struggle of the Kymry under their *Guledig* Arthur, and on what is now chiefly Scottish ground, was the historical basis* of the splendid Cycle of Arthurian romance, which, in the succeeding half-millennium, was so magnificently elaborated by French trouveres and troubadours, and German minnesänger. But the Teutons conquered the Kymry of Southern Scotland, only to be themselves conquered by the Scots of Dalriada. Of the Keltic Kingdoms, however, of Scotland, of Ireland, of Wales, and of Brittany during this period—between 500 and 1000—I can here only further say that their artistic productions are evidence of no inconsiderable degree of culture; and that from the Monasteries of these Keltic Kindoms there went forth missionaries† and scholars who attained the highest distinction all over Europe. Indeed, the greatest European thinker of the whole of this half-millennium between the sixth and the eleventh century was a Northern Kelt—whether a Scotsman or an Irishman—Scotus Erigena.‡

(To be continued.)

* But to point out this historical basis by no means implies, as certain critics appear to assume, that the Arthurian legends do not owe much of their form to floating myths.

† St. Columba and St. Adamnan, for instance. See generally Montalambert's *Moines d'Occident*, and Jubainville's *Introduction a l'etude de la Literature Celtique*. But the subject will be more specially marked in the forthcoming work of Professor Stokes.

‡ See St. Réné Taillaudier's *Scot Erigene*; and Guizot's *Hist. de la Ciril en France*, t. i.

THE PRESENT STATE OF CELTIC ETHNOLOGY.

A PEOPLE may be of one language, while at the same time they may be descended from originally different races, speaking widely different languages. No race can well be more composite than the English-speaking race :

"For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt or whatever we be."

A Celtic-speaking people need not—in fact, never is—of the same one original stock. The original Celts, if even they were unmixed, conquered and absorbed the populations which, in their westward course, they found in Europe before them. What then is the value of the term Celt and Celtic, it may naturally be asked. The ethnological value is indeed very little; but, as an index to culture and to language, the term is of high importance. Everyone can understand that the Celtic language means something—that it has, in fact, a certain historical and linguistic value; but everyone does not understand that Celtic culture and civilization, which accompany the Celtic languages, are of equal historical value, and are almost equally definite and characteristic. To say that a language, and consequently its culture, belongs to the Indo-European group is, to the linguist and the historian, a statement of the greatest importance, for they know that both the language and the culture will retain considerable traces of their descent, however degraded they may be. Yet the people speaking that Aryan tongue need scarcely have a drop of Aryan blood in their veins.

Linguists delight to restore the forms of this proto-Aryan language; Schleicher was bold enough to write a fable in it. Similarly from what the words common to the vocabularies of languages descended from this early Aryan mean and signify, we may construct a faint outline of Aryan life. The Aryans had kings and chiefs; descent was in the male line and monogamy was doubtless the rule; domestic animals were named and tamed, and agriculture was practised; metals were known, though possibly not iron, and implements of metal made use of; weaving and clothing existed; nature was worshipped on polytheistic and authropomorphic principles, and a highly complex language,

indicating a long descent, was employed. From literary indications we gather that the race was tall and fair-haired, springing from a somewhat cold clime. Such was the race that began to impose, some three thousand, more or less, years ago, their rule, their civilization, and their language on the previous population of Europe. How they dealt with these previous peoples we may infer from what the historical Aryans did with those nations they conquered. Greece and Rome may form some analogy. Rome conquered and garrisoned Gaul, overran it with its officials, and established its own laws and polity. Now, to grasp properly the earlier Aryan conquests, we have only to member that the Aryans were citizens and soldiers at the same time, and that they had probably no Rome to look to for support. Hence they lived as an aristocracy in the country they took possession of, and the previous inhabitants were practically, if not really, enslaved. And our earliest historical facts go to substantiate these deductions. Gaul, for instance, in Cæsar's time was ruled by a tall and fair-haired aristocracy, with their military retinue of the same race and stock as themselves, and the common people were, to use Cæsar's expression, "regarded almost in the light of slaves, who did not dare do anything of themselves, and who were never consulted on any public policy." The common people in Gaul managed only the land and the household. They were of quite a different race, and, judging from their descendants, they were in personal appearance thick-set and short, with broad heads and faces, and dark hair.

We get a glimpse of the Celtic civilization at the time of Cæsar from the Greek and Roman writings of that period, and the leading features of that civilization may be indicated. There is complete unanimity that the Celts, that is, the leading men and the soldiers, were tall of stature, fair-skinned, golden-haired, and blue-eyed. They were frank, hospitable, apt to quarrel, fickle in opinions, fond of change; they liked war, and were hot in attack, but easily discouraged by defeat. They were fond of colour, and of gay and flaming particoloured dresses, with many personal ornaments. They were imaginative and given to figurative speech, boastful and declamatory. They were, though intelligent, superstitious, going to excesses in sacrifices and rites. Their religion

was a polytheism like that of Greece and Rome. In family matters they were monogamists, for, among other indications, Cæsar says that the wife's dowry was equalled by a sum from the husband, and all this at death fell to the survivor, but he also speaks of the *wives* of a noble; they seem in this and family matters generally to have been in the Homeric stage of culture. Their political system had originally been monarchial, but it gave way, as in Greece and Rome, to an oligarchy. Even the stage of tyrant was not unknown, for severe laws were passed in one State at least against tyrants or men who tried to seize absolute power. The oligarchical republics had senates and consuls, and the Druids or priests were powerful politically as well as judicially. They were agriculturists of no mean calibre, and they manufactured serges, cloths, and felts of great repute. Mines were worked, smith-work was carried to great perfection; the art of tinning was known and metal ornaments largely manufactured for men and horses. Their food was flesh generally, and pork especially; and their drink consisted of milk, ale, and mead, and they were considerably given to intemperance. In Gaul they wore, in peace, blouses—*leine* in old Irish—and trousers; in war, they wore defensive armour, and had long, iron claymores, serrated spears, and javelins peculiar to themselves. The insular Celts wore little or no defensive armour, and they fought from chariots, as did the Gauls formerly. Their houses were of wood and wicker-work, large and dome-shaped. The existence of military roads is clear from the preservation by the Romans of the native Celtic measure of distance, *leuga* (league). We may regard the insular Celts—those of Britain and Ireland—as not quite so advanced as those of Gaul; they were, as indeed the Roman and Greek writers saw, "just like the people in Homer's time;" while the Gauls were somewhat in the stage of culture of the Greeks before the Persian wars.

Celtic domination in Western Europe existed for considerably over a century. From about 400 to towards the middle of the third century before our Era, the Celts were the conquering and dominating power of Western Europe. They owed their supremacy probably to monarchial union. A king of the name of Ambigatos Biturix, or "World-King," about 400 B.C., appears to have

extended and established the Celtic power in Spain, Austria, and Germany; and, on the fall of the kingdoms of Alexander, the Celts pushed their power still further east, bursting even upon Greece, and crossing over to Asia Minor. At the beginning of the third century B.C., the Celtic or Gaulish Empire extended from Thrace to the Atlantic; it comprised the greater part, if not the whole, of Spain, all Gaul, save the country around Marseilles, a considerable part—over the half or perhaps all—of modern Germany, and all North Italy; it extended eastwards to Silesia, Mid-Hungary, and Servia—Belgrade, the Capital of Servia, being called in Classic times by its Gaulish name of Singidunum. D'Arbois de Jubainville brings forward some proofs that they had the Germans under their sway; this he tries to prove from place names and from terms which the Germans adopted from their Celtic conquerors. One of these terms is undoubtedly Gaulish, the term for kingly power—*reiks*, or Gaulish *rix*; our Gaelic *righ*. The root here is rēg—which ought in Teutonic to appear as either rēk or rāk, but it is *-riek*. Kluge, the German etymologist, agrees with M. D'Arbois in regard to this word. Besides these countries, the Celts had also overrun the British Isles. So vast an Empire might even have satisfied Rome itself. Its fall would seem to have been caused by the disruption of the central monarchy in Gaul. The Germans rose on the Northern frontiers, and the Romans pushed their conquests on the South, and the great Celtic Empire soon crumbled into nothingness between them.

This Celtic Empire was also a Gaulish one, to all appearance; it was the Gallo-British branch, and not the Goidelic or Gaelic branch that took part in these conquests. Where the Goidels were then we do not well know. Some find indications of their presence in Spain—Equabona and one or two other names are brought forward by Professor Rhys by way of proof; but the Goidels evidently were in the British Isles then. From what point they entered Britain and Ireland cannot be said as yet. The Irish monkish traditions, playing as usual upon the similarity of names, in this case, of Iberia to Hibernia, bring the Gaels, or Milesians, from Spain into Ireland; but there does not seem to be any possible ground of fact underlying the story of such a

colonisation, even granting that Goidels colonised parts of Spain, and, granting further, which is undoubtedly the case, that Iberian blood is strongly mixed in our British and Irish population. The usual theory is that the Goidels first took possession of all Britain and Ireland; that then the Brythonic branch of the Celts followed them into Britain, and pushed them westwards into Cornwall, Wales, Galloway, and Northern Scotland, possessing themselves of the East of England and Scotland, which the Brythons, or Gallo-Britons, undoubtedly did possess at the opening of the Christian Era. That there were Goidels in Cornwall, Wales, Galloway, and Northern Scotland is quite true; that there were Goidels in Eastern England and Scotland has yet to be proved. The place and river names do not prove anything of the kind; they are, so far as they are Celtic, also Brythonic. Goidels existed in Wales in the fifth century; their tombstone inscriptions are found there and in Cornwall. But they may have been Scots of the celebrated invasions that raged in the fourth and fifth centuries, when Picts from Scotland and Scots from Ireland kept pouring in upon the Roman province, and afterwards on the Romanised Britons. Scotland also may have at that same time received an influx of Goidelic population, another influx occurring in the sixth century, under Fergus MacErc, coming from Ireland. In any case, from the Moray Firth all the way to the English Channel, on the East Coast, the country was held by a Brythonic people.

We must pause to consider the population which the Celts found here on their first arrival. Without going back to the palaeolithic, or even to the early neolithic times, we may deal at once with the races that have left grave mounds and barrows behind them. Two definite races antecedent to the Celts are proved from the barrow contents to have existed. Mr. Elton, in his work on the "Origins of English History," published four years ago, founding on the researches of Dr. Thurnam, Canon Greenwell, and others, has characterised these races. The first race, denominated by him the "Iberian," was small, dark-skinned, and long-headed, and existed in the stone-age period; they were invaded, and apparently subdued, by a round-headed, rough-featured (beetle-browed, with the nose overhung at its root), fair,

and tall race, whom he designates "Finnish," and who were in their bronze age. Upon and after these came the Celts in their iron or "early-iron" age. Professor Rhys, shortly after Mr. Elton's work appeared, published his "Celtic Britain." Discarding "skin and skull" archæology, he proves from considerations of customs and language that another race preceded the Celts, which he calls "Ivernian," a term which practically means Iberian; they spoke a language like the Basque. To this race belonged especially the Picts, as their custom of female succession, indicating a non-Celtic and non-Aryan marriage system, more particularly proves. A work, however, appeared last year, which, though not overthrowing the views of Mr. Elton and Professor Rhys, must cause some extension or modification of them. This work is Dr. Beddoe's "Races of Britain," which contains a mine of ethnologic material. He thinks there are indications of both African or Iberian and Asiatic—Chinese or Mongols, even with oblique eyes included—in the present population. The Celts of Gaul, he roughly divides into two; first, Broca's Celts, the dark race that inhabits France from Britanny to Savoy, the Arvernians, as he calls them; second, the Belgic Celts, who had tall frames, square foreheads, and long, sharply-drawn features, and comparatively dark hair. This race seems to have entered considerably into the formation of the British and Irish populations. We may quote the summary of his results as to the population of Britain at the time of the Roman conquest. He says:—"The natives of South Britain at the time of the Roman conquest probably consisted mainly of several strata, inequally distributed, of Celtic-speaking people, who in race and physical type, however, partook more of the tall, blond stock of Northern Europe than of the thick-set, broad-headed, dark stock which Broca has called Celtic, and which those who object to this attribution of that much-contested name, may, if they like, denominate Arvernian. Some of these layers were Gaelic in speech, some Cymric; they were both superposed on a foundation principally composed of long-headed, dark races of the Mediterranean stock, possibly mingled with fragments of still more ancient races, Mongoliform or Allophylian. This foundation-layer was still very strong and coherent in Ireland and the North of Scotland, where

the subsequent deposits were thinner, and in some parts wholly or partially absent. The most recent layers were Belgic, and may have contained some portion or colouring of Germanic blood; but no Germans, recognisable as such by speech as well as person, had as yet entered Britain." Dr. Beddoe's tall and blond Celtic-speaking people would probably answer to Mr. Elton's Finnish or bronze-age men. Of the modern Gaelic type, Dr. Beddoe says, "The physical type of the modern Gael in Ireland and Scotland, and of their apparent kinsmen in parts of Wales and the West of England, is, on the whole, best accounted for, perhaps, by a cross of the Iberian, with a long-faced, harsh-featured, red-haired race, who contributed the language and much of the character. If only the Belgae had spoken Gaelic, as Dr. Guest believed, the difficulty might not have been so great; the attendants of Jovinus [Belgae] are not unlike modern Gaels, and the Milesians may have been a tribe of the same cross who passed through Spain."

The Pictish problem remains still unsolved. Professor Rhys maintains their non-Celtic character; Professor Windisch thinks that the name at least cannot be separated from that of the Gaulish Pictavi, modern Poitiers. In opposition to Skene, who makes them Gaels with a dash of Welsh blood and influence, Professor Windisch makes them, from the linguistic remains to hand, distinctly of the Welsh branch of the Celtic race. He scarcely believes in the non-Aryan character attributed to them by Professor Rhys. Professor Windisch seems to be perfectly right as regards the Pictish language; a Welsh dialect was undoubtedly spoken from the shores of the Moray Firth all along the East Coast of Scotland, and extending westwards to the middle of Inverness and Perth; and this British tongue again was overrun before the 10th century by the Gaelic from the West. At the same time this does not in the slightest degree invalidate Professor Rhys's theory that the Picts were non-Aryan. The Brythonic people had amalgamated with this non-Aryan bronze-age race, giving them their language, and in their turn adopting many of their customs. The proof of this, such as it may be, must be reserved for a future occasion.

GLASGOW STUDENTS.

III.

[By W. J. Douglas.]

The Professor of Mathematics is engaged in a constant struggle against Providence, for there are some that cannot study mathematics, and the Professor's duty is to make them study. Nor are these always or often the stupid and the idle. The *pons asinorum* stops the race-horse as often as the ass. A man may write Greek verse and never be able to see why on earth the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle should or should not be equal. Just as some men are born blind, so some men are born with an incapacity of seeing the beauties and the virtues of an angle. Some, on the other hand, drink in circles and triangles like their mothers' milk. These last are in imminent danger, for although you may overcome a passion for opium, and outlive the fascination of beauty, there is said to be no authentic instance of a cure in the case of anyone who has fallen in love with a tangent, or has nourished a fatal attachment to an obtuse triangle. But for the hopeful and the hopeless alike, Professor Jack is an admirable instructor. He has two mottoes—the one is thorough, and the other is onward. He does not recognise impossibilities, for he has edited a newspaper, and an editor is as well acquainted with impossibilities as an ordinary man is with bread and butter. Therefore, he gives out problems that every one of his students at once declare to be incapable of solution. This they tell to the Professor. He smiles upon them with that smile which is confined to editors and diplomatists—and they solve the problems. Then your work must be thoroughly learned. The Professor takes infinite pains himself, and he does not spare you. There is an idea in college that you cannot deceive Professor Jack. When for absence or non-preparation you produce the orthodox reasons, the "indisposition," the railway collision in which you *might* have been, the unaccountable loss of your college books, you are apt to falter. There is a light in that eye which means, "I am too old a rogue for that." He will allow for

three deceased relatives in one session. But there he draws the line. A student has no right to have relatives that die off like sheep with a murrain. Once, however, the story goes, he was confounded. An exceedingly youthful-looking student, who had been much absent, was summoned to account for his doings. He reddened and he stammered while the Professor's eye beamed with gentle sarcasm. At last he whispered, "Oh, sir, please sir, we have had a baby."

When you are done with Professor Jack, or rather when he has done with you, then you are material fit for the purposes of Sir William Thomson. There are two opinions about Sir William. He is said to be the greatest man and the worst teacher in Scotland. He is also said to be the greatest man and the best teacher. Unhappily there is no middle path between these, over which judicial and judicious ignorance can proceed to explain. The fact is, to appreciate Sir William's teaching you require a knowledge of mathematics that would almost qualify you for a professor's chair. And he presumes that you have that knowledge. The supposition is flattering but unfortunate. While lofty intellects, severely trained by pure geometry, are following with ardent and unflagging gaze the Professor into what he calls "the poetry of a mathematical demonstration," meaner minds are wondering why there are so many moments in a minute, and so many minutes in an hour. One brilliant student, of a Celtic race, used to say that Sir William Thomson was an inspiration in himself although you did not understand a single word he uttered. It was unfortunate for this theory that its author used to fall asleep at the beginning of the hour and awake at the end of it. There could be no doubt that Sir William was always deeply in earnest. He seemed more a prophet of mathematics than a teacher, and sometimes his zeal a little outran his humour. Once he brought to the class-room an instrument for measuring earthquakes. He forgot to bring the earthquakes also. But Sir William was not to be baffled by such a trifle. Suddenly, to the amazement of his students, he tucked his gown under his arms and executed a wild war dance round the instrument. It registered an earthquake. Sir William Thomson was our great man, our pride, our hero. We looked with awe on his

grand, serene, old face. He was one of the men of the age. He dignified his title, while his title added no lustre to him.

Such are the Arts Professors of Glasgow University, sketched by one of the idlest, yet most grateful, of their students. Gentlemen they are of high breeding, the most delicate sympathy, and the broadest culture. And yet they fail in doing what they are there to do. It is universally acknowledged that an absurd proportion of those whom they have taught, and should have influenced, leave the University altogether unaffected for good. They may know a little more, but they are as far from that which is the true end of culture—a sympathy with Art and Nature—as they were on the day when first they donned the gown and "trencher." The reason is that the University is an institution, not a community. Indeed, it is only a first-class school, and its students are superior school boys. Nor has it even those things which give to a school its character and its tone. A crowd is admirable when there is cheering or killing to be done, but it is not society. Glasgow University wants tutors and college boarding houses. In time it will have both, and the sooner that time comes the better it will be for Scotland.

After all the great want in our Scottish Universities, is the want which distinguishes men from their affectionate relatives of the long ears, the want of money. They are very poor. We think that wealthy men put too great a value on the advantages of poverty. It is very delightful to hear the possessor of half-a-million enlarge with appropriate eloquence upon the advantages of cultivating learning on a little oatmeal. We fully recognise the lofty spirit which inspires Jonathan Croesus, Esq., when he proudly says that he would rather eat a herring and study in Glasgow than feast in the lordly halls of Oxford. We give full credit to Mr. Croesus, and recognise that he has dined. At the same time we know a hundred ways in which that gentleman would bestow a few thousands upon the college, and yet to no appreciable degree plunge it into inervating luxury. Not that the Glasgow merchants have done badly by their noble University. Some of them have given to it with a liberality that almost entitles them to the noble but abused title of merchant princes. And doubtless in time they will give more, so that while

the University becomes old, it will become rich. Perhaps, too, the beneficent star of another Bute will rise in some unexpected quarter. For if all noblemen were like Lord Bute, the order of the nobility might last for ever. But Providence only gives us such a man to tempt us. He sets him down in our midst, illustrious, noble, learned, gentle, and generous, as if to say, "This is what your nobility might have been." Yet when we could have done honour to Lord Bute, we rejected him because of his politics and his religion, as no doubt our fathers objected to St. Columba, because he was an Irishman. But if the heavens rained Butes, and the Butes rained money, one of the first uses to which that money should be put ought to be to increase the number of "Professors' Assistants."

A professor's assistant has always been to me a subject of profound interest. He represents the aristocracy of learning. For in college, as out of it, an aristocracy we have, profoundly reverenced by the mass, toadied by some, and vigorously objected to by stern republican souls who hold the sublime doctrine that other fellows are quite as good as some fellows. But there has been a whisper in Garth, and a rumour in the clubs of Askelon, that Mr. Chamberlain was once seen walking arm in arm with a Duke, and looking amiable under these trying circumstances. So not even the most audacious leveller, not Mr. Robespiere Jones himself, who is now a respectable Tory clergyman, but who used to say that aristocrats were made to be assassinated, could resist the amiable and condescending smile of an assistant professor. Indeed, R. Jones used to tell us in an offhand manner when he had supped the night before with the great A and the eloquent B, who were admitted by Glasgow and the rest of Europe to be the rising stars of learning, but who have since unaccountably disappeared.

For my own part, I always looked upon the Professors' assistants as very fine fellows, and as true ornaments to the University. They have what some account the fault and some the virtue of all young men—sublime self-confidence. But this never makes them prigs. They are good enough to remember that all the world cannot be Professors' assistants, and they regard our lower humanity with toleration, not to say with benignity.

Look, for instance, at Mr. Christopher Northeast, lately the talented assistant to the eminent Professor of Things in General. He is a thorough Scot, with something of the massive and homely face that appears in Burns and Carlyle. You can tell by a very little conversation with him that his characteristics are talent and dourness. He is quite capable of taking up an idea and sticking to it in spite of all principalities and powers. You would not be the least surprised if you heard that he had defied the whole General Assembly, and called the Court of Session a parcel of ignorant old women. But whatever he says or does you know that it will be brilliant, striking, and original. His is a mind so trained to a hatred of platitudes and commonplaces that he is in a perpetual fever of watchfulness lest he should say something that another man has said before him. His literary conscience is as painfully acute as is the moral conscience of some high church perfectionist who exclaims, "Miserable sinner that I am, I swallowed a spoonful of meat soup Friday a year ago!" It costs him a painful effort to utter such a well-worn phrase as "it is a wet day," and I believe that he never says it without searching wildly in his mind to see if he can find some novel and epigramatic way of putting the simple fact that the rain is falling from the clouds. But, after all, it is only men of real and great ability who have such scruples. And although Mr. Northeast has a very fine talent in the way of making enemies, not even these deny his ability. He will be something very great, but I do not think that it is yet decided whether he is to be President of the British Republic, or whether he is to write a great drama that will outlast London, and be read when men are disputing whether Gladstone was or was not a solar myth. But in spite of the undoubted fact that Mr. Northeast is the possessor of a fine and powerful intellect, he is very popular—except among those by whom he is hated. Even in the awful altitudes of assistant professorship, he has not lost a certain frolicsome and boyish joyous spirit. He is proud, but he can condescend, and at a student party he is the gayest of the gay, and scatters his cynical high-class jests among his juniors, who do not in the least understand what he is talking about, but are proud to laugh in such illustrious company. For he is a

dreadful cynic, is Mr. Christopher Northeast, and human nature has to look closely to its p's and q's when it comes underneath his penetrating eye, and being a healthy, happy, and fairly prosperous young gentleman, it is his pleasure to profess himself profoundly sceptical, and to adopt a deeply saturnine tone and manner. But that never quite overcomes his native kindliness of disposition, and many of those who knew him as a Glasgow assistant Professor, are quite as proud of the position he is surely and honestly gaining in the literary world, as he is himself, which is saying a great deal indeed.

Very unlike Mr. Christopher Northeast, is his friend and brother assistant in the professorial art, Mr. Verie Pleasing, M.A. He is a young gentleman who is the possessor of somewhat seraphic features and expression, which he has cultivated with careful diligence. It has been said that many a fair girl undergraduate, with golden hair and spectacles, has looked on that face and sighed in vain. And, certainly, he has an elegantly cut nose, and the manner in which he wears his eyeglasses should be fatal to any properly constituted young woman. But I don't think that he is very much of a lady's man. He loves his career more than he can love any woman. The most ravishing glances of an eye, dark and fascinating as a starry midnight, may be utterly lost and wasted if cast upon a young man whose whole soul is absorbed upon the problem how to illustrate a fact or turn a phrase. Among the male students Mr. Pleasing is exceedingly popular. He is at once clever and kindly, and he is anxious to help any lame young dog of them all over a stile. Then he is so much in love with his profession, and is so anxious as a teacher to teach well, gives so much pains and attention to his work, you cannot but admit that he deserves to be liked and respected. Perhaps he is a little fussy, perhaps he is a little given to intellectual dandyism, perhaps he assumes and presumes too much by just the least little bit of a trifle, but he has so many great and genuine qualities that we may consider him worthy of the position he has and almost worthy of that he would like to have.

But the most popular of all these assistants is that medical gentleman, Dr. Christmas MacMay. I regret that in these articles I must confine myself mostly to the Art Students of Glasgow

University, because I have always considered that medical studies attracted the very best and ablest of our men. It is the fashion for Law and Theology to look down upon Medicine; why, I know not, except the reason, world old and world wide, that those assume most who should assume least. The Medical Student is certainly a little boisterous, and is very frequently in that state of mind that "don't care twopence for anybody or anything." You see when you come to cut up a human body, and make jokes about a human body, and to fully realise that a human body is only so much disguised water and dirt, you come to think less and less of that aggregate of human bodies, which is Society. But let me ask you this, Did you ever know a full-fledged doctor who was not a gentleman? To be superstitious is at the root of all ungentlemanly habits, and a medical man has no superstitions. Now, Dr. Christmas MacMay is the very type of a medical gentleman. He possesses all the freedom and strength that are given by peculiar training, and he has not had yet to bend to the hackwork of his profession. For it does blunt the edge of a man's wit to listen to the long story of an old woman's ailments, and to prescribe for young women who are suffering from too many novels and too little exercise. Like many other doctors, Mr. MacMay is given to sarcasm. The habit of cutting up bodies leads to the habit of cutting up minds, and how few have minds that look well in slices. But the sarcasm of this young gentleman is very refined and subtle, and he dissects a brain with a line from Shelley, and amputates a limb with a quotation from Swift. Indeed, he is a fine gentleman, a fine doctor, and a fine scholar all in one. He is great too in politics, for he is one of those delightful speakers who, with a voice as soft as milk and a look as innocent as that of a babe, utter the most piercing and poignant sarcasms, and leave their opponent blowing and spluttering like a whale with a harpoon in it. The reason of the doctor's popularity is that he has no pretensions about him, not a ha'porth. Rather he affects on unpretensions, hands-in-one's-pocket, happy-go-lucky sort of style. And when he is speaking upon a subject of which he knows as much as any other man living, the manner in which he reproves your own stupendous ignorance is eminently flattering. It is as if he said to

you—"My dear fellow; probably you know quite as much about this as I do, but *I* should think, etc., etc."

I might go on to describe many other assistant Professors, but as they are gentlemen who never like to be crowded, it is better to refrain. The only particular fault they have is that we have so few of them. We could use and enjoy a great many more. The time will probably come very shortly when the huge and unweildy University classes will be divided into sections, each section large enough to make one good class for a teacher, and not too large for the teacher not to know and be able to help in the best way each individual student. These are not to supersede but to supplement the professor's lectures. They are to water and to watch the growing seed that the professor sows. In fact, there is a need in Glasgow of fellowships such as there are in Oxford and Cambridge, only while the latter are calm and dignified retreats, sacred to idleness and ease, the former should provide real opportunities of working for real workers. There is a great and wholesome movement on foot to carry the teaching and the culture of the Universities far beyond the academic walls. Wherever a number of people desire to hear instructors and to receive instruction, a University graduate will be sent to deliver to them a course of lectures. It is a noble occupation, and it attracts the highest talent and the best enthusiasm we have. The young men who deliver these lectures feel that they are engaged in a true ministry of teaching, in spreading a very gospel of culture. They are accomplishing the great purpose of a University which should be as a light set on a hill penetrating into every crevice and cranny, shining upon the ignorance of the workshops, and the still deeper ignorance of the drawing-rooms. Here, then, is an opportunity for Jonathan Croesus, Esq., to relieve himself of one of the half-millions with which he complains that Providence has burdened and afflicted him. Why should not Jonathan be a "pious founder," and have his name honoured in the year 1886? Do, Jonathan, go and be a "pious founder."

Having thus dealt with the important part of the University—the Professorial part—in future articles I will deal with the more unimportant part—the students.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

(Continued.)

Norman Macleod and the Lord-President always continued on the most friendly terms; for we find them repeatedly referring to each other in letters to their friends from London. The Lord Lyon, Alexander Brodie of Brodie, whose only daughter afterwards married Macleod's son, writing to President Forbes from London on the 1st of July, 1746, disclosed the fact that Macleod was against the Act which made it penal for a Highlander to wear his native dress. In this letter the Lord Lyon states, after having consulted the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor, that the Government did not propose to bring in any Bills relative to Scotland that session, "except the Meeting-house Bill, and that for Discharging the Highland dress"; which, he says, was to be brought into the House of Commons in a day or two. "For my own part," Brodie continues, "I am yet, in my private opinion, for the Bill, not being convinced against it; but as I understand that your Lordship and my friend Macleod were against it, I have objected to it, and asked the Duke of H—— what crimes had the Campbells, Sutherlands, Macleods, Munros, Mackays, etc., been guilty of, that they should be punished by the Legislature, whilst they were in arms for the Government? which did puzzle; and was answered, the Whig clans might be excepted, which, I said, would not do; the thing must be general or could have no effect." From the same letter, it also appears that Lord Stair "opposes the Dress Bill," but, as we all know, this obnoxious measure was ultimately passed into law.

On the 18th of December following, Macleod writes to the Lord President asking his influence in favour of the appointment of the Rev. Neil Macleod as minister of Laggan. "You may remember," Macleod writes, "he was of the Church Militant, and attended me in my expedition eastward, and stayed with the men constantly till they were sent home, and preached sound doctrine, and really was zealous and serviceable. The Duke (of Gordon) agrees that anyone you recommend have his interest; and as Mr.

Clark is gone to Hornway, I hope you will recommend Mr. Neil; and writing to Mr. Gordon, the Curator, will be sufficient and what the Duke desires. The Curator likewise told me he would be very willing to serve him on my account." In the same letter Macleod refers to Lord Lovat, then a prisoner in London. He says—"I saw unhappy Lovat to-day. Except for the feebleness of his limbs, his looks are good. He asked me several questions, and particularly about you [the Lord President]; said he was resigned and ready to meet his fate, since it was God's will; asked after his children, etc. I did not stay till he was dismissed from the bar of the House of Peers; so I know not what they have done with the petition he was to present; nor if a day is appointed for his trial." On the 13th of January, 1747, Macleod writes a long letter to the President about his old friend, Lovat, who was that day again brought to the bar of the House of Lords, to answer the articles of impeachment exhibited against him, which he did by a denial, that "seemed to be well drawn-up and properly worded." Sir Arthur Forbes, writing to the President, on the 9th of April following, says—"Its astonishing with what resolution and *sang froid* Lovat died to-day." Having referred to the manner and incidents of his death, and his excellent spirits on that and the preceding day, Sir Arthur says in a postscript—"Though Macleod could write you many more things (at least as I suppose), he desires to be excused till Saturday." In a letter from Brodie to the President, dated two days later, on the 11th, he says—"As Sir Arthur and Macleod write you so frequently the occurrences here, I need not trouble you with a repetition of them, especially as, since Tuesday last, there has nothing remarkable happened, except Lovat's dying with courage and decency, forgiving all mankind. He, I am told, blamed your lordship and Macleod for somewhat," and said that Fraser of Gorthlick was a pupil and a spy of the Lord President's and Macleod's.

It will be remembered that Macleod was a member of Parliament during all these years—1741 to 1754—for the County of Inverness. He mixed with the leading men of his time, and became very extravagant in his habits, gambled, and finally spent the splendid fortune which he inherited on his coming of

age, amounting, as already stated, to the magnificent sum, those days, of £60,000, with an ancient family inheritance unimpaired and entirely free of debt. It is, however, in consequence of his extravagance—for he died £50,000 in debt—that his successors had to part with some of the most valuable portions of their estates, including Glenelg, Harris, and Glendale, as will be seen hereafter.

His grandson, General Macleod, who succeeded him as chief of the clan on his death in 1772, wrote him in 1785, in a manuscript fragment of "Memoirs of his Own Life," in the following terms:—

"My grandfather, Norman, was an only and posthumous son; by the frugality of his ancestors, and the savings of his minority, he found our ancient inheritance in the most prosperous condition. I knew him in his advanced age; and from himself, and many other friends, have heard much of the transactions of his life. With a body singularly well made and active, he possessed very lively parts. The circumstances of the times introduced him to the public with great advantage; and, till the unfortunate 1745, he was much considered. An attachment to the race of Stuart then prevailed in Scotland; and many of the leading men in England still favoured it. His independent fortune and promising character early obtained him the representation in Parliament of Inverness-shire, his native county. The numbers and fidelity of his clan, and his influence with his neighbours, were known; and I have reason to believe that many allurements were held out to seduce him to engagements, which were then considered only as dangerous, but neither guilty nor dishonourable. It would be neither pleasing nor useful to inquire how deeply he was concerned in the preludes to the rebellion; nor, indeed, have I been able to learn. It is certain that in the year 1746 he raised a company of his vassals to serve under my father, his only son, in Lord Loudon's regiment, and afterwards appeared, with six hundred of his clan, in defence of the present Royal Family. From this period he was unfortunate; the Jacobites treated him as an apostate, and the successful party did not reward his loyalty. The former course of his life had been expensive; his temper was convivial and hospitable; and he continued to impair his fortune till his death in 1772. He was the first of our family who was led, by the change of manners, to leave the patriarchal Government of his clan, and to mix in the pursuits and ambition of the world. It was not then common to see the representatives of the Highland tribes endeavouring to raise themselves to eminence in the nation by the arts of eloquence, or regular military gradation;

they were contented with private opulence and local dignity, or trusted their rank in the State to the antiquity of their families, or their provincial influence. Had Norman felt in his youth the necessity of professional or Parliamentary exertions, and had he received a suitable education, he would not have left his family in distress; but the excellence of his parts, and the vigour of his mind would have attained a station more advantageous for the flight of his successors."

Having described his own early youth and education, General Macleod proceeds—

"In the year 1771 a strange passion for emigrating to America seized many of the middling and poorer sort of Highlanders. The change of manners in their chieftains, since 1745, produced effects which were evidently the proximate cause of this unnatural dereliction of their own, and appetite for a foreign, country. The laws which deprived the Highlanders of their arms and garb would certainly have destroyed the feudal military powers of the chieftains; but the fond attachment of the people to their patriarchs would have yielded to no laws. They were themselves destroyers of that pleasing influence. Sucked into the vortex of the nation, and allured to the capitals, they degenerated from patriarchs and chieftains to landlords; and they became as anxious for increase of rent as the new-made lairds—the *novi-homines*—the mercantile purchasers of the Lowlands. Many tenants, whose fathers, for generations, had enjoyed their little spots, were removed for higher bidders. Those who agreed, at any price, for their ancient *lares*, were forced to pay an increase, without being taught any new method to increase their produce. In the Hebrides, especially, this change was not gradual, but sudden and baleful were its effects. The people, freed by the laws from the power of the chieftains, and loosened by the chieftains themselves from the bonds of affection, turned their eyes and their hearts to new scenes. America seemed to open its arms to receive every discontented Briton. To those possessed of very small sums of money, it offered large possessions of uncultivated but excellent land, in a preferable climate—to the poor it held out large wages for labour; to all it promised property and independence. Many artful emissaries, who had an interest in the transportation or settlement of emigrants, industriously displayed these temptations; and the desire of leaving their own country for the new land of promise became furious and epidemic. Like all the other popular furies, it infected not only those who had reason to complain of their situation or injuries, but those who were most favoured and most comfortably settled. In the

beginning of 1772 my grandfather, who had always been a most beneficent and beloved chieftain, but whose necessities had lately induced him to raise his rents, became much alarmed by this new spirit which had reached his clan. Aged and infirm, he was unable to apply the remedy in person; he devolved the task on me; and gave me for an assistant our nearest male relation, Colonel Macleod of Talisker. The duty imposed on us was difficult; the estate was loaded with debt, encumbered with a numerous issue from himself and my father, and charged with some jointures. His tenants had lost, in that severe winter, above a third of their cattle, which constituted their substance; their spirits were sound by their losses and the late augmentations of rent; and their ideas of America were inflamed by the strongest representations, and the example of their neighbouring clans. My friend and I were empowered to grant such reductions in the rents as might seem necessary and reasonable; but we found it terrible to decide between the justice to creditors the necessities of an ancient family which we ourselves represented, and the claims and distresses of an impoverished tenantry. To God I owe, and I trust will ever pray, the most fervent thanks that this terrible task enabled us to lay the foundation of circumstances (though then unlooked for) that I hope will prove the means not only of the rescue, but of the aggrandisement of our family. I was young, and had the warmth of the liberal passions natural to that age. I called the people of the different districts of our estate together; I laid before them the situation of our family—its debts, its burthens, its distresses; I acknowledged the hardships under which they laboured; I described and reminded them of the manner in which they and their ancestors had lived with mine; I combated their passion for America by a real account of the dangers and hardships they might encounter there; I besought them to love their young chieftain, and to renew with him the ancient manners; I promised to live among them; I threw myself upon them; I recalled to remembrance an ancestor who had also found his estate in ruin, and whose memory was held in the highest veneration; I desired every district to point out some of their oldest and most respected men, to settle with me every claim; and I promised to do everything for their relief which in reason I could. My worthy relation ably seconded me, and our labour was not in vain. We gave considerable abatements in the rents; few emigrated; and the clan conceived the most cordial attachment to me, which they most effectively manifested."

While the future General Macleod was thus patriotically engaged, his grandfather died and he succeeded to the estates

himself; but as we have not yet completed our sketch of his grandfather, the remainder of the grandson's career must in the meantime be postponed.

Macleod was on the most intimate terms with the famous Rob Roy Macgregor, and it is curious that Norman's portrait, painted by Allan Ramsay, preserved in Dunvegan Castle, is set off, dressed in Rob Roy tartan. In this connection the following story is told :—Macleod on a certain occasion wanted some money brought from Inverness to Dunvegan. He requested one of his most trusted servants to go for it. The man was afraid that he might be met by Rob, who was then known to be prowling about in the hills between Skye and Inverness, on the mainland. Though the regular institution of a fool in the family retinue had long been given up by the Macleods, a simpleton was at this time one of the hangers-on about the castle, and the servant who had been asked to proceed to Inverness took him into his confidence, and expressed his fears to him of meeting the famous outlaw on his way to or from the Highland Capital, and he was afraid he might rob him of his master's money, and perhaps get killed in protecting and defending himself. The fool only laughed at the man's fears, and, without stating the reason why, he went straight to Macleod, and offered to go for the money in place of the other man. To this his master at once agreed.

While on his way, but still some distance from Inverness, the fool, on the steep side of a hill met a man who, very politely, asked him where he came from and where he was going. Being promptly told, the stranger asked him what he was going to do in Inverness. He was going for money for his master, Macleod. "Your master must be very rich," says the stranger. "Pretty well," replied the fool. "How much money are you to take home?" "Oh, may be a thousand pounds," proudly replied the fool. "Be sure you take care of it," said the stranger. "I hope we shall meet again." "I hope so, too," replied the other. He then went on his way to Inverness, got the money; and on his return journey sat down to rest near the same spot where he had met the strange man while on his way to Inverness, a little higher up in the face of the hill, above the path. Presently, who should he see coming along, riding on a beautiful steed, but his old

friend, who called out to him, from the path below, that he was glad to see him, and desired to know if he succeeded in doing his master's business in Inverness in a satisfactory manner. "Oh, yes, sir," replied the fool, in the most respectful tone; for he thought, from the magnificence of the horse and the style of his accoutrements, that its owner must be a great and important personage. "I hope," the stranger answered, "you have the thousand pounds all safe, for you must give it to me." The messenger was taken aback for a moment, but replied "I can't give you my master's money." "Oh, but you must," answered the other, "I am Rob Roy." "I can't," insisted the fool, who had now got into a terrible state of terror, "it would be ruin to me." "I'll shoot you dead if you don't" said Rob in commanding tones, "Oh have mercy, have mercy, I'm only a poor fool." "Give me the money "imperatively cried Rob. "Well if I must—rather than death," gasped the other, and taking a parcel from his breast, he threw it past Rob Roy. It rolled down the hill-side. Rob jumped off his horse, and ran after the supposed treasure to the bottom of the hill. In a moment the fool was in Rob Roy's saddle, driving the horse away as fast as he could run, now quite at ease and happy in his mind; for the parcel he threw away contained only a pair of stockings, while Macleod's thousand pounds were still quite safe in his breast, and Roy Roy was left helpless to muse upon the clever manner in which the Dunvegan fool had outwitted him.

As the rider approached the Castle, he was noticed by the "Fear-Faire"—the watchman, who, in those days, sat there at all times. He could not understand who the strange visitor, riding such a splendid charger, could be, and he ran to Macleod to tell him of his approach, and to ask if he should be admitted. Macleod said, "Certainly; one man cannot hurt us." The fool rode up very proudly, and every one looked at him with astonishment. "Where did you get that horse?" inquired Macleod, who, when he heard the fool's story, laughed outright, and said that he was a very fine fellow. This pleased him very much; but when Macleod examined the saddle-bags, he found that there was much more money in them than the messenger had brought him from Inverness, and he at once turned round and told him

that he must at once go back to Rob Roy and return to him his money and his horse. The fool was terribly frightened, but he went, and gave back to the outlaw both his charger and his cash, and the fool, and Rob Roy and Macleod are said to have been the best of friends ever after.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN the third volume of the Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, second part, recently published, Mr. Hyde Clarke discusses the vexed problem of the Picts. His paper, which is entitled "The Picts and Pre-Celtic Britain," is very interesting, if not very accurate. Its philology is poor, but its examples of female succession in other Aryan countries are important. The discussion on the paper was conducted by Dr. Karl Blind, Mr. Stuart-Glennie, and Mr. Joseph Jacobs. Mr. Stuart-Glennie gave an excellent resumè of the latest scientific views in regard to the Picts. Iberiaus and Turanians went to form the pre-Celtic population and he thinks that Druidism, like the Persian Magism, may have been the religion of this non-Aryan population. The stone circles are attributed by him to one or other of these races, and he quotes a most interesting passage from Aristotle having a very important bearing on the use of these circles. The passage, which appears in Aristotle's Politics, is to this effect—"Among the Iberians, a warlike nation, the number of enemies whom a man has slain is indicated by the number of obelisks which are fixed in the earth round his tomb." The Iberians were properly the people of Spain, but the term was used in the 3rd and 4th centuries B.C., vaguely for the westernmost peoples of Europe. The obelisks describe exactly our circles of standing stones, which generally surround some central cairn or grave.

MR. HYDE CLARKE refers vaguely to the descent of our present Queen from the Pictish kings; but Provost Macandrew goes somewhat further. Speaking lately at a social meeting, he represented the Queen as descended from Brude Mac Mailcon, the Pictish king, who met Columba on the banks of the Ness, "apud Nessiam," that is, at Inverness, as the Provost is pleased to believe. We honour the Provost's motives in thus glorifying the "ancient burgh" over which he presides, but we cannot refrain from asking what ground of fact there is for saying that the Queen is descended from Brude Mac Mailcon. In the first place, no son or child of Brude's could, by the Pictish law of succession, succeed him. His own claim to the throne depended on his being the son of a princess of the royal house, and the right of succession belonged to his sister and not to himself. Her son or his own brother must have been his successor according to the Pictish rule. The successor was Gartnait, son of Domelch, but what relation he was to Brude we do not know.

To remove some misapprehension that has arisen in regard to the controversy between Provost Macandrew and Father Chisholm over the "Celtic Church," we have to state that discussion must cease at present. This intimation was practically the meaning of our reference in these Notes to Professor Stokes' new work on the "Celtic Church," a review of which will appear in our columns in the near future.

MR. STOKES has returned to the correcting of the errors found in the published edition of the "Ancient Laws of Ireland." It will be remembered that he commenced, in the pages of the *Academy* in September of last year, a lively correspondence concerning the published text of the Ancient Laws. This correspondence lasted from September till January of this year, being wound up as it was begun by Mr. Stokes. Most of our leading Celtic scholars took part in it—Norman Moore, Staudish O'Grady, Professor Mackinnon, Dr. Kuno Meyer, Professor Rhys, and Professor Windisch. Most found fault with the printed text and nearly all suggested either amendments or entire republication. In the *Academy* for November 13th, Mr. Stokes renews his charges and gives almost as formidable a list of corrections to Vol. IV. as he did last year to the first volume.

PROFESSOR SAYCE, president of the Philological Society, delivered before the Society, on November 5th, a paper on "The Passive of the Italic and Keltic Languages." The *r* which characterises it, he pointed out, cannot be the *s* of the reflexive pronoun, as was formerly supposed, since neither in Oscan nor in Old Irish does *s* become *r*. Moreover, verbal forms with *r* have been pointed out in Sanskrit, Zeud, and Greek; but in these the *r* follows the stem, not the personal terminative as in Latin and Keltic. Professor Sayce attempted to account for this change of position. The appearance of his paper in the Journal of the Society will be waited for by Celtists with some interest.

THOUGH M. Gaidoz retired from the editorship of the *Revue Celtique*, yet he cannot give up his favourite subject of folk-lore, and he therefore continues in company with M. Rolland to edit *Mélusine*, a monthly review devoted to mythology, folk-literature, traditions and customs. *Mélusine* was started in 1878; it shortly after ceased, but two years ago it began again, and now proceeds on its way with great vigour. The matter is always good, as we might expect from M. Gaidoz and his confreres. Short original articles on phases of the subject of folk-lore, the actual traditions, popular jokes, customs and tales, and careful and accurate reviews of works on the various aspects of the question—these form the usual contents. Two months ago a short and very appreciative review of the 11th volume of the Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions appeared. "Of all the literary societies of Celtic lands," says M. Gaidoz, "there is perhaps no one that possesses more activity and vitality than the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and which contributes more to the upholding of the language, the usages, and the nationality of contemporary Celts. The annual volumes it gives to the public have more than a local interest, and often contain articles of which Celtists and folk-lorists of the Continent can make their use."

GAELIC ALMANACK FOR DECEMBER, 1886.

XII. Mhios.] AN DUDLACHD, 1886.

MUTHADH AN T-SOLUIS.

☽ AN CIAD CHR.—3 LA—2.25 F. | ☾ AN CR. MU DHEIR.--18 LA---6.39 M.
○ AN SOLUS LAN—11 LA—9.30 M. | ● AN SOLUS UR—25 LA—9.55 M.

M.	DI.		*A'ghr'an.* E. Eirigh L. Laidh.	*An Lan An Lite.* MAD.	*An Lan An Lite.* FHASG.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* MAD.	*An Lan An Grianaig.* FHASG.
			U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.	U. M.
1	C	Breith Banphrionnsa Choimridh, 1844	8.22 E	5.51	6.15	3.24	3.44
2	D	Latha Austerlitz, 1805; Breith Sheann Tormaid Mhic Leoid, 1783	3.41 L	6.39	7. 5	4. 6	4.28
3	H	Bàs Iain Ghibb, 1850	8.26 E	7.33	8. 3	4.51	5.18
4	S	Bàs Shir Uilleam, Fhordyce, F.C.R., 1792	3.39 L	8.36	9.12	5.46	6.19
5	D	*II. Donaich de'n Teachd*	8.29 E	9.48	10.19	6.53	7.26
6	L	Breith an t-Seanaileir Mhonk, 1608	3.38 L	10.49	11.19	7.59	8.32
7	M	Breith Ailean Chunningham, 1784	8.31 E	11.45	...	9. 0	9.26
8	C	Gineadh Moire Oigh; Breith Màiri, 1542	3.38 L	0. 8	0.28	9.51	10.13
9	D	Breith Raibeart Dhundas, 1685	8.33 E	0.48	1. 8	10.34	10.55
10	H	Crùnadh Righ Alastair III., 1214	3.37 L	1.28	1.48	11.17	11.39
11	S	Bas Thearlaich na Suain, 1718	8.36 E	2. 8	2.28	...	0. 1
12	D	*III. Donaich de'n Teachd*	3.36 L	2.48	3. 8	0.23	0.45
13	L	[12] Bàs Déacan Liosmòr, 1551	8.38 E	3.28	3.49	1. 7	1.29
14	M	Bàs Phrionns Ailbeart, 1861	5.36 L	4.10	4.33	1.51	2.13
15	C	[14] Bàs Righ Séumas V., 1542	8.40 E	4.56	5.20	2.35	2.57
16	D	Cogadh na Spainte, 1718	3.36 L	5.45	6.13	3.20	3.44
17	H	Fograidh Righ Séumas VII., 1689	8.42 E	6.42	7.11	4.10	4.36
18	S	Bàs Triath Ghart, 1829	3.36 L	7.45	8.20	5. 5	5.36
19	D	*IV. Donaich de'n Teachd*	8.44 E	8.55	9.34	6. 7	6.41
20	L	Bàs Shii Iain Sinclair, 1836	3.37 L	10.10	10.43	7.16	7.52
21	M	Féill Thomais; An la 's giorra 's a' bhliadhna	8.45 E	11.16	11.45	8.29	9. 1
22	C	Latha Ferozeshah, 1845	3.38 L	...	0.14	9.33	10. 1
23	D		8.46 E	0.39	1. 3	10.29	10.54
24	H	Oidhche Nolluig	3.39 L	1.27	1.50	11.19	11.43
25	S	La Nolluig; Bàs Shéumais Mhunro, 1870	8.47 E	2.12	2.34	...	0. 7
26	D	*Didonaich nu Nollaig*	3.40 L	2.54	3.13	0.29	0.50
27	L	An fhéill Eoin	8.47 E	3.32	3.51	1.10	1.30
28	M	Féill nan Naoidheachan	3.42 L	4.10	4.29	1.50	2. 9
29	C	Bàs Banrigh Righ Uilleam III., 1694	8.47 E	4.47	5. 6	2.26	2.44
30	D	Bàs "Mharcus nan Gréum," 1830	3.44 L	5.25	5.45	3. 2	3.20
31	H	A' Challuinn	8.47 E	6. 6	6.28	3.48	3.57

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ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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LOAN-WORDS IN GAELIC.

[By Professor Mackinnon.]

The main laws of letter-change which prevail among the Indo-European family, known as Grimm's law, enable us to trace the origin of words within the languages which constitute the group. When a word appears in several languages varying in accordance with those laws, we say it is a native word, inheriting directly in each case from the parent speech. When, on the other hand, a word appears in one language of the group, showing a greater similarity of form to the corresponding word in another language than these laws warrant, we say, provisionally at any rate, that the word has not come from the parent speech by direct descent, but has passed into the one language from a sister tongue. The former class of words are *cognate words*, the latter *loan words*. For example. The Teutonic tongues, it is well known, break away in the case of certain consonants from the related languages in a remarkable manner. Indo-European *k* becomes *h* in the Teutonic group. The root *kan*, "to say," or "to sing," appears in Greek *kanazo*, Latin *can-o*, Gaelic *can*. The Gothic cognate is *hana* "a cock," literally "the singer," a word which is preserved in English in the feminine form only—*hen*. The knowledge of this fact enables us to say that such words as *cant*, *canticle*, *chant*, etc., from the same root, are not native English words, but borrowed into the language. Again the root *kar* means "to move." It appears in the Latin *currus* "chariot," *currere* "to run," etc. The root is in all the Celtic dialects. Cæsar (B.G.I. 3, 6) calls the Helvetian

vehicle *carrus*. In the South Hebrides *càrr* is the "wheelless cart," a "sledge," while *cairt*, a derivative, denotes the one with wheels. According to Fick, the Gothic equivalent in this case is found in the English *horse*, a metathesis for *hros*. Whether the equation holds or not, *càrr* and *cairt* being undoubtedly Celtic, and finding their cognates in Latin *currus* and *currere*, and their parent in Indo-European *kar*, are proved to be loan-words in English. Further, Indo-European *d* appears in Gothic as *t*, in old High German as *z*. One of the few roots found in the Celtic and Teutonic languages only is the Gaelic and Irish *dùn* "a fort," in Welsh *din* "a hill." The word is native to Celtic. In Roman times it appears in *Lugdunum*, *Augustodunum*, *Camelodunum*, etc., etc. The word appears in Icelandic as *tun*, in Scotch *toon*, English *town*, Old High German *zun*, with the primal meaning of "hedge" or "enclosure." Here the two words are clearly cognate. They are found throughout both languages. The meaning is essentially the same; and the phonetic equivalent *d-t* is preserved. But we have also in English the word *down*, meanning "a hill." Now, precisely upon the same ground that we conclude *town* and *dùn* to be cognate words, we must regard *down*, with initial *d*, as a word borrowed into English from Celtic.

The letter *p* was once lost in the Goidelic portion of Celtic—*pater* is *athair*. In the combination *pt*, *c* took the place of *p*—*septem*, *seachd*. So absolutely did the letter disappear, that in the few place-names where it is met with—*Granpius*, *Corstorpiton*, etc. —we infer from the existence of *p* alone that the inhabitants of these districts were a Brythonic tribe; or, as in the case of *Epidion acron*, the name by which the headland now called the Mull of Kintyre was known to Ptolemy, and where, so far as known, Brythons never were, a non-Celtic tribe. Such was the aversion to this letter, that even in early loans *p* was rejected as in *easbuig* from *episkopos*, or changed to *c* as in *coreur* from *purpura*. Accordingly, when we meet in Gaelic with such words as *peacadh*, *pearsa*, etc., etc., we say at once that these words in the language are not of native growth.

On the other hand, when we come upon such words as the Latin *siccus*, and the Gaelic *seasg*, which are clearly from the same root, how can we determine whether the two words are cognate

words, or whether the one is derived from the other? In loans between Latin and Gaelic, *c* is never changed to *s*. The Latin *siccus* would appear in Gaelic, not as *sesc* or *seasg*, but as *sioc* or *seac*. As matter of fact, it does so appear, with the meaning "to wither:"

"Tha mo ghruaidhean air seacadh."

If there has been borrowing in this case, Gaelic is the lender But the words are cognate. *Siccus* is for an older *sicscus*, and Gaelic has preserved the earlier form.

Certain groups of words, though amenable to phonetic change when borrowed from one language to another, hardly come under our notice. Onomatopœic words, formed by imitation of sound, are from the nature of the case not subject to the operation of phonetic processes, and are hardly ever borrowed. Then there is the class known as coined words. No amount of philological knowledge would enable us to trace the origin and meaning of *burke*, or *lynch*, or *boycott*. In some of the Southern Isles, the phrase for a "good whipping" is *deagh chenteadh*. I have heard it said that the word was coined by soldiers who had unpleasant reminiscences of the late Duke of Kent, a rigid disciplinarian.

Differing from the above, but still requiring separate consideration, are foreign words or words in process of being naturalised, and what are called re-borrowed words. The words which may be described as foreign are a numerous and motley class. In the English language they consist of four and a half per cent. of the whole vocabulary. In Gaelic the number is not much less in proportion. They are almost entirely English, or words borrowed through an English channel. It is difficult to say when a word becomes completely naturalized. *Hotel* has become an English word, for it has thoroughly adapted itself to the English tongue. But *dépôt* must be regarded as a foreign word, until we learn to pronounce the *t* at any rate. When the Gaelic people were in their accent as well as in their dress further removed from the English ways than they now are, the test of sound to determine when an English word was adopted fully into Gaelic was more reliable than in our day. We have of late become familiarised with English sounds, and we pronounce English words with a less vigorous Gaelic accent than our fathers did.

Take an example or two. I select words containing the sounds of the dentals *t* and *d*, because the values of these letters are markedly different in Gaelic and English. We say that *tarstan* and *tombaca* have become naturalized, because we have conformed the words to Gaelic usage, not merely in the sound of *t*, but in also introducing *s* before *t*, and *m* before *b*. *Tearmunn* or *tearmud* again (Lat. *terminus* "a limit;" afterwards, in ecclesiastical phrase, the boundary of the jurisdiction of the monastery, as in Colonsay, *clach-an-tearmuid;* "a right of sanctuary;" "a sanctuary;" hence as in the Gaelic scriptures "protection") is naturalized, as the sound of *t* testifies. But we have borrowed the shorter form *term* from English, and we pronounce the *t* after the English way. Few words or articles are more common among us than *tea.* Is the word become a Gaelic word? In the South Highlands, if we judge by the test of sound, it is not. We pronounce the word in Argyle precisely as in Edinburgh. But in the far north the countrywoman asks the merchant, *A' bheil tai agad?*—"Have you tea?"—to which the invariable reply is, with what truth I know not, *Tha 's a bhrod*—"Yes, and the best quality also." Here the sound of the consonant is the Gaelic sound. The vowel sound is that still current in Ireland, *tay*, and that common in England in Pope's time—

> "Here thou great Anna whom three realms obey,
> Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea."

It would appear that this is also the proper vowel sound in China, as it is the current sound in French and German, where the word is pronounced as in Sutherlandshire. But it would be very confusing to say that *tea* is naturalized in the North but not in the South Highlands. In the same way *dolar*, *dinneir*, etc., have fully adapted themselves to the Gaelic sound, while, on the other hand, *daoimean*, *dictionary*, *disruption* have not, though the words are on the lips of every Highlander. *Damnadh* is from the Latin, and has the Gaelic sound of *d*. The shorter form *damn* is in the South pronounced as in English, in the North with the Gaelic sound. Yet, so far as my observation has gone, if we judge by familiarity in the use of this word instead of by the sound of it, it would be rather contrary to the fact to say that the English oath has become domesticated in the North but not

in the South. Even so we sound the *t* in *telegraph* and *steamboat* according to its English and not its Gaelic value. It would appear, then, that in recent loans from English to Gaelic the test of sound is not a reliable index of the frequency with which a word is used by the people.

The class of words once lent by us to our neighbours, which we afterwards allowed to fall out of use among ourselves and borrowed back, is a most interesting class, but somewhat difficult to handle. The phonetic processes are complicated, and we have continually to fall back on less reliable tests. The practice of re-borrowing commenced early. From the Latin *cucullus* we have the Gaelic *cochull* "a skin-covering," "a bag," "a hood." But according to Ebel *cucullus* is itself a loan from Celtic. I have mentioned *car* and *cart*. The word *carrus* entered Latin from Celtic Gaul. The diminutive *carreta*, common in low Latin, was re-borrowed by the French as *charete*, and brought to English as *chariot*. It was gravely urged as a conclusive proof against the authenticity of Ossian's poems that the Celt never had a *car*, a *cart*, or *chariot*, though it was from him that the whole of Europe got the words. Some of the most Saxon-looking words in English belong to this class. *Baby* is a loan from English of our day, but *babe* is Celtic. *Lad* and *lass*, as used by us, are decidedly from English as the sound of the *l* conclusively shows, but the words were borrowed into English from Celtic, the termination of *lass* being not French (like that of *Abbess e.g.*) but Welsh: *llodes* "a girl," the feminine of *llawd* "a lad." *Ribinn* "a ribbon," in its present form and usage is, many would suppose, a loan from English :—

> "Fàinneachan daoimein air roinn gach meòir,
> Bidh *rufles* is *ribinn* air Iseabal òg."

But it is certain that the word was lent by the Gael to the Saxon. The root appears in the Brythonic as well as in the Goidelic dialects. In Gaelic *ribe* means "hair," and hence "a rope," usually made of hair in the old times :

> "Paisg mo chaibe, faigh mo ribe, chuala mi gug-gùg 's a' chuan"

is a well-known Hebridean saying—the *ribe* being the rope by which the St. Kilda man went down the rocks.

When an animal is difficult to ferry or drive, we say, "Cuir ribe ris," *i.e.*, put a rope round his horns. The common meaning of *ribe* now is "snare," and in a transferred sense "temptation," but the diminutive *ribeag* "a single hair," and *ribeach* "hairy," "untidy," preserve the original signification. In this last case the laws of sound do not help us to decide which was the borrower, for the values of the letters of language in Gaelic and English are pretty much the same. But when we find a word like *ribe* with its derivatives in common use through all the dialects of one language, and appearing in another only as a sporadic word with a specific meaning, we are entitled to conclude that the word is borrowed into the latter language.

In the case of words of this class, where we have to depend largely upon general considerations, and especially upon the oldest forms of words as a guide, we are under the great disadvantage of not having in Gaelic continuous texts of sufficient content, variety, and antiquity, and, still further, that even those which we do possess have not yet been fully utilized. The language has undergone great change. Aspiration and eclipsis have so completely disguised even our native words as to make it difficult sometimes to recognise them. In the word *tighearna*, "lord," the *gh* is completely silent, and has been so for at least 700 years. Jocelyn of Furness wrote the word *tyern*, which is the Northern pronounciation to-day. Looking both to sound and sense it was but natural that our native scholars—Armstrong, *e.g.* —should connect the word with turannos. They unfortunately failed to observe that the letter *g* is found unaspirated, and so proved to be an essential part of the word, in the name of Kentigern, to explain which we are indebted to Jocelyn for preserving in his phonetic spelling the pronunciation of the word in 1180: "Nam *ken* caput Latine, *tyern* Albanice, dominus Latine interpretatur: (Vit: Kent: Hist: of Scot: V. p. 218). So in Zeuss *tighearna* is *tigerne*. Having found the old form the philologist is able to connect the word not merely with the Gaelic *tigh*, "a house," but with the Latin *tego*, *tectum*, Eng. *thatch* (Scotch *thack*), Gr. *stegō*; Skr. *sthag*. *Tighearna* is thus proved to be not the tyrant of the State, but the protector of the home. It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the influence

of aspiration in disguising words, than in the case of two contiguous place-names in Perthshire—*Dunchaillinn*, and *Sithchaillinn*. The *-chaillinn* preserved in these words, and now, owing to its grammatical relation, aspirated, is the word which the Romans wrote *Caledonia*, and which appears in Welsh as *Celydon*. The town became at an early date of importance ecclesiastically, so that the name was written in the native records. In the Annals of Ulster it appears as Nom. *Duncaillenn*, Gen. *Duinecaillenn*, *Duincailleann*, *Duinchaillden*. The word was written in Latin documents Dunkeld-, and in this form was stereotyped in English. The name of the hill was borrowed directly into English, but not until after the second part of it was permanently aspirated in Gaelic. Few people would suppose from the form or sound of the words in English that the *-keld* in *Dunkeld* and the *-haillion* in *Schiehaillion* are not only one and the same word, but are and always have been pronounced in Gaelic in precisely the same way.

Instead of attempting to give long lists of words borrowed from Latin and English into Gaelic, I would rather endeavour to trace the principal channels through which the loans come to us, and to point out the main changes which they undergo on our tongues. In the case of English words we borrow by the ear, and the sound frequently appears in our language strangely disguised. The Latin loans are for the most part from the literature. Here we borrow the *form* of the word with the terminational syllable dropped, and subject it to our own grammatical laws. In process of time it alters considerably. *Adoratio e.g.* first appeared in Gaelic as *adorat*. But Gaelic nouns have the accent on the first syllable, so the word would soon become *adrat*. The next step would be to reduce the tenuis *t* to the medial *d—adrad*, which is the earliest written form of the word. In process of time the *d's* were aspirated, so that the form became, and is still in Irish, *adhradh*. In Scottish Gaelic, we have of late, as a slight concession to phonetic orthography, replaced the first *dh* by *o*, so that *adoratio* appears in Gaelic books as *aoradh*.

We can distinguish four groups of words coming to us through Latin: (1) A few Greek words which have been adopted into

Gaelic, not directly but through the Roman Church. Such are *aingeal, abstol (ostal), biobull, deamhan diabhul, deisciobul, eaglais, easbuig* (old form *epscop, escop*, Gr. *episkopos*, French *evêque*, earlier *evesque, evesc*, which represents *episk-*, and English *bishop* which represents *-piskop-*), *caisg, callainn, feallsanach* (old from *fellsub* Gr. *philosophos*); *pàras* (older *pardhas* Gr. *paradeisos*), and several others. (2) Some words relating chiefly to civil government, military affairs, and matters of general concern. These were borrowed direct from the Roman people, and are more disguised in appearance. They include such words as the following:—*carbad* (quite an unnecessary loan); *caisteal; cìs; mùr; obair; feart*; *srian* (frenum); *suist* (fustis); the Welsh *hiwtawt* (civitas); the Amoric *scler* (clarus), &c. (3) A large number of ecclesiastical words and terms, together with many relating to the ordinary affairs of life, borrowed by the clergy: *altair; bachall; coinneal; domhnach; gràs; ifrinn; miorbhuil; pian; riaghailt; searmoin* (in Armoric there is *sarmoner* "a preacher," in Gaelic *searmonaiche.*) In old Gaelic we find *predchim* from *praedicare*, but modern Gaelic is satisfied with *searmonachadh.* The English *predicate* is direct from Latin, *preach* from the same root through French. The Northern Highlanders have, in recen tyears, borrowed the English word—*préisgeadh.* (4.) A few literary and grammatical terms borrowed by scholars, chiefly ecclesiastics: such are, among others, *leabhar*, hence the mild form of asseveration common in the West *a leòra* "by the book," "certainly"; *litir; facal; peann.* Many of this class, once common among Gaelic scholars, are now disused, their place being taken by the same or similar terms borrowed through English: *apgitir* (abecedarium) is now *abasaidh* (A, B, C); *aiccent; articol; conson: gluass*, etc., etc.

The number of words borrowed from the English language is very great. They extend over a very long time, and embrace every phase of life and thought and feeling. Many of them are disguised beyond recognition. In some cases it is doubtful which is the borrower and which the lender. The words adopted from the Norse language can be more easily dealt with. They are chiefly: (1) *Personal Names: Manus; Iomhar; Eric; Amhla* (Olaf, Eng: Aulay); *Raonall* and *Raonailt; Ruaraidh; Goraidh; Torcall; Tormod; Somh-*

airle. (2) *Place-names* — The Scandinavian element in the topography of the Hebrides and North-West Highlands is very large. The subject is ably handled by the late Captain Thomas, R.N., in an important paper contributed to the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries (Vol. XI., 472), entitled "On the Extirpation of the Celts in the Hebrides." All our *-bost's* (in Islay *-bus)* and *-borg's*, and *aoi's*, and *ai's*, and *cleit's*, and *-nish's* and *sgeir's* are Norse. (3.) *Names of common objects*—Most of these survive in the isles as provincial words. They are chiefly, as might be expected, connected with the sea and boats. The following, with others, have obtained general currency: *bàta* "a boat" (the Icelanders have apparently borrowed *long* "a ship" from us in return, a word which we ourselves took from Latin—*longa navis*); *seòl*, which we use both as noun and verb, "a sail," and "to sail"; *stiùir*, also used as noun and verb in Gaelic, "rudder" and "to steer," but, since Chaucer's time, as verb only in English, and without the *u* sound in that language. *Rakki* the "ring," or "traveller," by which the yard and sail are kept close to the mast, is in Gaelic *rac*:

Beannaich ar *racan* 's ar slat
Ar croinn 's ar taodan gu leir.

says Alexander Macdonald. *Sgeir*, Norse *sker*, English *skerry*, also in our topography, is the common name for an isolated sea rock in the Hebrides as in Iceland still. *Geodha* or *geadha* (there is *rudha-gheadha e.g.*, in Colonsay) "a creek," is the Icelandic *gja. Skarfr* "a cormorant," is in Gaelic *sgarbh* The *fulmar* of St. Kilda is simply the "foul" *mar* or *sea-gull* in Icelandic. Both the English *ransack* and the Gaelic *rannsaich* are from the Norse, but, as I think, independently.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE "BODACH GLAS."*

[By Alfred Nutt.]

This is a story uniting groups of incidents most often found independently as separate stories, or in connection with other incidents, yet, as will be shown presently, paralleled by at least two other stories presenting the same number of incidents in the same sequence. The opening is the familiar one of Celtic task-märchen, *i.e.*, of stories of which the special feature is the performance of a distinct taste imposed upon the hero. Like the Fair Gruagach (Campbell, 51), or the hero of the Tuairisgeul Mor (*Scottish Celtic Review*, p. 70,) it is on a hill, that magic hill found in the Mabinogi of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, in Campbell's No. 38 Murachadh Mac Brian, in Joyce's Connla of the Golden Hair, that the hero meets with the supernatural being to whom he loses three games, and under whose spell he falls. Here, as in the Tuairisgeul Mor, the supernatural being is male, but I incline to look upon the female form as the older. Whether the Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle, who must be sought under the "four brown quarters of the globe," indeed be, as Sir George Cox wills it (Myth. Ar. Nat. I. 291), the wandering sun clad in the garments of the cloud-rack and clustering stars, the other instances quoted above seem to prove the anteriority of the female form, and lead me to suspect, in this case, some such change of meaning in the word descriptive of the hero's enemy, as I have pointed out in the case of the word Gruagach, which, originally applied to female beings, gradually came to mean male beings (*Folk-Lore Record*, Vol. IV., p. 31). The story follows the usual course, the hero being referred to the three brothers of a helping power, who figure in one shape or another in every task-märchen from Perseus downwards. The bannocks incident appears in what is, I believe, the closest parallel extant to our tale—the story of Grey Norris from Warland, printed in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, Vol. I., p. 316, from

* The Tale of the "Bodach Glas" appeared in our last two numbers, collected and translated by Mrs. Mackellar.

recitation of a Cork peasant—in a much more archaic form; they are compounded with the breast milk of the helping sister (mother), and the hero has to throw them into the mouth of each brother to compel recognition. The swan-maid incident that follows is not infrequently found in Gaelic stories (*e.g.*, in Campbell's No. 10, "Three Soldiers"), but, save in Grey Norris, not in the same connection. The story now goes into the familiar one of the hero's service with the magician, his performing the tasks allotted him by the aid of the magician's daughter, his flight with her, and her father's pursuit baffled by the objects thrown out of the horse's ear. The best of the Highland variants is Campbell's No. 2, "The Battle of the Birds," where, notably, as here, the third task is accomplished by means of the heroine turning herself into a ladder. The concluding incident is frequently found either by itself or in combination with incidents drawn from the Cupid and Psyche or Black Bull O'Norroway group, but the thread of the story is the same in the Battle of the Birds as here. Curiously enough, the flight from the enemy and the incident of the heroine's hiding herself in a tree over a well, and thereby inducing other women who see the reflection of her face in the water to think they have suddenly grown beautiful, is also found in a Malagasy story (*Folk-Lore Journal*, Vol. I., p. 233), which tells how Itrimobé escaped from her connubial husband. The complexity of the problem of the origin and diffusion of folk tales thus shown by the close parallelism of incidents in tales told by Highland peasants and Madagascar natives is further illustrated by the fact that, with the exception of the already-mentioned Grey Norris, the nearest variant to our story is a negro tale from Jamaica, first noted by Monk Lewis, and reprinted in the *Folk-Lore Journal*, Vol. I., p. 284. Up to and including the flight from the heroine's father the number and order of the incidents is exactly the same, with omission of the help afforded by the stepmother and her three sons. The latter part of our story has probably got softened in telling, and was originally doubtless the same as that of the Battle of the Birds.

THE HIGHLAND LAND QUESTION HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY JOHN MACKINTOSH,
Author of "The History of Civilisation in Scotland," etc.

I. AT the outset it is requisite to announce that absolute ownership of land is inconsistent with the universal rights of the human race, especially with the primary right of self-preservation. It is impossible here, however, to enter into all the grounds of this, and I will only indicate a few of them.

1. The land is the gift of nature, for man did not create it, neither can he remove it; although he may easily divert it from its primary use and end—a stretch of power which no one should possess.

2. Then again the land is the chief source whence the human race, as well as the higher forms of the animal creation, derive the food which sustains their existence; now, it should be observed that there is an element of inevitable necessity in this, for man must find his food from some of the products of the land or else perish. This being self-evident, it is, therefore, inconsistent with the welfare of the human race for any class of individuals to possess an unconditional ownership of the land, because they may so easily divert it from its primary use and end, as has been done in the Highlands and the Islands of Scotland.

3. Land is a limited quantity, while its produce, even under the most improved form of tillage imaginable, is also a limited and an extremely variable quantity; and this, too, mainly arises from causes over which man has no control, namely—the agencies of the atmosphere and climate.

4. Further, the sun is the primary and indispensable source of the growth of all cereals and vegetable products on the face of the earth; and man might as reasonably claim proprietary rights in the sun as in the land, seeing that both are indispensable requisites of human life. In short, the absolute ownership of land does assume a claim over the effects of the sun; but, happily, landlords have no power to divert him from the rectitude of his

path in the heavens, although some of them have diverted large tracts of land from its primary use and end.

II. Exclusive individual ownership of land is quite a modern institution. In early times throughout Britain and Ireland the land belonged to the local tribe or clan rather than to individuals. This system of land tenure prevailed throughout the far greater part of Scotland till the beginning of the twelfth century; while in the Highlands, with some slight modifications, it continued till about the middle of the eighteenth century.

1. The modern historians of Scotland have throughout their narratives greatly misrepresented the Celtic people, from the beginning to the end of their history, for the same reasons that the Irish people have been misrepresented by English authorities. I will briefly indicate a few of the salient points and circumstances which seem to have actuated these misrepresentations.

2. Early in the twelfth century, while the Celtic people still occupied the far greater part of the country, Norman feudalism began to be introduced into Scotland. This form of feudalism was much favoured by the Scottish Kings and their personal followers of Norman and Saxon origin, who then began to gather around the throne. These men were wise in their generation, because they saw in this feudalism a means of enhancing and of extending their own power; accordingly force and fraud were unstintedly employed to deprive the Celtic people of their customary rights in the land which they occupied. Naturally, the Celtic people resisted these encroachments upon their rights; hence a series of civil wars ensued, which continued intermittently for about two centuries. These wars extended round the eastern counties, in Galloway, and in Argyleshire; but the most prolonged resistance was made in the district of Moray, and in Galloway. In short, the policy of depriving the Celtic people of their land was afterwards carried on at intervals, sometimes directly by the Government, at other times by the aid of the heads of the houses of Argyle and Huntly, till past the middle of the sixteenth century.

In this way the system of Norman feudalism was introduced into Scotland, by depriving the Celtic people of their rights, and driving many of them out of the best parts of the country, and

pressing them into the region called the Highlands; and, while this was being effected, they were often treated with great injustice and cruelty.*

3. The great instrument of injustice, fraud, and cruelty employed against the customary land rights of the Celtic people was the Crown Charter. In the twelfth century our Kings began to grant charters of land to their personal followers of Norman extraction; and these men naturally used every available means to make good the rights to the land thus assigned to them; and, as I said before, force, fraud, and cruelty were largely employed to enforce the recognition of these paper rights; while the resistance of the Celtic people to these usurpations of their own immemorial customary rights has been represented by our historians as rebellion against the Government, backed up by other baseless assertions to the effect that the Celtic people were far behind the Normans and Saxons in civilisation. I have elsewhere exposed many of these assertions, and analysed at length the one-sided theory so long and fondly embraced by our modern historians.

It was in the twelfth century that charters were first made a necessary condition of the right to hold land in Scotland. It was then declared by the King in Council that actual possession for generations constituted no right, until it was proved before the King's Court; when it was proved that the party had possessed the land for four generations, then it rested with the King to give a charter.† But if the party failed to prove this, which, in the majority of instances, must have been the case, the King, the nominal Norman Earl, or the churchman, interested, had the whole manipulation of the matter in his own hands. And anyone with the slightest experience of the world and human nature, even in a state of society more advanced than then prevailed in Scotland, will at once see how much injustice and robbery could be effected by a process of this character. And, therefore, it is not surprising that the people rose in revolt and appealed to the sword to retain their rights; the newly chartered Normans, however, always declined to meet such appeals; in

* Acts Parl. (Scot.) Vol. II. pp. 108, 111, 113, 190, 240, 242, 247, 250.

† Acts Parl. (Scot.) Vol. I. pp. 51, 70, 71, 74; and App. to Pref. pp. 90, 92.

spite of their vaunted bravery, if it had ever come to a stand-up fight on equal conditions, man to man, face to face, their acres would have been easily measured in Scotland.*

4. There can be no doubt whatever that a large portion of the people sunk from a higher to a lower status during the process of the feudalisation of Scotland. Although the real rights of the clan community were well-known and recognised, as they were founded in natural circumstances, long usage, and local custom; yet when a simple and unlettered people were suddenly and summarily called upon to prove their right to hold their lands before the King's Court, it is at once seen that any amount of injustice might ensue. In short, this did ensue, for the mass of the Celtic people were thrust down by a process of slow robbery.

It is at all times a fair question whether the King's written order of permission to a foreigner to seize and hold possession of land which belongs to others be not robbery and spoliation. It is not at all to the point to say that the land belonged to the King; as a matter of undoubted fact, the land belonged to the native population and their local chiefs. Nor will it avail to say that the land had fallen to the King by forfeiture, since this is simply one of the formal feudal quirks, first adopted about that time, to afford some colour for such robbery. If it be asserted that society was then so rude that no moral wrong could be committed in the matter, this plea is hardly admissible for those who most desire to allege it, as it cuts through and all round. These are rather crucial points, but it might at least have occurred to the minds of those writers who glorify the Norman aliens planted in this country that such questions would one day be asked.

It was an easy matter for such men to turn and give a part of their stolen land to the Church, in order that they might obtain forgiveness, and be allowed to keep the rest, although in their haste to become rich they ran the risk of raising up a powerful rival; and when they thought themselves strong enough, they reseized all the property of the Church.

5. As the natural connection of the baron with the land and its inhabitants constituted the very soul of feudalism, Scottish

* Acts Parl. (Scot.) Vol. I. pp. 13, 70, 71.

historians should have explained how it happened that a foreigner, without any local connection whatever, could be a great feudal lord in Scotland. In fact, Norman feudalism was just foisted upon the people of Scotland; this is manifest, because Acts of Parliament were required to force the inhabitants to commend themselves to their lords, there was no local tie between the alien lords and the mass of the people; hence the reason for these commands.* In short, the Norman nobles, with a few notable exceptions, never acquired much respect among the people; they were generally hated and despised, and they knew it; and so they were always disposed to sell Scotland to England, as they did in the Castle of Norham in 1291; while the community of Scotland protested against this selfish surrender.

III. I will briefly indicate the spirit of Norman feudalism as manifested by the man who introduced it into Britain; and then show that it was by the use of the legal formalities of this system of land tenure that the Celtic people of Scotland were ruined.

1. The following quotation is from a trustworthy contemporary record, touching William the Conqueror:—"The King was very rigid, and took from his subjects many a mark of gold, and hundred pounds of silver, which he took by right and with great unright from his people, for little need. He had fallen into covetousness, and altogether loved greediness. He planted a great preserve for deer, and laid down laws therewith that whosoever should slay hart or hind should be blinded. He forbad the harts and also the boars to be killed. As greatly did he love the tall deer as if he were their father. He also ordained concerning the hares that they should go free. His great men bewailed it, and the poor men murmured thereat; but he was so obdurate that he recked not of the hatred of them all; but they must wholly follow the King's will, if they would live, or have land or property, or even his peace. Alas! that any man should be so proud, so raise himself up, and account himself above all men! May the Almighty God show mercy to his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins."† Amen.

* Acts Parl. (Scot.) Vol. I. pp. 9, 51.

† Saxon Chronicle, pp. 188-190.

It will be observed that both the letter and the spirit of the laws of the founder of feudalism in Britain still survive in full force, as may be seen in the deer forests throughout the Highlands.

2. All the exclusive and abusive rights connected with the ownership of land in Scotland springs directly out of the feudal charter. I have examined many of them, and they conferred enormous rights both over the land and the people who lived upon it. For instance, a grant of earldom, and also the lower grant of free barony, not only conferred the highest privileged tenure of land, but also a complete jurisdiction over all the inhabitants of the territory embraced in the charter. The bare enumeration of the land rights alone in these feudal charters granted by the Crown is something startling. They usually include the following:—"The woods and plains, the pastures and meadows, mosses and marches; the running waters, ponds, and fish tanks; the roads and paths; the brushwood, jungle, heaths, and peatries; the coal fields, quarries, stone, and limestone; with the mills and the sucken, the smithies, the brew-houses, and the salt works; and the fishings, hawkings, and huntings." Thus, it is clear that the earth and the waters, and the fullness thereof, were made the property of the lord of the soil.

3. The present land laws of Scotland, notwithstanding some recent modifications, are still the direct offspring of Norman feudalism.

IV. In the latter half of the sixteenth century and throughout the seventeenth, the Celtic people, notwithstanding occasional contests with the Scottish Government, managed to maintain their clan policy in the Highlands till after the great Rebellion in the eighteenth century. But soon after the suppression of this unfortunate Rising, the clan system began to break up, and before the end of last century commercial landlordism had appeared in the Highlands. The old mutual and familiar relation between the chief and his followers was rapidly disappearing, and the worship of the golden calf was superseding the former state of things.

1. Thus, it has happened that early in the present century the just customary land rights of the Celtic people were ignored and

disregarded; as they had been in the twelfth century. This people instinctively believed in the twelfth and in the nineteenth centuries that they possessed rights in the land on which they had so long lived; and who is now prepared to maintain that they were not right in fact and in reality? and, therefore, in justice; although not so, according to the mere legal formalities of feudal law. So the feudal charter, with all the injustice involved in it, was put into execution to drive the Celtic people of Scotland out of their last refuge and heritage, just as it was used seven centuries before to deprive them of their land in the better parts of the country: at both periods their rights to the land on which they lived were the same; but the Government of Britain ignored and disregarded these rights, and also all the feelings of humanity, and permitted the claims of the feudal charters to run their course.

2. The result was a long series of forcible evictions of the people from many of the glens and straths of the Highlands—in many cases the homes of their fathers were levelled to the ground before their eyes, or burned about their ears, if they refused to go. But there is no necessity for dwelling here on the sad and deplorable tale of the Highland Clearances, since they have already been described—partly in the pages of this Magazine, and more fully in Mr. Mackenzie's work devoted to the subject.‡

3. When it became the main object of the Highland landlord to wring as much money as possible out of his estates, he then forgot that he had any other duties in relation to his lands. Thus, large farms, sheep farming, and deer forests became the fashion and the rage throughout the Highlands; while the interests and the claims of the people, in most instances, were utterly disregarded.

V. Concerning remedies for the present state of the crofters and small farmers of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, I am very glad to express a favourable opinion of "The Report of the Crofter Royal Commission." For, taking everything into account, this Report is indeed highly creditable to the intelligence and the spirit of the men who drew it up; and it is a document

‡ *The History of the Highland Clearances*, by Alexander Mackenzie. 1883.

worthy of the most careful consideration by all who wish to make themselves acquainted with the present state of the crofter population in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

1. But I regret exceedingly that I cannot give a favourable opinion of the Crofters' Land Act passed by the late Government. This Act is sadly lacking in the elements of simplicity, explicitness, and thoroughness—the very points which were most clamantly demanded and most necessary for the matters and circumstances which required to be treated and settled. There is, therefore, little hope that the operation of the Act will prove satisfactory, although it may assuage some of the existing grievances.

2. There is no doubt that the rents which the crofters are charged for the small patches of land which they occupy are, in general, far too high. It is a fact that the greater part of the land of Scotland is at present too highly rented, and more especially the small holdings.

3. Indeed, the prime difficulty of the Highland Land Question lies in the poorness of the land itself, and the badness of the climate. In a word, much of the land in the Islands, and in many parts of the Mainland, cannot yield any economic rent at all.

4. This being the case, it seems that the most expedient mode of obtaining all that can be got from it, is to combine the arable lands with all the best portions of the pasture and moorlands, as far as this is possible. The outcome of such an arrangement would be that the tenants—crofters and farmers—would then be enabled to keep more live stock—cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry—and be less dependent on cereal crops; potatoes and turnips might also be more largely cultivated with advantage.

5. Regarding the extent of crofts, I may speak with some confidence, for I was brought up on one of them. In Scotland three or four acres of land for agricultural purposes to a man to work and live upon will not do at all, unless in very exceptional circumstances; and in the Highlands many of the crofts are far too small. Now, if human life is to be rendered endurable and worth living in this department of industry, the crofts in the Highlands and Islands should be enlarged. The proper extent

of crofts should be from 8 to 20 acres of arable land, with pasture and moor besides; and, where it is possible, four or five of them, at least, should be near each other, for the economical reason of keeping among themselves horses to work their crofts by mutually assisting each other. In this way, it seems to me, that the crofter's life could be made endurable and comfortable even in the Highlands.

6. Touching small farms, of which there are too few in the Highlands, for, just as the existing crofts are too small, on the other hand, many of the farms are too large, there should be throughout the whole country a far greater number of farms ranging in extent from 50 to 100 acres of arable land. The mania for large farms, which set in about fifty years ago, should be reversed.

In conclusion, with all due reverence and respect for the British Government, I venture to remark that there was not a real necessity, neither on the present nor the last occasion, for bringing a military force to extort the penalties of the feudal law from the poor tenants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Indeed, taking everything into account, these people deserved something very different at the hands of the Government. If such treatment as this is to be meted out to them for their long loyalty to the Throne and to the Empire, the time cannot be far off when they will begin to look elsewhere. After all that the Celtic race have endured in Britain, and who has recounted their sufferings for the past seven centuries? but now they are attacked in their last refuge by that very Power which they have done so much to create and uphold. Where would the British Empire have been without the Celtic Race? Where would it be even now if they were to withdraw from it? Let the responsible Statesmen of the Empire think of this, remember it; and henceforth be guided by the clear dictates of justice, of wisdom, of gratitude, and of humanity.

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

II.

THE following is a good specimen of the cumha, or lament, in which the Celtic genius may be said to have delighted. It was in strains such as these that the Cailleachan-tuiridh of the clan enumerated the virtues, and bewailed the fall of a chief. How wonderfully has Sir Walter Scott, who had so indifferent a knowledge of Gaelic, given expression to this ancient, elegiac vein of Gaelic poetry—

Fleet foot in the corrie,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone—and for ever.

The words of this coronach were constantly occurring to my memory as I wrote down the rueful, anapestic stanzas of Cumha Eoghann Og Bhreacachaidh. This young Marcellus, whose premature death is so bitterly deplored, was no doubt a scion of the house of Cluny; for he evidently belonged to the Ralia, or Crubinmore family, which is now represented by Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim. The air to which the lament is sung, being a weird and somewhat irregular kind of chaunt, but ill adapts itself to the restrictions of annotated music—

'S trom a shaltair an t-aog oirnn,
Bhuail e corran na saighte
Ann am broilleach na soillse,
Leòn e sgoilear na beurla,
'S e dh' fhag bronach do dhaoine,
'Bhi 'gad ghiulain air ghòidibh,
Ann an *crèids*' air neart ghaoirdean,
D' fhàgail dùinte fo 'n fhroighnidh,
'N seòmar ùr 's tu bhi 'n comhnaidh fo'n fhòid.

Thàinig tarraid neo-chaomh oirnn,
'S e mar ghaduich' 'san oidhche,
'S cha b'è 'm bagar a rinn e,
Rinn e 'bheairt mu'n robh an t-aobhar,

Lùb e 'n gallan a b' *fhìne*,
Dh' fhàs de 'n darach bu daingne,
Bu sgiath chùil air thùs feadhna,
Bu neo-bhùit ann an caonnaig,
Fath mo ghearain gun d' fhaodainn
'San tùr gheal air a' choinneamh 'sam bì 'm pòit.

Mo mhòr dhiùbhail do chàramh,
Dhùblaig deoir air do chairdean,
Dh' fhàisg an dùirn mu chùis d' fhagail,
Ann an *crâide*' fo bhuird sabhaichte,
Gun cheòl cumha no tàlaisg,
Gun sgal pìoba no clàrsaich,
Gun cheòl fìdhl' ach deoir shaillte,
Aig a' mhuinntir a dh' fhag thu fo bhron.

Cas a dhìreadh am bruthach,
Leat bu mhiann air do shiubhal,
Iubhaidh chaol a' bheoil chumhaing,
'Chuireadh fùdar 'na shiubhal,
A tholladh béin le mòr-udhar,
'S coin air éill 'gan cur riutha—
Bheireadh te dhiubh le bruthach fo leòn.

'S binn an naigheachd 's na beanntan,
Dha na greighibh 'n tìm samhraidh,
Dha na h-aighean 'n tìm tèarnaidh,
Dh' eòin sléibh is dh' iasg aibhne,
Dha 'n damh dhonn théid 'san dàmhair,
'A choileach dubh nan sgiath bàine,
Gun do chaochail air d' àbhuist,
'S bho nach maireann ort slàn Eoghainn Oig.

Tha do phàrantan brònach,
Tha do bhrathran fo dhòran,
Tha do phiuthar fo dheoir dhe,
Tha leann-dubh oirr' an còmhnuidh,
Mu 'n leòmhann ghasda gun mhòr-chuis,
Dh' fhoghluim gaisgeachd bho 'òige.
Bu sgiath dhìon air a' mhòd thu,
Bu chùl-taic dha na deòir thu,
Beairt is dìomhain ri leòghadh,
Na chuir sìos ann an òran,
Cha-n 'eil 's an t-saoghal ach goraich.
Is gach maoin dhe mar cheò dol air sian.

'S goirt leam acain bhur diùbhail,
Chaill sibh seobhag tigh' Chrubainn,
Ursainn chatha 's gach baoghal,
Sgoilteadh gnothuch gach cùise,
'S e fath mo ghearain ri chúnntadh

Gun d' odhraich anart is ùir ort,
Ann an teampull fo chùl-llc,
Far nach dùisg do luchd ciùil thu,
Thug an t-Ard-righ an slat-iùil bhuain,
Measg nan aingeal cho muirneach ri Iob.

Mo mhòr dhiùbhail do chàramh
Stiùr an cùp ud ri d' áirnean,
Shaighte dùbailte làidir.
D' fhuil bhi brùite 'n ad bhràghad,
'S i bhi taomadh mar sgàrlaid,
'S nach robh cùis ann gu teàrnadh.
Fo na dùil thu chum slàinte,
Gaoiridh trombaid gu h-árda,
Sgoiltidh uaighean is teampuill,
Eiridh mairbh asda nàirde,
Mu'n d' thig m' ionndrainnse 'làthair,
Dh' inns' dhuinn ciod e am barr tha teachd oirnn.

Nam b' ann le creubhagaibh feòla,
Bhuint' an t-eug ud a leòn thu,
Chluinnte sgeul air an Albainn,
Nochdta crann is brèid-sròl ris,
Mar ri cat is greann chòlg air,
Rachadh treud leat an ordugh,
Da thaobh Spéithe gu Lòchaidh,
Dh' thàgadh creuchdan a' doirteadh,
Is iad mar dhrèagonaibh òga dol sios.

T. S.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

(Continued.)

In 1760 Macleod raised a company of men on his property in Skye, and gave the command to his nephew, Captain Fothering-ham of Powrie. The company was afterwards embraced in Keith and Campbell's Highlanders, and served with distinction in Germany, under Prince Ferdinand. A good number of men from Macleod's estates joined the Scotch Brigade in Holland, of which Macleod of Talisker was Colonel, and Macleod of Balmeanach Major.

Norman was known in his time, and is still spoken of in the

traditional history of the family as "An Droch Dhuine" or "The Wicked Man." This was no doubt owing to his gambling, extravagant, and reckless habits of life, by which he for a time seriously impaired the prospects of the family, and especially for his cruel treatment of his first wife, and Lady Grange.

He married first, about 1726, Janet, youngest daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald, fourth Baronet of Sleat, with issue—

1. John, who commanded the Macleods at Inverness in 1745, and married in 1753 Emilia, only daughter of Alexander Brodie of Brodie, Lyon-King-at-Arms, with issue—one son, Norman, born on the 4th of March, 1754, at Brodie House, who succeeded his grandfather in the family estates, and as Chief of the Clan; and five daughters—1. one, who married Charles Mackinnon of Mackinnon, who sold Strathaird in 1786 to MacAlister of Loup. She left issue — John Mackinnon, who died unmarried at Leith in 1808. After the death of her husband, she went to Italy, became a Roman Catholic, and died in a convent. She left an only daughter, Penelope, who married Alexander Mackinnon of Naples and Buenos Ayres, with issue—Charles Mackinnon, Montevideo, who, a few years ago, came back to London as Brazilian Consul. (2.) Mary, who married Captain Ramsay, R.N., with issue—Colonel Norman Ramsay, who fell at Waterloo. He married his cousin, Mary, daughter of General Macleod of Macleod, by his first wife, Mary Mackenzie of Suddie. (3.) Isabella, who married Mr. Spence, without issue. (4.) Anne, who died unmarried in 1826. (5.) Another, of whose future we have no account. In 1765, John went to reside at Beverley, in Yorkshire, where he died on the 7th of January, 1766, predeceasing his father by six years, and was buried in the Minster. His widow (who died in 1803), and his five daughters, removed to Hampshire, while his son, Norman, proceeded to Edinburgh, where he studied in the University of that City, under Professor George Stuart.

2. Emilia, who married Captain Augustus Moore, of Salston, in Ireland.

Norman was separated from his wife, Janet Macdonald, of Sleat, for many years, during which time "he took a fancy to a pretty girl," named Anne Martin. He is said to have sent his wife a kind letter, inviting her back to the Castle. She returned, and soon after she was reported dead. Tradition has it that he placed her in the dungeon of the Castle, where she was allowed to die. Certain it is that, soon after her arrival at Dunvegan, Norman married, as his second wife, this Anne, daughter of William Martin of Inchfure, described in a manuscript in our possession as "Mrs. Ann Martin." By her he had issue—

3. Elizabeth, who married Sir James Pringle, fourth Baronet of Stitchill, with issue (among others), Sir John Pringle, fifth Baronet, born in 1784, and married, first, in 1809, his cousin, Amelia Anne, daughter of Lieutenant-General Macleod of Macleod, with issue, his heir, James; and secondly, on the 19th of October, 1831, Lady Elizabeth Maitland Campbell, daughter of the first Marquis of Breadalbane, with issue—two daughters —Mary-Gavin, who, on the 18th of July, 1861, married Major Robert, second son of George, 10th Earl of Haddington; and Magdalen-Breadalbane, who, on the 9th of July, 1863, married Alexander Anderson of Newstead, Australia.
4. Anne, who married Professor Hill of St. Andrews, with issue.
5. Rich-Mary, who married, on the 1st September, 1777, Thomas Shairp of Houston, with issue—(1), Thomas, Major, 96th Regiment, born 10th September, 1778, and died, without issue, before his father in 1807; (2), Norman, who became his heir and successor, Major, H.E.I.C.S., born 26th October, 1779; married 6th of March, 1808, Elizabeth Bining, fourth daughter of John Campbell of Kildalloig, Argyleshire, with issue—*(a)* Thomas, now of Houston, and *(b)* Norman, R.N., who died unmarried in September, 1844; *(c)* the late John Campbell Shairp, Principal of the United Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonards, in the University of

St. Andrews, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and Professor of Humanity in St. Andrews. Principal Shairp married, on the 23rd of June, 1853, Eliza, eldest daughter of Alexander Henry Douglas, younger brother of the Marquis of Queensferry, with issue—Norman, deceased, and John Campbell. Norman Shairp had also 8 daughters—Mary Anne Eliza, Christian, Annabella, Elizabeth Bining, Hetty, Grace, Helen Montgomery, and Georgiana Hope. Thomas Shairp of Houston had also by Rich-Mary Macleod of Dunvegan, Anne Macleod, who married, in 1804, Thomas Innes, R.N., and Christian, who, in 1820, married William Mitchell Innes, of Parson's Green, and Ayton.

Norman Macleod had a natural son Major General Alexander Macleod of Lochbay, who fought in the American War of Independence, afterwards distinguished himself in the European Wars, and ultimately rose to the rank of Major-General in the British Army. He married Anne, eldest daughter of the famous Flora Macdonald, with issue, and for a time occupied Dunvegan Castle.

Norman died in 1772, and was buried in St. Andrews, when he was succeeded by his grandson,

XX. GENERAL NORMAN MACLEOD, who, as already stated, was born at his maternal grandfather's residence, Brodie House, Nairnshire, on the 4th of March, 1754. In the fragment of his Autobiography quoted in a previous chapter, this Chief informs us that, when he was only eleven years old, his father, with the family, went to reside at Beverley, in Yorkshire, where, as we have seen, he died in the following year. Of his mother at this time the General says—"The abilities, care, and maternal love of my surviving parent left me no other reason to regret my father than that which nature dictates for a brave, worthy, and so near a relation." His grandfather at this time resided near Edinburgh, and young Norman was placed under the tutorial care of Professor George Stuart. Of this period General Macleod writes—"Under Mr. Stuart, and in the sight of my grandfather, who lived near Edinburgh, I continued to pursue an excellent and classical

education for near five years; in this time I obtained a competent knowledge of Latin and French; and I acquired a taste for reading, and a desire of general knowledge which has never left me. I was permitted to pay a visit to my mother, who had settled in Hampshire, for the education of her daughters; after which I was summoned to the University of St. Andrews by my grandfather, who had taken a house in the neighbourhood. Here, for one year, I attended the lectures of Dr. Watson (author of the History of Philip the Second) on logic, rhetoric, and belles lettres, and those of Dr. Wilkie author of the Epigoniad, on Natural Philosophy; I also read Italian. Next summer I again visited my mother; and was sent in the winter to University College, in Oxford. My tutor, Mr. George Strahan, zealously endeavoured to supply my deficiency in Greek, and I made some progress; but, approaching now to manhood, having got a tincture of more entertaining and pleasing knowledge, and a taste for the Latin, French, and English classics, I could never sufficiently labour again as a schoolboy, which I now and will for ever lament." This was written in 1785, when General Macleod was thirty-one years of age, and after he had considerable experience of life at home, and in the Indian army; and he states that his early education, though "a scholar would very justly call it superficial," contributed much to his happiness in life. The fragment of his autobiography and his Indian correspondence which we have perused, and from which one or two letters will appear in these pages, amply show that he was a man of extensive reading and culture, and that he could wield a graceful pen with considerable point and literary skill.

We have already given, in his own words, the noble efforts which were made by him, during his grandfather's life, to place the relations of chief and clan on a more satisfactory footing—efforts to which we would call the special attention of the chiefs of the present day. His own description of what he did, and the sentiments and spirit which moved him to action, deserve to be written in letters of gold. When engaged in his patriotic attempts to retrieve the position of his house and clan, his grandfather died, and young Norman succeeded to the chiefship and estates. He at once proceeded to Hampshire, and, as

he says himself, easily prevailed with his excellent mother and sisters to repair, in performance of his promise to his clan, to Dunvegan, where they soon after arrived and, with the young, noble-hearted chief, took up their residence. Shortly after, Dr. Johnson and Boswell, then on their famous tour to the Hebrides, visited Dunvegan Castle, and were entertained within its walls for several days. Before the famous pair reached Dunvegan, they met the young chief at Raasay, and Boswell informs us that "Dr. Johnson was much pleased with the Laird of Macleod, who is, indeed, a most promising youth, and with a noble spirit struggles with difficulties, and endeavours to preserve his people. He has been left with an encumbrance of forty thousand pounds debt, and annuities to the amount of thirteen hundred pounds a year. Dr. Johnson says—'If he gets the better of all this, he'll be a hero; and I hope he will. I have not met a young man who had more desire to learn, or who has learnt more. I have seen nobody that I wish more to do a kindness to than Macleod.' Such (continues Boswell) was the honourable eulogium on this young chieftain, pronounced by an accurate observer, whose praise was never lightly bestowed." On the 13th of September, 1773, they arrived in the afternoon at Dunvegan Castle, after having spent the previous night with Flora Macdonald in Kingsburgh House, where Dr. Johnson slept in the bed occupied by Prince Charles in 1746.

Boswell describes the castle thus—"The great size of the castle, which is partly old and partly new, and is built upon a rock close to the sea, while the land around it presents nothing but wild, moorish, hilly, and craggy appearances, gave a rude magnificence to the scene. Having dismounted, we ascended a flight of steps, which was made by the late Macleod for the accommodation of persons coming to him by land, there formerly being, for security, no other access to the castle but from the sea; so that visitors who came by the land were under the necessity of getting into a boat, and sailed round to the only place where it could be approached. We were introduced into a stately dining-room, and received by Lady Macleod, mother of the laird, who, with his friend Talisker, having been detained on the road, did not arrive till some time after us. We found the lady of the

house a very polite and sensible woman, who had lived for some time in London, and had there been in Dr. Johnson's company. After we had dined, we repaired to the drawing-room, where some of the young ladies of the family, with their mother, were at tea. This room had formerly been the bed-chamber of Sir Roderick Macleod, one of the old lairds; and he chose it because behind it there was a considerable cascade, the sound of which disposed him to sleep. Above his head was this inscription: 'Sir Rorie Macleod of Dunvegan, Knight. God send good rest.' . . . . Our entertainment here was in so elegant a style, and reminded my fellow-traveller so much of England, that he became quite joyous. He laughed, and said, 'Boswell, we came in at the wrong end of this island.' 'Sir,' said I, 'it is best to keep this for the last!' He answered, 'I would have it both first and last.' Dr. Johnson said in the morning (14th September), 'Is not this a fine lady?' There was not a word now of his 'impatience to be in civilized life;' though, indeed, I should beg pardon—he found it here. We had slept well, and lain long. After breakfast we surveyed the castle and the garden. Mr. Bethune, the parish minister, Magnus Macleod of Claggan, brother of Talisker, and Macleod of Bay, two substantial gentlemen of the clan, dined with us. We had admirable venison, generous wine; in a word, all that a good table has. This was really the hall of a chief." Boswell then describes in interesting detail the conversation which followed after dinner, and again after supper. Lady Macleod shows to great advantage, and Dr. Johnson enforces in characteristic fashion his strong common-sense views of men and things. Macleod of Ulinish was one of the jovial supper party at which the young laird, surrounded by so many of the leading men of his clan, is described as a very pleasing sight.

(To be continued.)

GLASGOW STUDENTS.

IV.

[By W. J. Douglas.]

THE ordinary work-a-day life of a student is dull enough. He rises from bed shortly after seven, and, pulling aside the blind, looks out to see if there is a fog. There is nearly always, of mornings, a fog in Glasgow, and of the nastiest kind. If he has been brought up to honour and obey the commandments of modern science, our student has now a cold bath and feels that he can defy all the fogs and frosts of Glasgow. But I must confess that the tub is not a popular institution, and, as a fire at this hour is an almost unheard-of luxury, the student often goes creeping away to college like a piece of perambulating frozen meat. Perhaps, according to the good old usage, he reads "a portion of Scripture," but I fear that the custom is not very common, especially among the students of divinity. If he has time to read anything, he has another go at that aggravating passage he can by no means construe, or that problem which has baffled and defied his intellect. But often he is oppressed by other problems not in Euclid, as "Whether the landlady will leave him two minutes and a-half to eat his breakfast?" and "Why cannot the human animal eat porridge and drink coffee scalding hot?" For landladies will sleep late, kitchen fires will refuse to burn, and time will go on, until the agonised student, as he watches the minutes disappear, begins to think that he must sacrifice one of two things, his breakfast or his class. Classes cannot be sacrificed with impunity, and at last he reaches the very latest minute when, by running all the way, he will be able to gain admittance to the lecture-room before the remorseless door is shut and locked. For the professors, at least most of them, are very strict about the quarter minutes, and a student who has long delayed as to whether he will sacrifice class or breakfast sometimes loses both. His breakfast has just come in hot and tempting, as he is rushing from his room. Never saint of old resisted temptation greater. But he does resist, and feeling hungry all over, he

rushes out into the foggy atmosphere. Along the streets he plies as if bloodhounds were at his heels. The hill at last is reached upon which the College stands. The bell is still tinkling merrily, but he sees no students outside the gates except, perhaps, one late and puffing like himself. Up the hill he dashes and strains. Too late, alas! too late! The bell ceases, and the oaken door, with its iron nails, slams to, just as he is in sight of it. A student tragedy has been consummated. But a crafty and experienced student does not leave himself open to such dismal reverses of fortune. He only takes a preliminary breakfast before going to his class, and that he does not leave to things so uncertain as the capabilities of landladies and kitchen fires. He has a little coffee apparatus, a tin of biscuits and a piece of cold meat, and goes forth contented and happy, for he wisely considers that the real function of philosophy is not to endure the ills of life, but to prevent them. When the lecture is done he comes back to his lodging, eats his breakfast in tranquil leisure, and reads his newspaper with the complacency of one who has done his duty. My blessings on the man who invented a "coffee apparatus." It is the boon of the bachelor and the stay of the student. To the man who possesses a coffee apparatus and a clay pipe, with the materials to fill them, ambition calls unheeded and the sirens sing in vain. Avaunt, thou vain and empty show of a world, who hast not even proved to the satisfaction of philosophy that thou art a world at all; avaunt, beauty; avaunt, ye fair daughters of Eve; what are ye all to the visions that arise fair, and soft, and sweet, and with gracious splendour when there is poured forth the sacrificial fragrance of coffee and tobacco? Bah! I would not give my coffee apparatus for the beauteous presence of Dardan Helen, or Mrs. Langtry.

The forenoon is by far the best time of a student's day. He gets his classes past, has, perhaps, a turn in the gymnasium with the genial teacher of the manly arts and sciences, and then takes a walk through Glasgow city. And why does he do that? Why not walk into the country and study the beauties of leafless nature? There are some very pretty pieces of natural scenery in the vicinity of Glasgow. I know of one tall chimney that rises in a quite romantic manner out of a little wood. Perhaps he wants

to see the booksellers' shops, to discover whether Professor Bah's long promised book on "The Big Toe," or Mr. Boo's eagerly expected work which is to prove that "Every Thing is Nothing," has yet appeared. Nay, my brethern, nay verily. They have gone out to look at the girls or, as the medicals put it, or used to put it, in their queer patois, "to have a squint at the Judies." I wonder how often I have been told that the Glasgow girls are the prettiest girls in the whole world? An enthusiastic youngster would go forth at mid-day without an idea in his head or a care in his heart. The sun would shine brightly through the frost, and the whole city would be roused to life and movement and gaiety and gladness. And in the park or in the street he would see a female morsel of humanity, tripping daintly along, all furs and blushes, and velvet hat and golden hair, and drooping feathers and roguish smiles. And then, and then—love's joyous anguish and hopeful despair, with yards of poetry and hours of eloquent description. *Ach mein himmel*, Glasgow girls the prettiest girls in the world! I have heard them described in turns so eloquent that, if there had been female listening angels hovering about, these must have felt jealous. Some students are especially open to the influence of Dan Cupid's mother. One young man used, I know, every month to be touched afresh by "Love's fiery element."

"Ah," he would say to me, "is she not divine?"

"Yes," I would reply, for I am naturally sympathetic, "her sweet brown hair is ——"

"Brown hair," he would exclaim, "why, what? Oh, you are thinking of Miss A. I quarrelled with her months ago."

"Of course, I mean her raven locks ——"

"Now you are thinking of that sallow Miss B. What a fool I was ever to love that girl!"

"Yes, yes, I remember now, I should have said the golden ringlets of Miss C."

"No, no, no. That tousle-headed little creature with the pug nose! No, indeed! What is she when compared with the divine Miss D. my divine Miss D., Miss D., with the flaxen tresses?"

You have seen some people with a weakness in the eye who are always winking. My poor friend had just such an infirmity in

his heart! The delirium of love, that comes to most people in a lifetime, came to him once every month. I wonder what the girls thought of him? He loved and rode away about twenty times while I knew him, and I believe that he is loving and riding away still.

About two o'clock, the student comes home to his lodging for dinner. He generally crosses the threshold of his room with a slight sinking of heart. For my own part, although I always had the best of landladies and the best of lodgings, as lodgings and landladies go, yet I always found the coming to dinner a little dismal. Man was not made to dine alone, and I have known a literary man to marry because to pour out his own solitary tea was to him a horror. The dinner of a Scottish student is nearly always plain, and is generally plentiful. That is just as it should be. A great deal of harm is sometimes done by fussy people who go preaching asceticism, and the sublime virtues that lie in beans and lentils. There may be good students who are vegetarians, but I never heard of them. Some who are weak and sickly need to be very careful as to what stuffs they give their stomachs to digest, but to the vigorous, robust, healthy student, who works hard and takes a little exercise, nothing is so wholesome as a thick and juicy slice of mutton, except a juicy and thick slice of beef. Good soup and good meat, with plenty of fresh vegetables and fresh fruit, make the very best food for the ordinary man who wants to do much work either with his head or hands. I don't think, however, that I ever met a Scottish student who could be called a gourmand. Our gastronomic ambitions did not lie beyond the proper cooking of a plump and tender steak, which, by-the-bye, is one of the things in which cookery oftenest fails. Providence has made the steak to be cooked in one certain way, and most people persist in cooking it every other way. Yet, let me tell them, that there are immutable and eternal laws to be observed in the cooking of a steak quite as much as in the making of a world, which, according to some in these latter times, is only cookery of the largest kind.

Anybody who knows anything knows this, that it is bad to study immediately after a meal, especially after dinner. So, since

our student would not offend Nature for a good deal, he takes up a novel, and perhaps plunges into the marvellous adventures of Monsieur le comte de Monte Christo. Oh, what a temptation to weak student humanity is the novel! A student rushes away from temptation, flies from the streets where beauty throngs, forsakes the rich air of a sunny winter day, and secludes himself in the cloistral quiet of his lodging; and lo! temptation is here, even here, arrayed in yellow covers, pleading for only half an hour's sweet dalliance, and, when the solemn chimes of midnight sound above the sleeping city, the tempted and fallen one is still reading of prison escapes and terrific revenges, while the Greek verse is still unconstrued, the Latin prose unwritten. Frailty, thou art a student reading Monte Christo.

But even Monte Christo is less horrible than the girl, or the girls—confound them, there is always a pair of the saucy minxes —over the way. Monte Christo you can only read once, but unfortunately you can see them every day. It may be objected that I am writing too much of the feminine influence in the education of our rising pulpit, bar, and hospital. Young gentlemen are not sent to college to rave about young ladies whom they chance to meet in the West End Park, or to make eyes at any girl whether she does live over the way or does not. Very true. And I wish, for my own part, that facts were anything else than facts. How I should like to draw the ideal student who never did anything more or anything less at college than his parents and guardians told him to do. Give me that student and I will treasure him, or—no, don't give him to me, keep him and exhibit him. My students, unfortunately, are flesh-and-blood students, and very much so. And thus, whenever they move into fresh lodgings—which is often enough—they at once begin to look out for the girls over the way. There they are sure enough. However, they are not looking this side; of course not, the sly pussies. Our experienced student waits. At last one of them looks innocently up from her absorbing task. With native elegance our student strikes an attitude, wafts a dexterous kiss, places his hand upon his heart, and assumes a sublime expression of despairing love. Miss tries to look severely dignified, and to frown down her impertinent adorer. But his impudence cannot

be shaken, and gradually she breaks into a giggle. The other girl is, by this time, all alive to what is going on. So the two giggle together, and say things to each other that cause them to slap each other, and finally retreat in the prettiest confusion. Thus commences a window flirtation. Sometimes it never goes any further. The lads and lasses will make signs across the street to each other, laugh at each other, kiss hands to each other, and pass and repass each other on their daily business, yet speak no word of greeting. That, however, is not the rule. Neither the students nor the girls are particularly shy, and often they become very good friends. Nor do they ever get harm from each other. The localities in which students lodge are not, true, of a very aristocratic class, but they are inhabited by honest, steady working men, small shopkeepers, and clerks with no great incomes. Thus the girls are generally very good girls, and I am proud to say that nearly every Scottish student is a gentleman. But what a deal our students learn from these bold and merry girls that is not set down in the college almanack. I went the other day to hear an eloquent young preacher. His thoughts were very fine, his language was finer still; but oh! his appropriate gestures were the finest of all. Now, where think you had he learned this art of exquisite pantomime? Why, at window flirtations to be sure. It was by making pantomimic love to the girls over the way that he gained that command over attitude and expression which make him the unrivalled preacher he surely is.

But suppose that our student has only read one chapter of Monte Christo, and exchanged one smile with the girl over the way, and has settled himself to his tasks. The difficulty about these is to begin them at all. One hesitates and shivers about entering the sea, but when one is in, then the delight of breasting the keen and merry waves. The first ten minutes of study are the worst. Gradually the interest grows until it becomes all-absorbing. The student has a sense of combatting difficulties, a sense of struggle and of triumph, a conflict-sense, and from that comes the highest and the keenest pleasure man can know. How a student's hours run on! He never hears the striking of the clock, or notes that the fire is burning low. Only a soldier, amid battle splendours, knows the full, deep joy of manly doing, as it

is felt by the student as he clambers to the altitude of some mighty thought and sees the glorious prospect all at once before him. Neither love nor wine stirs and gladdens the heart like the unveiled beauties of thought and poetry. There is not a student but who has fancied at some full tide of intellect that the gladdest and the noblest spot on earth must be a hermitage sacred to learned quiet. For Learning has her moments of ecstatic trance no less than Religion. After long study, the devotee of the one has, as, after long, lone praying, the devotee of the other, glimpses of uplifting veils and beauteous, strange worlds that make common day and common life very dull and tedious. Yes, our prosaic student, flirting with the girls, laughing at all things, seen and unseen, eager for mischief, slow to love learning, and very slow to work for it, even he has blest moments of the scholar's rapture and revelation. Alas, that they should be so few.

A student's working day is done about eleven o'clock at night —to use a somewhat Irish phrase. Does he go to bed, then? Well, not always. He often visits or is visited. Eleven o'clock is a very fashionable hour for students to make calls. Not that they are particular as to an hour or two. I never felt myself safe till two A.M., and I have had callers even after that. They would come bursting into the hot rooms, all laughing and rosy, with a delicious sense of outside freeness and freshness about them. Then would come a preparing of coffee, a drawing of corks, a cutting of bread, and cheese, and ham, a lighting of pipes, and an unloosening of tongues as if confusion had come all the way from Babel to pay us a visit. What songs, jokes, laughter, what perfect happiness. Perhaps the policeman would come beneath our windows and cough, and we would have him up, and he would drink our healths, telling us, "as how he had always said that the students were the boys and no mistake." Many of us who have sat at civic feasts have found them dreary at great men's tables, and discovered them to be dull. But never do we look back to these impromptu student suppers without enthusiasm.

Thus have I endeavoured to sketch a not unusual history of a student's day. In doing so I have taken neither the sons of genius nor the sons of dullness. I have preferred to take a healthy,

happy, good fellow, fond of learning, but much more fond of fun. He has the virtue of being ordinary and commonplace, which is one of the greatest virtues extant.

(To be continued.)

"THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE: ITS BATTLES AND ITS HEROES."—This is the title of an exceedingly neat little work,* which no Highlander ought to overlook. The author is Mr. James Cromb, who has already done excellent service to the Highland people by his well-told sketches of their life and character in the walks of peace. In the present work he presents them to us in the more exciting pomp and circumstance of the battlefield. It deals specially with the gallant performances of the Highland Regiments in the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, Ashantee, Afghan, South Africa, and Egypt, and may be regarded as a fitting supplement to the graphic pictures of the Highland Regiments of the older times given by Stewart of Garth in his sketches. A large number of pictorial illustrations serve greatly to enhance the work, which, indeed, one is almost tempted to say did not require them, as, irrespective of them, there is not a dull page in the book. We recommend the "Highland Brigade" very cordially as a very suitable New-Year's present to our boys, and we acknowledge anew our indebtedness to Mr. Cromb for his labours in imparting fresh interest to the character and history of our countrymen.

* Published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London; Menzies & Co., Edinburgh.

GHOSTS.

"Fears of the brave and follies of the wise."

THE term ghost is generally confined to the visible spirit of a dead person; but primitive man, equally with the members of the modern Society for Psychical Research, would object to such a limitation. Both parties would maintain that living people may have ghosts. Possibly the members of the Psychical Society would at the same time deny that dead people can appear as ghosts; but primitive men believed the dead had ghosts, and ghosts, too, that could be very troublesome. This belief of early man is one that is still common among even ourselves. The great majority of the people of the Highlands believe as thoroughly in the objective reality of ghosts as they do in their own existence, and in some districts doubt on such a point would be heresy as rank as doubt in regard to Holy Writ.

THE PRIMITIVE GHOST.

Early man, like modern savage races, believed that the soul of the sleeper departed from the body to wander away in dream-land, and the only distinction which he made between sleep and death was that sleep was a temporary, while death was a permanent, absence of the soul. The modern Zulu says that at death a man's shadow departs and becomes an ancestral ghost, and the widow will relate "how her husband has come to her in her sleep and threatened to kill her for not taking care of his children; or the son will describe how his father's ghost stood before him in a dream, and the souls of the two, the living and the dead, went off together to visit some far-off kraal of their people." Nor does primitive and savage logic stop at ghosts of human beings, dead or living; animals have ghosts as well; so, too, have natural or artificial objects; for in dreams a dead hero appears with ghost of hatchet, sword, and spear. It was in this state of primitive belief that religion first embodied itself. The dead were honoured, gifts and food presented to them, for which primitive man expected protection and help, or, in the commonest phase of this belief, he wished by such means to avert the wrath of the dead, and keep them quiet in the tombs. "The attentions

bestowed on the dead," says Mr. Frazer,* "sprang not so much from the affections as from the fears of the survivors. For, as everyone knows, ghosts of the unburied dead haunt the earth and make themselves exceedingly disagreeable, especially to their undutiful relatives."

Ghostly visitants were not appreciated by primitive man any more than by his modern representatives; and many were the cunning devices resorted to in order to keep the ghost within his tomb, or, failing that, to prevent him from returning or finding his way to his former home, or, if he did unfortunately so return, to render him powerless to do harm. The mildest method was to request the ghost to stay in his grave. *Requiescas in pace.* A more energetic method was, in returning from the grave, to pelt the ghost back, or even to pelt him before the funeral reached the grave. Heavy stones might be rolled on the grave to keep him down, and this, probably, is the ultimate origin of the mound and cairn. In order to keep the dead within the tomb, some nailed the dead man to his coffin, or tied his neck to his legs, or drove a nail through his skull, or a stake through his body, as was done even in this country in the case of suicides. To render the ghost harmless, even if he returned, some mutilation might be made, as when the Australians cut off the right thumb of a slain enemy, so that his ghost could not use the bow. Houses were swept to get clear of ghosts after the funeral was over, and various methods resorted to so as to get the ghost to his tomb. If, despite these precautions, the hardened sinner did return, primitive man was equal to the occasion. A ghost can find his way back to his former house only by the way he left it. Hence, firstly, the coffin might be taken out through a hole made in the wall or in the roof, and when the ghost came back, he found the hole closed and himself barred out. The dead man's eyes are also closed, and he is taken out feet foremost, so that he cannot possibly see his way back again. Mr. Frazer thinks that the changes of dress in mourning customs, and the reversals of ordinary usages, the putting on of masks, and personal laceration, were intended to bewilder the ghost, so that he would not know his friends or follow them home

* The "Primitive Ghost," in the *Contemporary Review*, July, 1885. I am much indebted throughout the remarks on the Primitive Ghost to Mr. Frazer's able article.

from the grave. Many races refuse to utter the names of dead persons for fear they should come back; and the Romans used before burial to call on the dead back (conclamare) to find if they were really dead, but not after burial by any means. An axe on the threshold or a knife hung over the door prevented a ghost entering into the house, or, if he did, he was sure to cut himself. Kindlier methods may be adopted. The dead may be comfortably housed and fed, so as to have no excuse for returning. The practice of placing food on the tomb is and was extremely common. But the greatest barriers against the dead consisted of two—fire and water. Ghosts cannot either cross fire or water, nor can any evil spirits as a consequence. The funeral party in returning stepped over fire, or there were later modified forms of this process. In any case, the ghost could not come through this barrier of fire. Equally if not more potent was the barrier of water:

"A running stream they daurna cross."

The water was poured out behind the corpse when it was carried out of the house; or the mourners might, in returning from the grave, plunge into a stream so as to drown or shake off the ghost, who could stick to one's clothes or person. The water barrier also dwindled down to the mere sprinkling of water on the person, or the water was carried three times round those who had been at the funeral, as among the Romans. These ceremonies were and are called purifications merely because their original force and significance were and are forgotten.

These same rites and barriers that keep a ghost away could also, naturally enough, be employed to keep the spirit within a dying person, and so preserve his life. And such was the case. The water and fire barriers were much in vogue to keep the dying soul within the body. The Kaffirs kindle a fire beside a sick person, the Russians fumigate him, and the Persians light a fire on the roof of the house. Other spirits had to be kept off, and these barriers might perform that business as well. Indeed, much concern was expended on the ghost of a person newly dead and so long as he was in the house waiting for burial. The house was cleared of open water vessels, so that the ghost could not get drowned. The use of knives or sharp instruments was

avoided in order that the ghost might not get cut by them, for we said that a knife, immediately the coffin was outside the door, might be hung up so that the ghost could not enter if he returned, or, if he did, he might be badly wounded. Fires were also extinguished in the house where the dead was, as James Logan records was the case in the Highlands. Hence fasting, or eating only in other people's houses, or even getting oneself fed by another, while the dead is unburied, is also common, and seems to have arisen, as Mr. Frazer suggests, from the belief that a ghost, as it could be cut, burned, or jammed, could also be eaten. The mourners might eat outside the house where the dead lay, but not in it.

THE GREEK AND ROMAN GHOST.

From the primitive beliefs in regard to the dead and their ghosts, to the ideas entertained about the dead among the Greeks, Romans, and Celts, is a long leap. A higher civilisation, with higher religious conceptions, refined the older practices and gave them new interpretations, or abolished them altogether. The loving reverence for the dead which we meet with in Greece and Rome is in striking contrast to the rude beliefs and practices we have just been considering. The feast in honour of the dead took place at Rome on the 18th February, for that month was originally the last of the year, and, hence, naturally sacred to death. Ovid thus describes the ceremony and the feelings attached to it: "Honour is also paid to the graves of the dead. Appease the spirits of your forefathers, and offer small presents on the pyres that are long since cold. The shades of the dead ask but humble offerings; affection rather than a costly gift is pleasing to them; Styx below has no greedy divinities. Enough for them is the covering of their tomb, overshadowed with the chaplets laid there, and the scattered fruits, and the little grain of salt, and the corn soaked in wine, and violets culled; these gifts let a jar contain, left in the middle of the way. I do not forbid more costly offerings, but by these the shade may be appeased; add prayers and suitable words, the altars being first erected. . . Conceal thy torches, god of marriage, and remove them afar from those dismal fires; the gloomy tombs have other torches than these. Let the divinities too be concealed, with the doors of their temples

closed; be the altars without incense, and let the hearths stand without fire. Now phantom spirits wander abroad, and bodies that have been committed to the tombs; now does the ghost feed upon the viands left for it." Yet, peeping behind all this reverential ceremony is seen the shadow of self—the fear of the dead—that is to say, the "primitive ghost" is there.

We have plenty descriptions of the Greek and Roman ghosts in their dwelling of Hades. The Classical belief, even at its best, gave but a poor, shadowy, comfortless existence to the spirits of the dead. In Homer, the Ghost of Achilles is represented as saying—"Rather would I live on earth as a poor man's hireling than reign among all the dead." The gods, it must be remembered, lived on the heights of Olympus, aloft in heaven and far away from the hated abode of the dead, which lay under the earth and ocean. Hence life—this life—was the only period of enjoyment; the life beyond had little in it for hopes or fears. And little regard was paid to it. Compared to the intense conviction in a future life held by Christians, the Roman beliefs were languid and half-hearted; so truly has "Christ brought life and immortality to light"!

THE CELTIC GHOST.

That the ghost of the Pagan Celt must have been of a character somewhat similar to the Roman and Greek ghost is a fair inference from the close relationship by descent and locality that existed between the three races. Unfortunately we have little direct testimony in regard to the beliefs of the early Celts on this or many other points. The descriptions of their funerals and the rites of burial point to a somewhat more realistic belief in a future life than either Greek or Roman, and the actual records of belief, as that money loans were given on the condition that they should be paid in the next world, lend additional strength to this view. The following are the classical quotations bearing on the subject:—"Their funerals," Cæsar says, "are magnificent and costly, considering their civilisation; and all that they think was dear to them when alive they put in the fire, even animals; and shortly before this generation the slaves and dependents that they were considered to have loved were burned along with them in the regular performance of funeral rites." Diodorus, Cæsar's contem-

porary, says:—"For among them the opinion of Pythagoras prevails, that the souls of men are immortal, and in the course of a fixed number of years they live again, the soul entering another body. Accordingly, at the burial of the dead, some cast letters addressed to their departed relatives upon the funeral pile, under the belief that the dead will read them." Mela confirms this fully:—"They burn and bury along with the dead whatever is of use to them when alive; business accounts and payment of debt were passed on to the next world, and there were some who, of their own free will, cast themselves on the funeral piles of their relatives, expecting to live along with them." Their vivid belief in a future existence is ridiculed by Valerius Maximus:—"Money loans are given, to be repaid in the next world, because they hold men's souls to be immortal. I would call them fools did these trousered philosophers not have the same belief as lay under the cloak of Pythagoras."

The old Irish legends also point to the conclusion that the Celtic dead had ghosts of a more substantial character than either Classical or modern ghosts possess. The many tales of the Islands of the Blest, where an earthly paradise existed, argue that the dead lived in bodies of a very sensuous and earthly kind indeed. The heroic tales present but one or two actual cases of ghosts coming back to earth, but these are not disembodied spirits in any sense of the term. Those ghosts are about as glorious and golden as when they lived and moved among men. Three such appearances at least are recorded: Cuchulinn's ghost was raised by St. Patrick to meet King Loegaire, who promised to embrace Christianity if the Saint could raise Cuchulinn. The ghost of Fergus was by the Saints of Erin raised to recite the Tain Bo Chualgne Epic in the 7th century, for that "queen of Celtic epics" had then been lost. Caoilte was in that same century raised to decide a historical dispute between the poet Forgoll and a semi-supernatural king of the name of Mungan, who was, however, said to be no other than Fionn himself resuscitated. These "apparitions" are all similarly characterised and described in the tales, and the description of Cuchulinn must suffice as a sample of the rest. After a graphic description of the two horses and chariot, the hero himself is thus depicted:—"A hero there in the chariot; a black

thick head of hair; smoothness on it on him; I should imagine it is a cow that licked it. A grey, jerking eye in his head. A purple-blue tunic about him of borders of all-white gold-withe. A brooch of red gold on his breast; it extended over each of his two shoulders. A white, hooded cloak about him, with a flashing red border. A sword of gold-hilt in arrangement of rest on his thighs; a broad, grey spear on a shaft of wild ash in his hand. A subsharp aggressive dart near it. A purple shield with an even circle of silver, with loop-animals of gold above his two shoulders. I should think it was a shower of pearls that was flung into his head. Blacker than the side of a black cooking-spit each of his two brows; redder than ruby his lips." In face of so substantial a ghost as this, it is needless to refer to the cloudy, misty ghosts of Macpherson's Ossian; their unauthentic character is too patent to require comment.

GHOSTS AMONG THE SCOTTISH GAEL.

There is nothing distinctive in the character of the Gaelic ghost; he is quite the same as his Scotch and English brethren. It is only in the tales and actions attributed to him that he possesses peculiarly Gaelic characteristics. Ghosts are now the departed spirits of the *unhappy* dead. No ghost returns to earth if he is happy or among the blest, unless, indeed, he happens to be the ghost of a murdered man seeking revenge. The general character of the stories is the same. A man has done something wrong; he dies without confession or reparation; his ghost returns and haunts the place where he lived until it is spoken to; it then reveals its secret and disappears for ever. The body of the ghost is composed of unsubstantial vapoury substance, resembling frosty breath. When hit the blow usually falls on air. Yet many tales tell of ghosts who fight and give heavy sledge-hammer knocks; others receive the blows as on an inflated air bag, and some are even quite substantial. One or two typical examples will bring out the various points.

There was a certain man in the North who died, and the very night after his burial he returned to his house and sat in his arm-chair as usual. His little grandchild, seeing him, went and sat between his knees. He disappeared at three in the morning. He returned and disappeared in this way several nights, and he

was not very welcome. So the people of the house sent for two godly men who should speak to him. One of them came and waited outside to meet the ghost. The latter came, and the godly man, having blessed himself and made a ring about himself, asked the spirit why he came back to earth. The ghost said that he was so troubled with an act he did that he could not rest until he confessed it before man. "I stole a heifer," he said, "and its owner brought me to law for it, and I gave a false oath that the heifer was mine. And now I want the owner to get it. Let my case be an example and a warning to all. Now, I shall never be seen again." The godly man found the facts were as the ghost said and carried out his instructions. A similar story is told of a cheating merchant, the scene being, as in the last story, in Sutherlandshire. The merchant's ghost came back, and none was bold enough to speak to him. At last the servant girl plucked up courage and asked the cause of his trouble. He told her he had used false weights and false measures, and that he cheated his customers and servants both. His son must put away the false weights and measures. "Let him then marry you," said he; "unless he does all this, I will appear again." The son faithfully carried out the ghost's behests. Several stories turning on the incident of the "haunted chamber" might be given, but really there is nothing specially characteristic of the Highlander in any that we have come across.

Stories are told of ghosts that fight. They may almost in any case fight and pommel unless they are spoken to first. Some lonely places are haunted by such mischievous ghosts as these, and, when once the victim falls into their clutches, not only does he get a severe pommelling that night, but he has to return every night to the same spot and go through the same round of fighting as the nights before. Release can be found only by the advice, and, perhaps, the services of a godly man. Even when one is expected to do the ghost a service, he begins, unless spoken to, by what he considers some playful pommelling, or by a deadly wrestle. A skipper lately told the following story of his own experience:—"The ship lay at anchor in a bay on the West Coast, and one night I was startled by a noise at the side as of a man in distress—he was, in fact, drowning. This noise I heard for several

nights, and I told the Captain, but he begged me not tell the men, and I did not. On Saturday I was left alone on board, the Captain and crew having gone ashore for the Sunday. As it was Saturday I did not like to work late, so I began reading the Gaelic Bible to pass the time, for I could sleep long next morning. Then I went to bed, faced the back of it, and was composing myself to sleep when I heard as it were the footsteps of a man coming down the cabin stair. I wondered how that was possible, for I had locked the door. But before I could face about the visitor had hold of me by the neck and kept one of his hands tightly on my mouth. I was nearly suffocated. I tried to get the hand away, but could not; I bit it, but he never felt it. In giving a spring I managed to say something, and he at once let me go. He told he had fallen aboard at that very spot and was drowned. Some of his companions were accused of doing it, but that was wrong, and I must declare that fact to the world; which I did."

People might get killed by ghosts under such circumstances. A postman, in the ante-railway days, had to travel at night a distance of 12 miles between Durness and the next post-office. He began to meet a ghost at a bridge half-way. So he flatly refused to go. The postmaster came to the village inn, and told the young men there how matters were, and asked if any of them would go. A young fellow volunteered to go, but he did not return next day. Search was made and, sure enough, at the bridge already spoken of he was found lying dead, all black and blue, with every bone in his body broken. His horse lay dead a hundred yards off. Evidences of a desperate fight existed, and the ghost was supposed to be no other than Satan himself. A similar story is told of a soldier who volunteered to do sentry duty alone at a post where a ghost was seen. He was found with every bone in his body broken, and his rifle twisted like a straw rope.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE venerable Gaelic scholar, Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the teaching of Gaelic in schools. He points out, as has often been done already, alas! to no purpose, the absurdity of teaching English, and it alone, to children who understand nothing but Gaelic. No use is made of their native Gaelic in the teaching of the English, and the result is that "there are thousands that read English but do not understand it, while at the same time the few Gaelic books we have are entirely sealed to them." Dr. Clerk is not advocating the teaching of Gaelic for any Highland patriotism; he does it for practical reasons. "It is not," he says, "the extinction of Gaelic, it is the extension of English that I plead for;" and as to the taunt that Gaelic is dying, he retorts that it has been dying since the time of Malcolm Canmore, yet is alive still, affecting the worldly prospects of the 200,000 persons that speak it.

WE here reproduce Dr. Clerk's scheme for teaching Gaelic in schools:—"Let the children," he says, "be taught the reading of English until they are through the 'Third School Standard.' Then let them learn to read Gaelic, for which an hour a day for four or five months will be quite sufficient. Then, after, let them be furnished with bilingual books, containing skeleton sentences here and there. Let them be daily exercised in translating from the one language into the other, and to fill up the skeleton sentences, until they obtain an intelligent mastery of both languages—until they become familiar with, and acquire a relish for, English; and while I do not expect that this teaching is all at once to revolutionize the Highlands and Islands, I firmly believe that it will confer upon the people the greatest benefit which they have received since the Reformation."

WE are heartily glad to see that the Spalding Club is again resuscitated under the title of the "New Spalding Club." The old Spalding Club was started in 1839, and lasted for 30 years, publishing in that period 38 volumes. The volumes are all of the highest historical value, and many of them deal with especially Highland and Gaelic interests. For instance, the Book of Deer forms one of its publications, and it is the only Old Gaelic work in existence. The New Club is to consist of 400 members, and its objects are to promote "the study of the History, Topography, and Archæology of the North-Eastern Counties of Scotland, and to print works illustrative thereof." A president, 10 vice-presidents, 40 of a council, a secretary, and a treasurer will conduct the affairs of the Club. The Earl of Aberdeen is president, and the council contains four other nobles. We are glad to observe that Mr. P. J. Anderson, M.A., LL.B., of Inverness, now resident in Aberdeen, has been appointed secretary. Mr. Anderson comes of a family famous for antiquarian research, and we have no doubt that he will make a secretary worthy of the traditions of a position filled by Dr. Stuart.

WHILE we record this piece of energetic action on the part of the people of Aberdeen, we cannot but regret that a similar Society is not started in connection with the Highlands. Lately a Scottish Text Society was inaugurated to publish old Scottish

MSS. and books. Now, in Edinburgh there are over sixty most valuable MSS. in Gaelic or in Irish, and yet we cannot start a Club or Society to enable them to be published. Documents of vast importance for the history of the Gaelic language and people are thus left unpublished. It is only when a stray German or Frenchman edits one of them in a foreign publication that we hear it mentioned that such a treasure as these Edinburgh MSS. exists. There really should be started a Gaelic Text or Manuscript Society, whose object would be to publish, firstly, the old MSS., and, secondly, the rarer Gaelic books.

MEANWHILE we learn that a new part of Windisch's *Irische Texte* is about to appear, and it will contain, among other tales, the tragical death of the Sons of Usnech, that is the Deirdre or Darthula story, from the Glenn Masain MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Well done the German! Perhaps this proof of the importance of our native stores of works and manuscripts may rouse us to action.

NOT Germans merely but Lowland Saxons are putting us to shame. The first meeting of the Inverness Gaelic Society was occupied with a paper by Mr. Liddal, advocate, Edinburgh, on the "Forms of the Verb in Gaelic." The subject has not been touched by the one or two philologists we can boast of in Scotland, and Mr. Liddal had a new field to work in, with all the difficulties attendant on such pioneer efforts. By means of Old and Middle Irish, and with the results attained by philologists in the Irish, Mr. Liddal was able to throw light on even the obscurest forms. The general characteristics of Gaelic conjugation were first pointed out. The mood and tense forms were then considered, and these along with the remains of the personal terminations were explained by reference to other Indo-European languages. The passive voice received a specially full treatment, and the paper concluded with an elaborate examination of the forms of the so-called irregular verbs in Gaelic. These Mr. Liddal pursued to the respective roots and analysed into their component parts, despite the havoc that time and accent has made on their forms.

THE 21st volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica has appeared, and it contains two or three articles of especial interest to us. These articles are Dr. Munro's "Rude Stude Monuments," Professor Robertson Smith's article on "Sacrifice," and the 72 pages that treat of Scotland—its history, geology, statistics, church, and early literature. To a Gaelic reader and scholar, the article on Scotland will be disappointing. In the history, the Highlands are scarcely mentioned; indeed, nothing but the political history is recognised, and that is confined practically to Lowland Scotland. Gaelic literature has no place by the side of the early literature; it is supposed to have been done under the head of Celtic literature. Sheriff Mackay's history is, apart from Celtic ground, satisfactory. The early history of Scotland is well done. The knotty problem of the Picts is left as it was, with a suggestion that they were nearly allied to the Gaels. The description of Celtic religion is comparatively poor, but the description of the early Celtic Church in Scotland is excellent in its facts and its conciseness.

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MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

So much has been done within the last twenty years in the study of the language, literature, and antiquities of the Gael both of Ireland and Scotland, that it is now possible not only to estimate with accuracy Macpherson's position in regard to the ballads and tales that contain our heroic literature, but also to decide with confidence in respect to the authenticity of his "Ossian" considered on historical and other scientific grounds. We shall here examine Macpherson's work in relation to the history, manners, mythology, amount of authenticity, and language which his Ossianic poetry presents.* And first, as to his history. Fingal is the general hero of the Ossianic poems of Macpherson. Who is Fin*gal?* Literature and tradition know only of Fionn, Finn, or Fyn. Fingal is a discovery (an invention?) of Macpherson's own; perhaps it is a curtailed form of Finn-Mac-Cumhal.† Where he got or how he invented the name is hard to decide. Feredach-Fingal is given as a King of the Picts in the 4th century; there was a Fingal Abbot of Lismore in the 8th century; Fionngal was a valiant General of the Irish in the 10th century, as Keating says; and Fingal was a King of Man and the Isles in the 11th

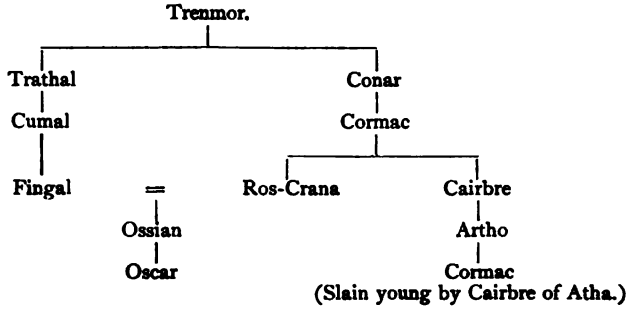
* For the contents and character of the heroic literature of the Gael, see the writer's paper on the "Heroic and Ossianic Literature" in Vol. XII. of the Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions, pp. 180-211, where Macpherson's relation to it is briefly discussed.

† "Out of *Finn macc Cumail* Macpherson has manufactured his *Fingal*," Dr. Whitley Stokes, "Celtic Declension," p. 71.

century. Curiously, a literary reference to Fionn as Fingal exists in Barbour's "Bruce":—

> "He said: 'Methink, Martheokes son,
> Right as Gow Mackmorn was won,
> To have fra Fyngal his menzie,
> Right so from us all his hes he.'"

Macpherson's Fingal was king of Scotland in the 3rd century. As a youthful king, he met Caracalla, the Roman Emperor, in 211, and defeated him. His grandson, Oscar, encountered Caros, that is Carausius, say in 290, and Fingal saw the death of Oscar after that. Consequently, we infer that Fingal was at least 100 years old at the Battle of Gabhra—Macpherson's Lena! Fingal was king of Western Scotland, north of the Forth and Clyde (Morven or Alba). He became great and famous; he gathered round him a band of accomplished warriors, and his own sons were conspicuous among them. Next to Fingal himself stands Ossian, the warrior poet, who tells these tales in his old age, and, then, the brave Oscar, son of Ossian. Gaul, son of Morna, stands next to these. The rest are mere names. The capital of the kingdom was Selma ("beautiful view"). In Ireland there was contemporaneously a dynasty of kings descended from the same family as Fingal. Ireland had been colonised in the south by the Belgae (Fir-bolgs), and in the north by the Gaels from Caledonia. These two colonies, of course, fought against one another; and the Gaels were forced to ask aid and a king from Alba. Conar, son of Trenmor, was sent over to help and to be king. The family connections will be best understood from this table:—



Fingal married Ros-Crana, daughter of Cormac, the second Irish

king, and she was mother of Ossian. On the death of Artho, Cormac, his son, was a minor, and the famous champion Cuchulinn, son of Semo, from the Isle of Mist or Skye, was chosen regent. Soon, however, a great Norse invasion under Swaran (Swero of Norway, 1201 A.D.?) took place. Cuchulinn asked the aid of Fingal, but engaged the Norsemen before the King of Morven arrived, and was defeated (*first two books of "Fingal"*). Fingal arrived when the battle was over, and next day engaged Swaran in a great fight, defeated and captured him, and then generously allowed him to return home (*last four books of "Fingal"*). Fingal then left Ireland, with Cuchulinn again in charge of it. But in the 27th year of Cuchulinn's age and 3rd of his regency, he was killed, shot by an arrow, in a battle at Loch Lego ("*Death of Cuchulinn*"). Cairbre, Lord of Atha and the Fir-bolgs, then rose against Cormac, who was defended by the sons of Usnoth or Usnech; but, as their troops deserted the sons of Usnoth, they fled leaving Cormac to his fate, but taking with them Darthula, a young lady whom Cairbre loved, but who hated him, not merely on his own account, but also for murdering her father. In their flight the sons of Usnoth and Darthula sailed for Scotland, but they were driven back by contrary winds again to Ireland, and, as misfortune would have it, they landed near Cairbre's camp. Cairbre met them and killed them with arrows, one of which pierced Darthula (*poem of "Darthula"*). Cormac was slain by Cairbre, but Fingal came with his heroes to revenge his death. Cairbre met them on the plain of Lena. Previous to the battle, he invited Oscar to his feast, and Oscar went. They quarrelled, fought, and both fell by each others' hands (*first book of "Temora"*). Then the generous Cathmor, Cairbre's brother, succeeded to the command. Next day the Caledonian army, under the command of Gaul, for Fingal always gave his heroes the chance first of gaining the victories and it was only when they failed that he himself appeared on the scene, fought a drawn battle with the Irish. The day after, Fillan, Fingal's son, commanded, the Caledonians were worsted slightly, and Fillan was slain. On the third day Fingal himself donned his armour, fought and routed the Irish, killing Cathmor. He restored the line of Trenmor to the Irish throne, and returned to

Scotland, resigning his spear to Ossian, who in future was to do the fighting. *(In this way, eight Epic books of Temora are spun out.)* Fingal died a natural death, evidently, and Ossian was at last left alone, old and blind, in the Vale of Cona, telling and singing his tales to "Malvina," Oscar's widow, and to the "Son of Alpin." He stumbles, perhaps, over a grave, or a shield sounds in the hall, and then the inspiration comes upon him, and out he pours his unpremeditated strain in Malvina's or in Mac Alpin's ears.

Detached poems and episodes fill in some details in this Fingalian history. "Comala" and the "War of Caros" concern Fingal's and Oscar's youthful encounters with the Romans in 211 and 290 (?). Two invasions of Morven form the subjects for the poems "Lathmon" and the "Battle of Lora." The first invasion was made in Fingal's absence by Lathmon, a British Prince; Fingal came back; Ossian and Gaul distinguished themselves by a night attack on Lathmon's camp, which "bears a near resemblance," as Macpherson says, "to the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus" in the 9th Æneid. Lathmon was overcome and sent home unharmed. The "Battle of Lora" concerns a Danish or Norse invasion, and is founded practically on the ballad "Teanntachd Mhor na Feinne." A Scottish Knight ran away Paris-like with the wife of Erragon, king of Lochlin; the king invaded Morven for reparation, and was killed. The expeditions of Fingal and his son and grandson, Ossian and Oscar, to the Isles and to Scandinavia are the theme of a few shorter poems. These heroes generally went to assist some old king, whose power was usurped by some ambitious neighbour or even by his own son or son-in-law. "Cath-Loda" shows how Fingal was cast by a storm on the shores of Lochlin (Scandinavia, etc.), and how he defeated there Starno, the king, and his son, Swaran, and returned in safety to Morven. Before this period, he had been invited to Lochlin to marry Starno's daughter, Agandecca; Starno merely wanted to kill him; and, being foiled in this by his daughter revealing the plot to Fingal, he revenged himself by killing her. "Carthon" has, in a Macphersonic setting, a plot similar to the story of Cuchulinn and Conloch, but the names are all different. Clessamor ("Great feats"), which

might be an epithet of Cuchulinn, takes the place of that hero in the poem, and Carthon that of Conloch.

Such is Macpherson's history of Fingal and his people. Let us compare it with historic facts, so far as they can be ascertained. These facts come from two sources, the contents of the heroic literature of the Gael and the early history of Scotland and Ireland, as recorded in the native annals. In regard to the heroic literature, the history and facts which it purports to hold have already been set forth by the present writer,* but, summed in a general way, Macpherson is as hoplessly astray in regard to them as he is when his chronology and history is compared with those of the annalists and historians. Unfortunately from the state of Scottish History, we cannot deny that a king of the name of Fingal might not have ruled in Western Scotland in the third century: the lists of kings given by our chronicles of course recognise no such king, but these lists are little more authentic than Macpherson's own fancy. But, when Macpherson deals with the history of Ireland, his work and words can be checked. We know in a general way the history of Ireland from the beginning of our era till 500 A.D.—St. Patrick's time. Though the history may not be trustworthy in detail, yet its general features are evidently accurate. Cuchulinn is placed just at the commencement of our era. Cormac, the king, certainly existed in the third century. There is thus close on three hundred years between the epoch of Cuchulinn and that of Cormac, that is, between Cuchulinn and Fionn. Ireland, then and afterwards, was divided into five provinces, with kings for each. And above all was the Ard-righ or chief king ruling at Tara (Temora). The great Conn Ceud-cathach reigned as chief king from 122-157 A.D.; then his son-in-law, Conaire, till 165; thereafter followed Art, son of Conn, who reigned till 195. Then came a usurper, Lugaid, 195-225, and a Fergus till 226. In 226, Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn Ceud-cathach, succeeded to the throne. He was the greatest and noblest monarch that ever ruled in Ireland: commerce and literature flourished then, and in his time, too, lived Fionn and his men. He died in 266, and in 267 his son, Cairbre, succeeded him. Cairbre fell in 284, in the

* See Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions, Vol. XII., pp. 180-211.

battle of Gabhra, slain by Simeon, son of Cearb, or, as tradition asserts, by Oscar of the Feinè. The idea that Scotland sent over kings and people to North Ireland shortly before is preposterous; the truth is exactly the other way. Macpherson's history is all manufacture, as usual, save some of the names. His double Cormacs and Cairbres are attempts to correct the errors of the 1762 edition in the edition of 1763.* So, too, when, in 1760, he killed Oscar and Dermid over a love affair, he had, in 1762, on finding the tradition about the death of these heroes too definite to be disregarded, to explain that the Oscar meant was not the son of Ossian, but another?

It is a perfect proof of manufacture that he places Cuchulinn and Fingal together, despite the fact that the ballads and tales, except the most debased of them, never confuse the epochs of Cuchulinn and Fionn. Curiously, Macpherson retains the chariot and horses of Cuchulinn, though he gives none to Fingal and his friends. True, he attaches the epithet "car-borne" indiscriminately to his fictitious heroes, but no one else save Cuchulinn actually uses a chariot. So far, and no farther, does he agree with the ballads in regard to Cuchulinn; it is a piece of unconscious authenticity. Probably, a more serious historical error is his antedating the invasions of the Northmen by five centuries at the least. These sea pirates did not appear in "Morven" or in Ireland till the 8th century; nor could there have been the facility of communication between Scandinavia and Scotland that is implied in his poems. Even the most vigorous Viking could hardly make more sea expeditions than Fingal. Yet the knowledge of shipping among the Gaelic Celts was poor comparatively, and certainly was nothing like what is implied in Macpherson's work. It may be objected that here he follows the ballads; to some extent the ballads do present considerable naval activity; but they cannot and seldom pretend† to have been composed by Ossian, a partaker and eye-witness of the feats he sings

* Pref. to 1762 Vol. and p. 143-4 of it; and p. 66-67 of 1763 vol. He found that Cairbre was son of Cormac, and not the other way; hence he has to double Cormac, and to make the one a grandfather to the other.

† Note how some of the ballads refer to a time long antecedent as a rule, "an àm nan laoch," etc., and many are dialogues reported as held between Ossian and Patrick.

about; the ballads are post-Norse, founding on older tales, but giving usually the life of the time of their composition, and of the time immediately previous, which was that of the Norse invasions.

Again, Macpherson's personal and place names are, outside the prominent traditional ones and those he borrowed from Toland in 1760, highly fanciful. His female names are especially open to objection: Malvina, "fair-brow;" Oigh-na-mor-ul, "girl-with-the-big-eyes;" Gaol-nan-daoine, "loved-of-men;" Sul-malla, "mild-eye;" Comala, "fair-eyebrow;" Agandecca, "face-of-snow," and so forth. Let it be observed that there are comparatively few female names in all the old ballads. Male names, like Classamor, "great-deeds;" Lam-derg, "red-hand;" Calmar, "brave-one;" Fonar, "tuneful-one;" Colg-ulla, "fierce-eye;" Corm-ul, "blue-eye," are evident forgeries. Personal names are rarely immediately significant; they may of course be reduced to significant roots, but length of time has obscured their immediate recognition. Compare Ossian, Oscar, Diarmat, Fionn, Goll, Morna, Cumal, etc., with Macpherson's own fabrications. The 1763 volume—"Temora"—is the worst offender in this respect. Place names are invented with greater ease: Gormeal, Lubar, Cromla, Cromleac, Selma, Morven, Ardven, Carric-thura, etc. Traditional and real names are often misused. Moy-lena is placed on the seashore in Ulster with the palace of Temora or Thura, that is Temra or Tara, placed beside it. Now, both Moy-lena and Tara are far inland in Meath and King's County, a long way from Ulster. Moy-lena is the scene of all the battles both in "Fingal" and "Temora." The fact is this: In respect to history and geography, Macpherson thought that these pre-Christian times were a blank mythic space where he could roam unchecked inventing history, customs, proverbs, and places. Unfortunately for him, the heroic literature and even the ballad tradition are very precise in their use of the proper names, and we do possess fairly good records of Irish history for the time between 1 and 500 A.D.

The manners and customs of Macpherson's Ossianic times, vague as they are, are outrageously untrue to fact; but they are just such as we might expect to meet in Macpherson or in any 18th century attempt in the same way. The literary revolt

against the correctness, prettiness, and artificiality of Pope's school of poetry, and the great desire to rush from artificial civilisation—from society and politics—to nature and to man in his natural and primitive simplicity, were gaining volume and impetus at the time Macpherson's literary career began. Only ten years before, Rousseau, in France, began to argue that man was not the better for civilisation, and with such effect that Voltaire could say:—"Really, the reading of your work makes one anxious to go on all-fours." Imagined merits of the noble savage were contrasted with the known demerits of the bewigged formalist, who lived a life of shams; and many hearts, as Henry Morley well says, were throbbing with desire for the recovery or the attainment of a state of innocence, love, and truth. The Celts, with their love of nature, were stepping in on all sides to save and to raise English literature; and Scotland—its capital, Edinburgh, especially—was teeming with literary activity, mainly Celtic in its inspiration and aspirations. Surely behind those Grampian hills must exist poetry of a natural kind, possibly barbaric, yet grand and noble, as the barbarian and savage race was fancied then to be! Did not the noble Calgacus, in the pages of Tacitus, read a lesson to the proud Romans of his time? Did he not show them the grandeur and nobility of barbaric and primitive life, as compared with the corruption, greed, and impurity of their Roman civilisation? And so the literary men of Edinburgh turned their eyes to the Gaelic Highlands, and wondered if the spirit of Tacitus' Calgacus and his heroes still existed in their ancient poetry. Home, the poet, was much interested in the matter, and when, in 1759, he met Macpherson at Moffat, he questioned him on the subject. Macpherson's answer was quite equal to Home's expectations; and upon a little pressure, and under protestation that he could not do justice in any translation to the grandeur of the original, Macpherson did translate a poem for Home—the "Death of Oscur." This poem pleased Home immensely; the poem recounted the death of Oscur, and purported to be composed by Ossian, his father. This first Ossianic poem is in every respect characteristic of Macpherson's work and method, and yet it was afterwards rejected as a forgery even by Macpherson himself. Its plot is this:—Ossian

opens with two paragraphs addressed to the "Son of Alpin," asking why he opens afresh the spring of grief, inquiring how Oscur fell. "I, like an ancient oak on Morven, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Prince of the warriors, Oscur, my son! shall I see thee no more!" Dermid, son of Morny, and Oscur were friends, with friendship "strong as their steel." The only match for the one was the other. They killed mighty Dargo in the field, and then fell both in love with Dargo's beauteous daughter, who was "fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two stars in a shower; her breath, the gale of spring; her breasts, as the new-fallen snow floating on the moving heath." And she loved Oscur, the hand that slew her father! Dermid, in despair, asked Oscur to slay him; they fought and Dermid fell. Oscur, in sadness, goes to the lady; she shoots at a shield, behind which he took his stand. "Her arrow flew and pierced his breast." And finding him dead, she at once killed herself. Such is the poem. A note carefully explains that nothing was held more essential to their glory by Highlanders than to fall by the hand of some person worthy or renowned. Hence Oscur's stratagem to get the lady to kill him. But the suicide of Dargo's daughter he suspects to be an interpolation, because such a thing was unknown in those times. So, too, he scouts the idea that Deirdre (Darthula) committed suicide, though the heroic literature of both Scotland and Ireland agree that such was the case. Surely, he must have forgotton that Queen Boadicea, "in those early times," died by her own hand!

This poem, as was said, is characteristic. Well known names are taken; they do things which are purely Macpherson's own fiction; there we find Ossian's loneliness and the address to Mac Alpin; there are the beautiful touches of description, and especially the description of the lady, which is thoroughly Gaelic in its conception, but the images as usual are more remote, vague, and second-hand than the more material ones of Gaelic songs; there is the Macphersonic sentimental ending—the heroes and the lady dying for love and grief—the lady on this occasion only killing herself for grief. The only leading characteristics we miss are the ghosts and the man's dress which Macpherson's heroines

so often don. The fate of this heroic idyll is very instructive. It may be looked for in vain in the ordinary editions of "Ossian." For Macpherson was at first not deeply versed in the Ossianic literature; he knew leading names and some facts—the Norse invasions and especially the ballad of Essroy; but his "Fragments" show that his knowledge of the history contained in the ancient literature was confined to the pages of Toland, from whom he borrows in these "Fragments" many of his names, and more especially the absurd form Cuchulaid for Cuchulain. But when he travelled the Highlands, he found the tradition and the ballads as to the deaths of Oscar and Diarmid so widespread, so definite and so much ingrained into the Fionn story, that he was forced to abandon his own version for the correct one. Now, how did he get out of the difficulty? By a piece of very clumsy audacity. The poem was repeated in a note at the end of "Temora" in the 1762 volume, with alterations and the remark that this Fragment of 1760 gave a different version of the death of Oscar from the one of general tradition, which he now adopted. He knew the general tradition, but he was unwilling, he said, to reject a poem, which, if not Ossian's composition, had much of his manner and concise turn of expression. A better copy of the Fragment, however, came to hand, and now he found that not Oscar, son of Ossian, was meant, but Oscar, son of Caruth, and Dermid, son of Diaran. The amended poem opens with the same two paragraphs addressed to Mac Alpin lamenting the loss of his son Oscar, and, then, the amended part comes in with the third paragraph thus: "But, son of Alpin, the hero [Ossian's own son] fell not harmless as the grass of the field; the blood of the mighty was on his sword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oscar, thou son of Caruth, thou hast fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy spear was stained with the blood of thy friend." And yet this is the first poem of Ossian that Macpherson produced! It is typical of the whole work!

(*To be continued.*)

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, FIRST EARL OF CAITHNESS, OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

THE Earldom existed for a long period, and was held by other families before it was acquired by the *Sinclairs of Roslin.* The St. Clairs of Roslin were Earls of Orkney and Caithness; and the Earldom of Caithness, as a separate Earldom, was conferred on William Sinclair in 1455 by King James the Second of Scotland. The Sinclairs were of Norman extraction, and came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066. It is said that they belonged to a small village in Normandy named Sanct Claro. They arrived in Scotland in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, as differences had arisen between them and those who held sway in England at the time. They considered that they had not been adequately rewarded for services which they had performed, and that was the reason why they left England and took up their abode in Scotland. There was another cause that might have induced them to settle in Scotland. They knew that it was the policy of Malcolm Canmore to get some of these Norman Barons to his kingdom, and on that account they no doubt calculated that fortune would favour them more in Scotland than in England. It is unnecessary to state that they were well received at the Scottish Court. The first of the name who it is believed took up his residence in Scotland was William de Santo Claro, a son of Waldernus Compte de St. Claro, and Margaret, daughter of Richard, Duke of Normandy. Extensive tracts of land were given to them, and in this way the Barony and lands of Rosslyn came into their possession.

There were three of the St. Clairs of Rosslyn Earls of Orkney —William Sinclair, the subject of our present sketch, being the third Earl. He was the son of Henry, the second Earl, and of Egidia, the only daughter and heiress of William Douglas, Earl of Nithsdale.

This William, Earl of Orkney, and first Earl of Caithness in

the Sinclair line, was a very able and distinguished man in his day and generation. He held many important offices in the State, and had considerable political influence; he was a great lover of the beautiful in architecture, and built the far-famed Chapel of Rosslyn; he enjoyed the confidence of Kings James the First and Second of Scotland, and was entrusted by them with several important missions connected with the State, while he encouraged those who were engaged in literature at a time when it was meagre alike in extent as it was in substance. In the "Lives of the Officers of the Crown," by Crawford, he is described as a man of "great parts, authority, and power." From all that can be gleaned of him, he appears to have been a man of sound judgment, exquisite tastes, and extensive acquirements—a nobleman singularly tolerant, yet firm of purpose, and one who, apparently, in rough and troublesome times, succeeded in a pre-eminent degree, wisely and well in all his undertakings.

He was Chancellor of Scotland, and filled the important office with much acceptance to the sovereign, as well as satisfaction to the lieges. When Lewis the Dauphin, son of Charles VII. of France, was to be married to the Princess Margaret of Scotland, King James the First selected the Earl on account of his qualities of head and heart, to accompany his daughter to the French Court, and witness the marriage ceremony on behalf of the Scottish nation. The Earl would never have been appointed to conduct such an expedition unless he had enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his sovereign, and be able to represent his country in a graceful and becoming manner at the French Court. Tytler in his "History of Scotland," states that the Earl "was accompanied by a splendid train of the nobility," and again, "The Bishop of Brechin, Sir Walter Ogilvy, the Treasurer, Sir Herbert Harris, Sir John Maxwell of Calderwood, Sir John Campbell of Loudon, Sir John Wishart, and many other barons attended in her suite" (that of the Princess Margaret). "They were waited upon by a hundred and forty youthful squires and a guard of a thousand men-at-arms, and the fleet consisted of three large ships and six barges." Father Hay, a scion of the family, in his 'Genealogical History of the Sinclairs of Roslin,' gives a rose-coloured account of the matrimonial expedition, and

says that the Earl was accompanied by "100 brave gentlemen, twenty of whom were clothed with cloth of gold, and had chains of gold, and black velvet foot mantles; twenty with red crimson and chains of gold, and black velvet foot mantles; twenty were arrayed in white and black velvet, signifying his arms, which is a cross in a silver field; twenty in yellow and blue coloured velvet, signifying the arms of Orkney, which is a ship of gold with a double tressure of *flower de luce* going round about in a blue field; and twenty diversely coloured, signifying the divers arms he had with him." Father Hay was no doubt pleased with the gloss and glitter he so accurately delineated; and he then describes the imposing marriage ceremony and the magnificent entertainment which followed, at which the Earl and his suite were all present. In narrating the reception of the Earl in France by the French King, Father Hay writes that "the Earl was honoured of all men in that country, and loved of King Charles, who, on the eve of his (the Earl's) departure for Scotland, conferred on him one of the French Orders of Knighthood."

During the time in which the Earl lived, titles of honour were in great demand, and he had a long list of them. He was Earl of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburg, Earl of Caithness and Strathearn, Lord St. Clair, Lord Nithsdale, Baron of Rosslyn, Baron of Pentland and Pentland Moor in free forestry, Baron of Cousland, Baron of Cardin St. Clare, Baron of Herbertshire, Baron of Hertford, Baron of Graham Shaws, Baron of Kirkton, Baron of Cavers, Baron of Newborough, Baron of Roxburgh, &c., Knight of the English Order of the Garter, and of the French Order of the Cockle, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Warden of the Three Marches, Lord Chief-Justice, Great Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland.

The office of Hereditary Grand Master of the Order of Freemasonry in Scotland belonged to the St. Clair's, and this office was retained in the family until they had parted with nearly all their other honours. It was, however, resigned to the Scottish Grand Lodge. In 1446 the Chapel of Rosslyn was founded by the Earl, and it certainly testifies to the wealth and splendour of the family in the olden time. The erection of the Chapel took up much of the Earl's time, and he collected the most skilled

masons from every quarter in Europe to finish the building. The Masons of Christendom were then in a society, their principal employment being in the erection of churches and chapels, while they were kept together by oaths and observances, which prevented those uninitated in the mysteries of the craft from a due appreciation of the designs and countless details of the architectural art. The Chapel, even at this day, is proof enough of the taste and love which William Sinclair entertained for the sublime and beautiful in architecture. The situation of the Chapel is excellent, while the surrounding scenery is varied and picturesque. The lyric muse has not forgotten its charms, and the sweet and plaintive air of Roslin Castle is familiarly known in almost every Scottish home. It has been remarked that the Chapel "is one of the most curious and singularly beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture extant," and, further, "that elegance may be considered its predominant characteristic. The extreme beauty and fine proportions of the various clustered pillars cannot be contemplated but with feelings of intense admiration, and everywhere there is that profusion of ornamental carving as if the whole stores of a rich but chastened imagination had been expended on the work." George, Earl of Caithness, who died in 1583, was buried in the Chapel. The Barons of Roslin were buried in their armour without any coffin, and there was an old tradition that on the death of any member of the family that the turrets of the Chapel were supernaturally illumined by fire. Sir Walter Scott, in his Lay of the Last Minstrel, alludes in graphic and pointed lines to this incident—

O'er Rosslyn all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Rosslyn Castle rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak.
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Blazed battlement, and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh,
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

The Earl lived at Rosslyn Castle in princely style—in a manner that no nobleman in Scotland surpassed, or even equalled. Father Hay states:—"He had his halls and chambers richly hung with embroidered tapestry. He was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver—Lord Dirleton being Master of the Household; Lord Borthwick his Cup-bearer; and Lord Fleming his Carver. His Countess had serving her 75 gentlewomen, whereof 53 were daughters to noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, and 200 riding gentlemen who accompanied her in all her journeys; and, if at any time she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, she had 80 lighted torches carried before her."

The Earl was twice married. His first wife was Margaret, Countess of Buchan, a daughter of Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas. Her husband, the Earl of Buchan, was killed in the Battle of Vernuil, while fighting with the French against the English. He held the office of Constable of France for some time. The Earl and the Countess were within the prohibited degrees, and shortly after the marriage took place it was dissolved, but they were married a second time on obtaining the necessary dispensation from the Pope. Two children were born of the marriage, namely (1), William, styled "Williame the Waster." It is believed that this term was applied to him on account of his extravagant and reckless habits. He is called "Waster" in old writs, and it may be safely assumed that it was for some reason of this kind that the Chancellor passed him over in the matter of the title. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Rothes, and they had a son, Henry, who was the first Lord Sinclair of Ravensburgh. He was killed at Flodden. Gavin Douglas, the celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld, at his desire, undertook the translation into Scottish verse of the Æneid of Virgil; and (2), a daughter, Catherine. She was married to Alexander Stewart, Duke of Albany, a brother of King James the Third of Scotland.

The Earl's second wife was named Marjorie, daughter of

Alexander Sutherland of Dunbeath. Sir Robert Gordon, in his "History of the House and Clan of Sutherland," states that this Alexander was the eldest son of John, Earl of Sutherland, but in the Peerage case with Sutherland of Forse, this was disproved. It is now supposed that this Alexander Sutherland of Dunbeath belongs to the Thorboll or Duffus branch of the Clan Sutherland. By his second marriage, Earl William had five sons and four daughters. The sons were named (1) Sir Oliver of Rosslyn; (2) William, who succeeded to the Earldom; (3) Sir David Sinclair of Swinburgh; (4) Robert, whose name appears in a deed in 1506; and (5) John, who was nominated Bishop of Caithness. The daughters were named Eleanor, Marion, Elizabeth, and Marjorie.

Considerable controversy has taken place regarding the seniority of Sir Oliver. Father Hay supports the theory that Sir Oliver was the eldest son from the fact that he succeeded to Roslin and the other valuable properties, whereas the second Earl only acquired "the barren domains" of the Earldom. Others allege that he was younger than William, the second Earl. The charter which James II. granted to the Earl is dated 28th August, 1455, at Edinburgh, and is written in Latin. It conveyed to the Earl "Comitatum nostrum de Caithness cum titulis de Carnoch et Eminavir campertinentiis et aliis pertinentiis dicti comitatus" —the estate was declared a free barony. In 1471 the Earl gave up to the Crown his Earldom of Orkney, in exchange for which he procured a grant of the Castle of Raven's Craig, with the lands of Wiltoun, Dubbo, and Carbarry, together with a pension of "400 merks from the great customs of the burgh of Edinburgh."

In 1476, the Earl resigned the Earldom in favour of his second son (William) by the second marriage, and King James the III., by Charter under the Great Seal, confirmed the same.

It is clear enough that William Sinclair, the ex-Earl of Orkney as well as of Caithness, led a very active and eventful life. He does not appear to have got mixed up in any way in the broils and conspiracies of the times. He must have been exceedingly shrewd, and possessed of great tact, ere he could have kept himself aloof from the network of jealousies and estrangements

then so common in the ranks of the nobility. He died in the year 1480, and was buried in the Chapel of Roslin, which he had founded, and to the completion of which he had devoted himself with so much energy, trouble, and perseverance.

An old writer gives the following description of the Earl:—"He was a very fair man, of great stature, broad bodied, yellow hair, straight, well-proportioned, humble, courteous, and given to policy, as the building of castles and churches, and planting of forests, which his works do yet testify." The Sinclairs may feel proud in having such a man the base of their pedigree; and it is very surprising that for upwards of four centuries the clan never was without a male representative to take up the Earldom.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

(Continued.)

When he arrived at Dunvegan Castle, Dr. Johnson was suffering from a cold, which became worse in consequence of his travels in such wet weather. Boswell, under date of 16th September, says—"Last night much care was taken of Dr. Johnson, who was still distressed by his cold. He had hitherto most strangely slept without a nightcap. Miss Macleod made him a large flannel one, and he was prevailed with to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. He has great virtue in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. Lady Macleod would hardly believe him, and said, 'I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far.' Johnson—'Nay, madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was prescribed me not to drink wine; and having broken off, I have never returned to it.'" Miss Macleod of Macleod remembers her great-aunt, one of General Macleod's sisters, who was present with Dr. Johnson, quite well, and

she supplies us with the following interesting reminiscence:—"I have often heard," she says, "my great-aunt, who lived until I was nearly grown up, speak of the visit of Dr. Johnson. Neither she, nor the other girls, seem to have appreciated his conversation as their mother and brother did. She used to say that he spoke crossly to the servants; and on one occasion, when the peats for his bedroom fire did not please him, he quite lost his temper, and insisted on going out himself to the peat stack in the court. As it was raining, and he went out without his hat, he caught a worse cold, and remained in bed for some hours in the morning. Lady Macleod thought it her duty to go up to inquire whether he had all he wanted. She presently returned to her daughters laughing, and told them that he had his wig on, turned inside out, with the back to the front, to keep his head warm. 'I have often,' she said, 'seen very plain men, but any one so ugly as Dr. Johnson lying in bed in that wig, I have not seen, and never expect to see again.'" It was probably in consequence of this episode that one of the Misses Macleod made for him the flannel nightcap mentioned by Boswell.

On Saturday, the 18th, a discussion took place between Lady Macleod, Dr. Johnson, and Boswell on the advantages and disadvantages of Dunvegan Castle and its situation. Mrs. Macleod expressed herself in favour of building a house on a farm she had taken about five miles away, where she could have a garden and other improvements which could not be had at the Castle. Boswell insisted that, whatever might be done in the way of building a house elsewhere, the seat of the family should always be upon the rock of Dunvegan, and Dr. Johnson said that the new house must not be such as to tempt the Laird of Macleod to go thither to reside. Mrs. Macleod insisted that the Castle was very inconvenient; no good garden could ever be made near it; it must always be a rude place; it was a herculean task even to make a dinner in it. Boswell protested. "No, no, keep to the rock; it is the very jewel of the estate. It looks as if it had been let down from heaven by the four corners to be the residence of a chief. Have all the comforts and conveniences upon it, but never leave Rorie More's Cascade." Mrs. Macleod persisted in her opinions. "Is it not enough," she said, "if we keep it? Must we never have

more convenience than Rorie More had? He had his beef brought to dinner in one basket and his bread in another. Why not as well be Rorie More all over, as live upon this rock? And should not we tire, in looking perpetually on this rock? It is all very well for you, who have a fine place, and everything easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself." "Yes, madam," replied Boswell, "I would live upon it, were I Laird of Macleod, and should be unhappy were I not upon it;" when Dr. Johnson, in a stentorian tone and a determined manner, burst in with the remark, "Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit; he would make his bed in the dungeon." The lady made another appeal for her pretty farm, rich soil, and fine garden, but Johnson insisted that, if the Castle were his, he would not leave it upon any conditions.

Referring to this conversation afterwards, Sir Walter Scott says that "Dunvegan well deserves the stand which was made by Dr. Johnson in its defence. Its great inconvenience was that of access. This had been originally obtained from the sea by a subterranean staircase, partly arched, partly cut in the rock, which, winding up through the cliff, opened into the court of the Castle. This passage, at all times very inconvenient, had been abandoned, and was ruinous. A very indifferent substitute had been made by a road, which, rising from the harbour, reached the bottom of the moat, and then ascended to the gate by a very long stair. The present chief, whom I am happy to call my friend, has made a perfectly convenient and characteristic access, which gives a direct approach to the further side of the moat in front of the castle gate, and surmounts the chasm by a drawbridge, which would have delighted Rorie More himself." The surroundings of the Castle have been much improved even since the time of Scott, and it now combines all the comforts and convenience of a modern residence, with the strength and halo of antiquity.

The Doctor was so comfortable at Dunvegan that he was quite unwilling to leave it. On Saturday Boswell proposed that they should take their departure on Monday, to which Johnson replied—"No, sir. I will not go before Wednesday. I will have more of this good." They, however, left Dunvegan Castle on Tuesday,

the 21st of September, the ninth day of their visit, and proceeded to Ulinish, where they arrived at six o'clock in the evening, and were entertained by the tenant, Mr. Macleod, then Sheriff-Substitute of the Island, "a plain honest gentleman, a good deal like an English justice of the peace; not much given to talk, but sufficiently sagacious, and somewhat droll." His daughter, "though she was never out of Skye, was a very well-bred woman." They remained at Ulinish until Thursday morning, when they set out for the residence of Colonel Macleod of Talisker, who, Boswell informs us, "having been bred to physic, had a tincture of scholarship in his conversation, which pleased Dr. Johnson, and he had some very good books; and being a Colonel in the Dutch Service, he and his lady, in consequence of having lived abroad, had introduced the ease and politeness of the Continent into this rude region" of the Isle of Skye. Before leaving the Island, Dr. Johnson sent the following letter to Macleod of Macleod from Ostaig, the residence of the Rev. Martin Macpherson, then Minister of Sleat:—

"Ostig, 28th Sept., 1773.

"Dear Sir,—We are now on the margin of the sea, waiting for a boat and a wind. Boswell grows impatient; but the kind treatment which I find wherever I go, makes me leave, with some heaviness of heart, an island which I am not likely to see again. Having now gone as far as horses can carry us, we thankfully return them. My steed will, I hope, be received with kindness; he has borne me, heavy as I am, over ground both rough and steep, with great fidelity; and for the use of him, as for other favours, I hope you will believe me thankful, and willing, at whatever distance we may be placed, to show my sense of your kindness, by any offices of friendship that may fall within my power.

"Lady Macleod and the young ladies have, by their hospitality and politeness, made an impression on my mind which will not easily be effaced. Be pleased to tell them that I remember them with great tenderness, and great respect.

"I am, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

(Signed) "SAM. JOHNSON."

"*P.S.*—We passed two days at Talisker very happily, both by the pleasantness of the place and the elegance of our reception."

In his "Journey to the Western Islands," Johnson himself, describes his arrival at Macleod's residence thus:—"To Dunvegan we came, very willing to be at rest, and found our fatigue amply recompensed by our reception. Lady Macleod, who had lived many years in England, was newly come hither with her son and four daughters, who knew all the arts of southern elegance, and all the modes of English economy. Here, therefore, we

settled, and did not spoil the present hour with thoughts of departure." After describing the castle, some incidents in its history, its situation, antiquarian contents, and some characteristics of the visitors he met within it, he adds: "At Dunvegan I had tasted lotus, and was in danger of forgetting that I was ever to depart, till Mr. Boswell sagely reproached me with my sluggishness and softness." Having described his visits to Ulinish and Talisker, the Doctor concludes his references to the Macleods in the following eulogistic terms:—"Whatever is imagined in the wildest tale, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried amidst his terror and uncertainty to the hospitality of Raasay or Dunvegan." This was a great, and no doubt well-deserved, compliment from a man who was never known to flatter.

On the 20th of July, 1772, Pennant, who visited Skye the year before Dr. Johnson, also called at Dunvegan, and refers to its young chief as a gentleman of the most ancient and honourable descent, but whose personal character does him infinitely higher honour than this fortuitous distinction. "To all the milkiness of human nature," Pennant says, "usually concomitant on youthful years, is added the sense and firmness of more advanced life. He feels for the distresses of his people, and insensible of his own, instead of the trash of gold, is laying up the treasure of warm affection, and heart-felt gratitude."

General Macleod refers to the visits of these distinguished travellers in the auto-biograghical notes already quoted, and informs us that Dr. Johnson's principal object in visiting Skye was "to find proof of the inauthenticity of Ossian's Poems; and in his inquiries it became very soon evident that he did not wish to find them genuine." "I was present," continues Macleod, "in a part of his search; his decision is now well-known; and I will very freely relate what I know of them. Dr. Macqueen, a very learned minister in Skye, attended him; and was the person whom he most questioned, and through whom he proposed his questions to others. The first question he insisted on was whether any person had ever seen the Poems of Ossian in manuscript, as the translator had found them; how and where these manu-

scripts had been preserved; and whether faith was given to them by the Highlanders? I must avow that, from the answers given to these questions, he had no right to believe the manuscripts genuine. In this he exulted much, and formed an unjust conclusion, that, because the translator had been guilty of an imposition, the whole poems were impositions. Dr. Macqueen brought him, in my opinion, very full proofs of his error. He produced several gentlemen who had heard repeated in Erse long passages of these poems, which they averred did coincide with the translation; and he even produced a person who recited some lines himself. Had Dr. Johnson's time permitted, many proofs of the same nature would have been adduced; but he did not wish for them. My opinion of this controversy," continues General Macleod, "is that the poems certainly did exist in detached pieces and fragments; that few of them had been committed to paper before the time of the translator; that he collected most of them from persons who could recite them, or parts of them; that he arranged and connected the parts, and perhaps made imitative additions for the sake of connexion; that these additions cannot be large or numerous; and that the foundations and genuine remains of the poems are sufficiently authentic for every purpose of taste or criticism. It might be wished, for the sake of squeamish critics, that the translator had given them to the world as he found them; though, as a reader," says Macleod, "I own myself delighted with Fingal and Temora in their present appearance." This is the opinion of an educated Gaelic-speaking man, born as early as 1754, and a contemporary both of Macpherson and of his most inveterate critic, Dr. Johnson. He points out with great effect that while the Doctor applied the laws of evidence in the strictest manner when inquiring into the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, he believed in the second-sight, and listened to all the fables of that nature which abounded in the Highlands without any further evidence than that the number of alleged facts regarding it formed a presumption in its favour. Referring to this peculiarity of Dr. Johnson's mind, General Macleod pointedly remarks that, "no human being is perfect in any thing: the mind which is filled with just devotion is apt to sink into superstition; and, on

the other hand, the genius which detects holy imposition frequently slides into presumptuous infidelity." Nothing could more appropriately describe Dr. Johnson's views on the Poems of Ossian and on the gift of second-sight claimed for the Highland Seers.

With all his efforts and love for his clan, Macleod soon got tired of his surroundings and responsibilities at the head of his people in the Castle of Dunvegan. His feelings and disappointments cannot be better described than in his own words :—"I remained at home," he says, "with my family and clan till the end of 1774; but I confess that I consider this as the most gloomy period of my life. Educated in a liberal manner, fired with ambition, fond of society, I found myself in confinement in a remote corner of the world; without any hope of extinguishing the debts of my family, or of ever emerging from poverty and obscurity. A long life of painful economy seemed my only method to perform the duty I owed my ancestors and posterity; and the burden was so heavy, that only partial relief could be hoped even from that melancholy sacrifice. I had also the torment of seeing my mother and sisters, who were fitted for better scenes, immured with me; and their affectionate patience only added to my sufferings." At the period to which this passage refers he was still under age, having only completed his twentieth year.

(*To be continued.*)

LOAN-WORDS IN GAELIC.

[By Professor Mackinnon.]

Latin scholars are able to prove that *c* was pronounced hard in classic times in Rome. Otherwise, both by means of our cognate words, and especially our loan-words, we could prove it for them. In all the Celtic dialects *c* is invariably pronounced with the sound of *k*. From the Latin language the Gaelic people borrowed very early, and they borrowed very freely. But, in direct loans, there is not a single case known to me in which Latin *c* becomes *s* in Gaelic. It is always *c* (*ch*), *g*. Examples are, of course, very numerous: *carpentum* is *carbad*, and *censum* is *cìs*. *Quorum* is not yet naturalized in English; but the word is quite at home in provincial and vulgar Gaelic, as is evidenced by the phonetic change in dropping the *u* (*còrum*), and by the transfer of meaning, "a compact number" of dubious repute. Sometimes the *c* aspirates: *cleric-us*, for example, becomes *cleireach*. Sometimes it sinks to the medial *g*: *sacerdos* was at first *sacart*, it is now *sagart* or *sagairt*. So *natalicia* became successively *natolic*, *nadolic*, *nadholig*, *nollaig*. The patron saint of Ireland was from the rank of his parents entitled to the epithet *patricius*, "patrician," "noble." The Irish people borrowed the Latin adjective, and converted it into a personal name. Their apostle became known as *Patric* or *Patraic*—in later times, *Padruig*, *Padhruig*, *Paruig*. Even this last form, with an epithet attached, becomes abbreviated into *Para*, as in *Para nam mogan*, and, in Macleod's "Dialogues," *Para Mòr*. The English form is *Patrick*, whence *Pat*, a word which certainly resembles its ancestor *patricius* in form more than in meaning. *Peter*, from *Petrus*, is in Gaelic *Peadar*. As a personal name we have allowed this word to fall out of use. It is still retained as a surname. We do not have *Peadar*, but we have *Mac-'ille-Pheadair*.

Our Gallic kinsmen, in the words which they borrowed from the living speech of the Romans, changed Latin *c* into French *ch*, and in this form a large number of Latin-French words entered English at the time of the Norman Conquest and afterwards—*chief*, *chieftain*, *chamber*. At a subsequent period, when English

scholars took to borrowing directly from Latin, the same words appear in their native form—*capital*, *capitation*, *camera*. We occasionally borrow into Gaelic a word direct from Latin, and also the same word through French and English. Now, while the Latin *c* appears invariably in Gaelic as *c (ch)* and *g*, the French-English *ch* becomes *s*, occasionally *t*, followed by small vowel. In Argyleshire, for example, *caibeal* is a loan direct from the Latin *capella*. The Perthshire people, on the other hand, borrowed the French-English *chapel*, which became *seipeal*, as in Macgregor O'Ruaro:

'S luchd gabhail mo leith-sgeil
Anns an t-seipeil so shios uam.

So *croich* is direct from *cruc-*; but *crois* from English *cross*. Though we have our own *can* 'to sing,' we borrowed *canntaireachd* from Latin *cantare;* not only so, but our *siunnsair* is merely the English-French *chanter*. *Seomar* (chamber); *seipein* (chopin), &c., &c., are further examples of the class. *Tearlach* is the Gaelic for *Charles* (Lat. *carolus*), and has been so for several centuries. A tombstone in Iona bears the following inscription:—*Hic iacet Anna Donaldi Terleti filia quondam priorissa de Iona que obiit anno m° d° xl° iii°*.

Again, when English borrows from Latin words with *c* followed by *e, i, y*, while the gutteral is retained in writing, its sound is changed to *s: cent, circle, cynic*. We sometimes borrow into Gaelic words of this class both from Latin and English. Thus *officium*, "a profession," becomes *oifig*, Latin *c* becoming Gaelic *g;* but *office*, "a place of business," is simply *ofais*, English *c* with *s*-sound becoming *s* in Gaelic. In the same way we can show that the word *siobhalta* is not direct from Latin, but through English *civil*. *Siataig*, from *sciatieu*, is common in the North. As Rob Donn has it:—

Na 'm biodh tu laimh ris,
Gu'n deanadh tu gaire,
Ged a bhiodh *siataig*
'S a' chruachan agad.

Had we taken the word direct from Latin it would be *sciataig*, as *discipulus* is *deisciobul*, not *deisiobul*. Is it because of the abstemiousness of our people, as we would fain believe, or for the very opposite reason that we have not a native word to denote the place where liquor is stored? Even the Latin *cellarium* does not come

to us direct, but through French and English,—*seileir*. The habit of pronouncing after the English fashion grows upon us. We have used the word *Caesar* since we began to read our Bibles, if not earlier, but most clergymen say *Saesar*, instead of the correct *Ceusar*, from the Gaelic pulpit every Sunday.

Anglo-Saxon *c* in the combination *sc* has become in English *sh*. The knowledge of the fact proves to us that while the word *sibht*, *e.g.*, is merely the English *shift*, another group of words cannot have come to Gaelic through English but from the Norse. The Icelandic *skip* is in English *ship*. We have not borrowed the simple word, but *sgiobadh* is the Gaelic word for a ship's crew, *sgiobalta* is "trim" "ship-shape;" and *sgiobair* is "skipper," the latter itself a loan in English from Dutch. Even so the presence of *g* in other words proves that they come to us from Scandinavia: the Gaelic *sgòd*, "a sheet," is in Icelandlic *scaut;* and *sgillinn*, "an English penny" (*i.e.*, the Scots shilling), is from the Norse *skilling*. To express the English shilling we say *sgillinn shasunnach*, 'Saxon penny,' or *tastan* in Gaelic.

The medial *g* like the tenuis *c* is invariably pronounced hard in Latin and Gaelic. In English the sound is hard when the letter is followed by a broad vowel. When followed by *e*, *i*, *y*, the sound varies, though, as a rule, it is soft. In loans from Latin to Gaelic *g* remains *g* (*gh* between vowels). In loans from English hard *g* remains unchanged; soft *g* becomes *s*, sometimes *d* followed by small vowel: *gift*, *e.g.*, is *gibht*, but *gill* becomes *siola*, while *George* is in one district *Seoras*, in another *Deorsa*. By this test we can show that *Geintileach*, "a Gentile," and *geintlidheachd*, "paganism," are loans from Latin direct and not from English. Had we borrowed *Gentile* from English the form would be *Seintileach*. On the other hand *gin*, *ginealach*, etc., are native words, the European cognates being—Gr: *gignō-*; Lat: *gigno;* Eng: *kin;* Ger: *kind*, "a child."

As an Indo-European sound *p*, as we have seen, once disappeared from Celtic. In loan-words the letter assumes a variety of forms. *Episcopus* becomes *epsop*, *escop*, by matathesis *easbuig*, the first *p* disappearing altogether. So in *ostal* (the form current among Roman Catholics) for *abstol*, from *apostolus*. Sometimes, as we have seen, *p* changes to *c*,—*pascha* becomes *caisg*. In a large

number of cases, especially in the more modern loans, the letter remains firm, *pearsa, Peadar.* When *p* appears in successive syllables, the second letter usually becomes *b* : *populus* is *pobull,* and *pepper* is *peabar.* In the older class of loans a sinking of the tenuis to the medial is common : *opera* becomes *obair.* Occasionally the same word is borrowed more than once. In the earlier loan *p* becomes *b;* in the later it remains unchanged, but always with a difference of meaning. A noted instance occurs in the case of Latin *penna* or *pinna* (for both forms were in use), for an older *pesna* or *petna.* The root is *pat* or *pet* with the primal idea of "swift motion." It appears in Greek as *petomai,* 'to fly,' *pteron,* 'a wing'; in Latin in such words as *peto, accipiter*; in English as *feather;* in Gaelic, with loss of *p,* as *eun,* 'a bird,' and *ite,* 'a feather,' the type of both being found in Old Cym : *etn.* The Latin word, in its twofold form, *penna* and *pinna,* has yielded modern loans both to the Teutonic and Gaelic dialects—in English *pen* and *pin* in Gaelic *peann* and *pinne.*

But we have in Gaelic an earlier loan—*beinn.* We used to regard this word as native to the language as the *bens* themselves are to the country. We ostentatiously lent it to English. However humiliating to our *amour propre, beinn* is, I am afraid, neither more nor less than a loan from the Latin. In the St. Gall Ms. 67 a (cf. Ascoli, Archio : Glott : Ital : Vol. : sesto, Roma and Turino, 1880, and Stokes on Celtic Declension p. 16), *benn muir* glosses *pinna muri.* In old Gaelic, as in Irish to the present day, the form is Nom : *benn, beann* (a fem. a-stem) Gen : *beinne,* signifying 'top,' 'pinnacle.' Thus in the hymn of St. Cummain Fota (Liber Hymnorum—Todd p. 72) *for benn chroisse* means 'on the top of a cross.' The Iona hymn attributed to St. Columba commences—

Mellach lem bith ind Ucht Ailiuin	Pleasant to me to be in *Uchd Aluinn*
For *beind* cairgge.	On the *pinnacle* of a rock.

In Scottish Gaelic the form of the oblique case is now used in the Nom.—*beinn,* but the Gen : Pl : *beann* points to the original form. In my native parish we have preserved the diminutive (*Beannan*) as the name of a hill. When the word came to be applied to a

mountain, another form of the same root was taken to denote *top, pinnacle.* This variant is used as a diminutive only—*binnein. Binnein an tempuill, e.g.* is 'pinnacle of the temple' (Matt. iv., 5, Luke iv., 9.) The word is frequent in our topography—*Binnein Ghoraidh,* 'Godfrey's peak,' a bold, projecting cliff in the south of Mull, etc., etc. Verily, the movements of human thought, as revealed in the history of words, are variable as the winds. The Highlander's highest conception, not merely of mass and stability, but of grandeur and sublimity, is associated with the phrase, *Tir nam beann;* yet the word *beinn* is, etymologically, but an elder sister to *peann* and *pinne,* owning as nearest relatives *eun* and *pteron* and *feather,* all descended from a common ancestor whose leading characteristic was "quick movement!"

S is a favourite letter in Gaelic as in Latin, the two languages being in this respect a contrast to Greek and the Brythonic dialects. Gaelic *salann,* Latin *sal,* are in Welsh *halen,* in Greek *hals*; *samhuil* in Gaelic and *similis* in Latin are *havail* in Welsh and *homoios* in Greek. In loans *s* is retained: *suipeir, seirbhis, seorsa.* We even prefix the sibilant to some English words beginning with the strong aspirate—*heckle* is *seiceil,* and *handsel* is *sainnseal.*

The dentals *t* and *d* followed by broad vowels are pronounced in Gaelic after the Continental fashion. When followed by small vowels *t* sounds like *ch* in *church,* and *d* like *j* in *jelly.* The distinction is preserved in loans: *target* is *targaid* in Gaelic. We changed the Latin *tunica* to *tonnag,* but the Scotch-English *tunic* is *tiunag* on the lips of Highland girls. By this test we can prove that Gaelic *tearr* is not borrowed from the English or Scotch *tar,* otherwise the form would be *tàrr,* a word which we already have, meaning "belly," but from the Icelandic *tjara.* Similarly we have changed *dominica* to *dòmhnach,* and *desertum* to *dìseart,* a word, by-the-way, about which a great deal of nonsense was written recently, one learned gentleman reviving the absurd etymology given from similarity of sound—*Ti a's àirde,* "the highest one." Our word *diùc* is by the sound of the *d* proved to come not direct from Latin *duc-s,* which would yield the form *dùch,* or, as in Welsh, *dùg,* nor even from English *duke,* but from Scotch *d(j)uke.* Even so the English people borrowed correctly our *Diùra,* a Norse word meaning "isle of deer," as *Jura,* just as they borrowed

correctly *journal* from French *journal* from Latin *diurnal*. *Diùrnis*, "the headland of deer," in Skye and Sutherland, they borrowed with varying degrees of wrongness as *Duirinish* and *Durness*.

The Gaelic alphabet has only 18 letters or characters, while Latin has 25 and English 26. We make up our deficiency by distributing the sounds represented by the characters which we do not possess among those we have. Gaelic *c*, *e.g.*, stands for *e*, *k*, and *q*; *z* is included in *s*; and *i* does duty for *y* as well as for itself. The letter *h* we possess, but we use it in a very peculiar manner. Neil M'Alpine, author of the Gaelic Dictionary, says that "the letter is not acknowledged in our alphabet; but to keep the Gaelic in character with us, the Highlanders, who are the BRAVEST and *most singular* people in the WHOLE WORLD, (as the *Scots Times* says), it is used, not only in every word, but almost in every syllable expressed or understood." As matter of fact, *h* is not an initial sound in Gaelic. It was a favourite initial sound in Latin—hence the *h* in Helvetii and Helvii. In our own *Hebrides*, neither the *r* nor the *h* belongs of right to the word. Ptolemy writes *Eboudai*. But we frequently insert *h* in order to prevent hiatus between two words forming a grammatical unit: *na h-Abstoil*, "the Apostles"; *á h-I* "from Iona." In *Hy*, as even Dr. Reeves writes the word, the *h* is merely prosthetic. The correct name always was and is *I*, a fem:-a stem, (Gen. *Iae*). We say *I*, but *Caol-i(dh)e* to the present day. The English name *Iona*, I need hardly say, is a mistake for *Ioua*, the invariable form in Adamnan, made by some careless or ignorant scribe. But it so happens that the Latin *Columba* is in Hebrew *Iona*, and it was thought that through this channel the island received its name from that of the saint who made it famous. The word, owing its origin to a blunder, and upheld by pious opinion in a credulous age, has been variously explained by speculative etymologists. Even so the *s* in *island* was first inserted by an ingenious editor, and afterwards retained from the mistaken belief that the word was derived from French *isle*, Lat: *insula*. Because we have not initial *h*, the letter is dropped in Gaelic loans: *Hebraeus* is *Eabhrach*, and *Hercules* is *Iorcall*. The Greek hero seems to have been a favourite with the Gaelic people: Alexander Macdonald asks for stroke oar in Clanranald's Birlinn

Iorcallach garbh an tùs cléithe, 'g eubhach shuas oirre.

In Colonsay a huge cleft in the solid rock is called by the people *Uinneag Iorcaill*. *Holland* is '(an) *Olaind*'; *hospital* is *spideal*, as in Dalnaspidal. In the case of words imperfectly naturalized initial *h* is retained: *Herod, ham.*

The classical *j* is *i* in Gaelic: *Iob, Iudhach. Judicium* appears as *iudiceachd* in Armstrong's Dictionary, and *justitia* (*jvsticia ?*) is in Armoric *iustic*. English *j*, like soft *g*, becomes in Gaelic *s* (sounded *sh*), sometimes *de*: *Jean* is *Sine*; *juggler* is *siuglair*; *Janet* is *Seonaid* or *Deonaid*; and *jacket* is *seiceid* and *deacaid.*

Latin *v* usually becomes *f*: *figil* and *fers* from *vigilia* and *versus* are not now used in Scottish Gaelic. But we have *fior* from *ver-* (Welsh *gwir*); *fion* from *vinum* (W. *gwin*); *feart* from *virtus*, and *focal* from *vocalis*. English *v* is written *bh* with much the same sound: *Bhenus.* In one case at least, perhaps through false analogy, *v* becomes *m*: *venture* is *meantair* in the Southern Isles.

The letter *w* is not in Latin. English *w* appears in Gaelic in a variety of forms. As pure vowel it becomes *u*: *Uilleam*. As semi-vowel *w* is written *bh*: *Walter* is *Bhaltar; well, well* is *bhuil, bhuil; wig* is *bhuige*. The sound sometimes hardens into *b*: *warrant* is *barrantas* (Welsh *gwarant*) and *witch* is *buitseach*. *Wh*, as is well known, is pronounced in Scotland with a strong guttural sound: *who* is *choo, which* is *chuich*. In some districts the sound becomes *f*: *where* is *far* in Aberdeen. The difference between English and Scotch in this respect is in part at least due to Gaelic influence. The Highland people pronounce *wh* with even a stronger guttural sound than the Lowland Scotsman: *wherry* is *chuirri*. Not only so; but precisely as Celtic *cu* in *cuilean e.g.* becomes Teutonic *wh* in *whale*, English *wh* becomes *cu* in Gaelic: *wheel* is *cuidheall* (if you observe carefully the English pronounciation you will find that it is diphthongal *whe-el*, like the Gaelic); *whist* is *cuist; whip* is *cuip; whig* is *cuigse*. This latter word came into use among Highlanders at the time of the Revolution, and denoted the government of William and afterwards of the Georges, as opposed to the party in favour of the Stewarts. The minister who conformed to Presbyterianism was *ministeir na cuigse*. Duncan Macintyre commences his poem on the battle of Falkirk—

"Latha dhuinn air machair Alba
Na bha dh' armailt aig a' *chuigse.*"

The poet, who much preferred to be on the other side, meant the army of King George.

In recent loans *x* is in Gaelic *cs*: box, *e.g.*, is in the South Highlands pronounced *bocsa*, in the North *bocus*. In process of time *x* becomes simple *s*, the several stages being *es*, *gs*, *ghs*, *s*. *Braxy* is spelled *bragsaidh* in Gaelic. *Saxon* appears as *Saghsunn* before it becomes *Sasunn*. So *Alexander* becomes finally *Alastair* and *axillum*, *aisil*.

The English *th* defies the vocal chords of the Celt, as it does those of every person not born to the sound of it. In Gaelic literature *thrall* is *tràill* and *thanks* is *taing*. But a grateful Highlander cannot say *thanks*, he says *sanks*.. So in Rob Donn *thousand* is *sùsdan*. Probably we all number among our acquaintances more than one person who reads several languages, and who pronouces *three* either *sree* or *tree*.

The subject is a wide one. I have merely glanced at the channels through which words have passed from other languages to Gaelic, and at the changes of form which the words have undergone in the process. Of greater interest, as an index to the history and character of the people, would be the *kind* of words which the Gael has borrowed, and the changes of meaning to which he subjected them. It was a warlike people who changed *laic-us*, "one not consecrated to the priesthood," to *laoch*, "a warrior," "a hero." They were also a one-sided people. They overlooked the fact that the faithful minister is also a soldier, who daily braves danger and death in a thousand forms.

As I said at the outset, when peoples meet they *exchange* words and ideas. I have spoken of some of the words which the Scottish Celt has borrowed. Those which he lent will be considered some other day.

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

III.

BARDIC contests seem to have been a natural outgrowth of the early stages in the progressive civilization of certain races. Homer and Hesiod, in Greece, and our own Ossian and St. Patrick, in Scotland, are all alleged to have tried their mettle in those jousts of genius. In the middle ages emulative minstrels crowded the courts and castles of the Latin princes and barons. Among the Celts trials of wit—poetical and otherwise—have until quite recently been very popular.* The old Gaelic bards were powerful in repartee. When two of them met, it was always expected that they should fall upon each other with weapons of the keenest satire—the most rasping sarcasm. The manners of the time were by no means against the employment of abusive personalities in such encounters. In my last paper I referred to Cailleachan-tuiridh. I shall now give some account of a contest which took place between two of them, having had an opportunity of gathering up a few relics of the ancient fray.

Once upon a time Cluny and The Mackintosh being "drinking wine," the latter, full of boastfulness, extolled the merits of his Cailleach-tuiridh, and offered a wager that Cluny could find none on his property fit to cope with her. Cluny immediately took up the bet; and in due course the gifted champions entered the lists. She of Moy, as in duty bound, threw down the gauntlet, and did so in these terms:—

Gheibhte sid an Tigh na Maigh,
Ol is fìdhleireachd is aighear,
Farum sloda ris na fraighean,
Cur ban-tighearnan laidhe.

* The Eisteddfodd still keeps alive the national bardic fire of the Welsh; and it is surely to be regretted that we have no similar institution for the Highlands. Why should there not be *a third day* of the Northern Meetings devoted to the patronage of the Celtic Muse?

The upholder of the honour of Clan Mhuirich triumphantly rejoined :—

Gheibhte sid an Tigh Chluainidh,
Cuirm is copan is cuachan,
Teine mor air bheagan luaithre,
'S iad féin ag òl air fion uaibhreach.

Cailleach crìon dubh, bus dubh, cas dubh,
Cuiridh mis' thu 'n taobh is ait leam,
* * * *
* * * *

'Ghaoil Lachlainn, na biodh gruaim ort,
Cha do ghlac do mhathairse buarach,
Plaide bhàn chuir mu 'guallainn,
Ach sioda dearg is sròl uaine.

'Nuair théid Lachlann do Dhùn-Eidinn,
Le 'each crùidheach, craobhach, leumnach,
Air beulaobh an righ gheibh e éisdeachd,
'S gheibh a ghillean gun e féin e.

Both the female combatants had much the same ideas of domestic grandeur. Their verses afford a delightful glimpse of high life in the olden time. Lachlann of Cluny had no cause for shame. *His* mother had never milked a cow. She did not wear the simple plaiding of common folks; but red silk with sash of green. When Cluny rode to Edinburgh in state, the King always paid particular attention to his suit; nay—and this is the crowning proof of his importance—even his servants could discharge his business in the royal presence.

The above is the version of the contest, which was given me by a residenter on Cluny's estate. Probably the account of the proceedings preserved among the Mackintoshes would attribute the best part of the argument to their own bard.

On another occasion the Chief of the Mackintoshes wagered his estates—this was the favourite stake in those days, according to tradition—that Macdonald could bring forward no one from his country who would be able to supply a rhyme to suit a single line which his Cailleach-tuiridh chose to propose. Macdonald accepted the terms; the day of trial arrived, and the line was given forth :—

Da chois chapuill caoil mu'n chrò.

This was a great poser. At first no one attempted to meet the challenge. Finally, the Gille Maol Dubh—that ubiquitous and invariably fortunate individual—came forward. Macdonald stood with a cup of wine for the winner in his hand. On the arrival of the Gille Maol Dubh, the Cailleach, now certain of victory, repeated her line; whereupon the rival of her genius improvised this verse:—

An cupan sin tha 'n laimh O'Domhnuill
Air chuir thairis le airgiod 's le òr
Olaidh mi 'n deoch air a shlàint'
Is *da chois chapuill caoil mu'n chrò.*

Although the merit of the rhyme is not now very apparent, it was agreed that the Gille Maol Dubh had so far won the day. The Pythoness, enraged at the prospect of defeat, exclaimed—

Is math thig am bradan an daigear (aigeal?) na h-aimhne.

Without a moment's hesitation, her quick-witted antagonist clenched the couplet:—

Is fearr thig do thoic as, an glogan na goille.

The Gille Maol Dubh was completely victorious. His last words, "an glogan na goille," rather ungallantly, refer to the mortified and angry expression which had replaced that of proud self-complacence (*toic*) on the countenance of the worsted champion. How The Mackintosh managed to retain his estates after this overthrow, tradition saith not.

I do not think that the date of these poetical passages-at-arms can be placed later than the sixteenth century. Both the language and allusions indicate a high degree of antiquity. I shall conclude this paper by recounting a duel, on similar lines, which took place some four or five score years ago. A peculiar respect was rendered to an individual who was understood to possess the *divinus afflatus* of the bard—not so much in honour of his genius, as on account of his sharp tongue, which, by a single distich, might fasten permanent ridicule upon those whom he disliked. Now, it came about that a certain household in Badenoch became impatient of the constant visits of a certain bard. But, fearful least they might give him cause of offence, they carefully concealed their feelings of aversion from his observation. Although the family were famed for hospitality, the bard's

persistency at length was intolerable, and the goodwife resolved that she would endure it no longer. The next time the bard was announced, in place of appearing herself as usual, she sent—probably in accordance with a pre-arranged scheme—a precocious herd-boy to entertain the unwelcome visitor. This was the colloquy which ensued—(It had been a rainy day, and the lad having entered with soaking clothes, etc., presented rather a sorry spectacle) :—

Bard—Cia as thàin' am prataidh truagh ?
Boy—Bho na bhean bhasaich mhìn.
Bard—Is lom 's is tana do ghruaidh.
Boy—Cha laidh tuar air cion a' bhìdh.
Bard—Na 'm bu mhi thu 's mi gu'n goideadh.
Boy—Ged bu t-thu mi 's iad nach leigeadh.

The bard, perceiving that he had been checkmated in his own province of wit, at once got up and left the house, notwithstanding the prudential attempts made to detain him for the night. Nor could he afford to cast any characteristic obloquy upon the household, which would but the more draw attention to his inglorious defeat.

T. S.

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Is ioma rud a ni dithis dheonach.
Many a thing a willing pair will do.

Tha ortsa cualach a' ghille leisg.
You have on you the lazy lad's burden.

Loth pheallagach 's proitseach luideagach, da rud 's na dean tair orra.
A shaggy filly and a ragged boy, two things you must not despise.

Na tri radhchan is grinne 'sa' Ghaidhlig :—
Mo chuid fhein ;
Mo bhean fhein ;
Theid sinn dachaidh.

The three finest sayings in Gaelic :—
My own property ;
My own wife ;
Let us go home.

GLASGOW STUDENTS.

V.

[By W. J. Douglas.]

Among human powers that which is most wonderful in itself and most delightful in its exercise is the power of inner seeing, the faculty of the mental eye. He who possesses it can in the winter surround himself with the beauties of the spring, and make the darkest night glorious and glad with the splendours of the dawn. It is more wondrous than the electric telegraph which only defeats space—it annihilates time. In the winking of an eye you overleap years as the electric spark overleaps continents and seas. The past becomes the present. Or rather you feel that there is no past at all. Your own life, all life, all history expands into one vast luminous present. Thus, when selecting, as I mean to do, in this article some few types of Scottish Students, so many types arise vividly before me with characteristics grotesque or beautiful, low or sublime, that I am bewildered which to take and which to leave. For those who think that the Scottish nature is uniform strangely deceive themselves. No people have so much variety within so little space. Nowhere are so many natures, strangely complex and subtle, so difficult to decipher, so impossible to describe. There is a simplicity of characteristics about the Englishman or the Irishman or, in a less degree, the Welshman that makes it comparatively easy to write his natural history. But no one ever could describe a Scotchman who had not ten generations of Scotchmen for his own immediate ancestors. The common characteristic is very subtle, very difficult to grasp, and the variations are amazingly numerous and contradictory. At times all their variety and contradiction unite in some one man like Burns or Carlyle, who presents the world with some marvellous and mighty work that can be judged neither by ordinary criticism nor by ordinary critics. Thus, I select my types recklessly and at mere random from a crowd that rise to my imagination numerous enough and marked enough to found a whole *Comedie Humaine.*

Here first comes one in whom you mark the sternness and strength of older times. Begotten, you judge at once and rightly, of a puritan ancestry. For centuries his fathers have sung their psalm at eventide, and have believed with all their heart and soul in the great system which Calvin built, heaping mountain on mountain. His mouth is set and firm, his eyes bend sternly on the earth, every instinct of his nature calls out against ease and idleness. Each wasted moment will be noted and repented. Not without humour either. For those who love soft and easy roads and gentle resting-places from the heat, and the greenness and the gladness of the world, he has many a bitter, clever gibe and jest. Earth was made for labour. Men are convicts working out, under the lash of Time, the sentence of penal servitude pronounced on Adam. Sometimes he feels nature putting out to him her sweet, soft arms of dreams and restfulness. He flies from her embraces as from a temptation of the evil one. He must work on and work always, and for consolation he asks himself, "Have I not eternity to rest in?" Such a spirit takes learning by storm. The Latin that flows from his pen is graceful and correct, the Greek classics are as familiar to him as Shakespeare should be to all of us, Syriac and Sanscrit, Hebrew and Arabic have yielded up to him their secrets. In the mental sciences he is peerless and alone. No medieaval scholiast ever exercised himself more thoroughly in the fierce severities of Logic. He could, without a moment's hesitation, give you encyclopedic information on everything that every thinker has ever thought from Thales to Spencer. Now, all this work is done, all this knowledge gained in furtherance of one idea. He wishes to be useful to his church, and he sees in learning the means of usefulness that he is fitted to employ. Alas! our scholiast is born too late—centuries too late. The great old preachers to whose fame and usefulness he aspires are out of court. What congregation would now sit with stern patience three hours by the clock, weighing every thought, appreciating every sentence, while the minister with stately eloquence unrolled his difficult argument upon some obscure point of doctrine? Now, if the minister exceeded twenty minutes, he would see evident impatience, if he passed half an hour a whole alarmed

and indignant congregation would fix its eyes upon the clock. There is many a fine scholar and deep clear thinker in our Scottish churches who feels that his life has been lost and wasted. His congregation will not take the trouble to understand him, and, strive as he may, he can find no method of making himself understood. Neither are to blame. Simply they were not made for one another. And so our scholar may find himself passing almost an idler through that life which he meant to be one unceasing task. The world of severe and lofty thought into which he has forced his way joins at no point with the humble parochial world that is about him. Severe theological controversy is of the past. The milk-and-chalk and water of human kindness is universal. And so, perhaps, our scholar becomes careless in his dress and eccentric in his habits. He dies at length, and the eminent Rev. Roaring Dove of Glasgow or Edinburgh, for whose acquirements he had always a slight contempt, preaches his funeral sermon, and jingles together the hackneyed phrases and worn-out conceits that are eloquence. His parishioners refer to him as "that unco learned but kind-hearted body the late meenister."

When a pilgrim stranger stopped in the street of an American town and shouted "General," seventeen citizens, says the malicious chronicler, promptly responded to the call. So I am almost afraid to describe the Rev. Roaring Dove; the description may be so widely applied. When first I knew Roaring Dove at school he was a dirty little wretch, whose hands were always sticky, and who always told the strict untruth. Roaring Dove, however, blossomed and flowered. He just managed to get through his college classes. But then, he assures me, all the professors had a dislike to him. On the other hand, he acquired much college fame by being a member of everything and speaking everywhere. He was an anti-tobacconist and a vegetarian, and a member of every other society for forcing men to be good. At political meetings he always rose to his feet to expound some startling fact of the two-and-two-make-four order. Generally he was stamped down in the middle of his third sentence, but if a committee were appointed, Roaring Dove was sure to be on it. There he was the terror and hatred of every college leader. Chairmen cursed

him, secretaries trembled at his name. Whenever anything was as clear as daylight, Roaring Dove would insist upon explaining it; whenever the committee were unanimous upon a certain course of action, Roaring Dove would detail, at length, reasons why they should adopt it. His talent for trite phrases was gigantic, his powers of commonplace titanic. At length he passed "the Hall," and the leaders of the Conservative and Liberal parties, who had not exchanged words for a month, cordially congratulated each other on his absence. Roaring Dove was not long without a pulpit. In fact, congregations quarrelled for him and Kirk Sessions outbad each other. He accepted a call to five hundred a year. At once a wave of evangelical life passed over the young ladies of the congregation—the lambs of the flock. He married, and for a wonder he did not lose his popularity. His wife was a capital manager, and began by managing her husband. Take him all in all, he is rather a good-hearted, simple soul. He actually believes in his own eloquence. Prosperity makes him genial. Even those of his brother-clergymen who at college would never let him speak two consecutive sentences, are now eager, on great collection days, that he should occupy their pulpits. They are perfectly right. If we are not to honour success, what *are* we to honour? Therefore, it is with profound reverence that we part from the Rev. Roaring Dove.

Cynical people are always asking what becomes in the world of all those who were great in the University? Perhaps the answer is that great men are plentiful, but it requires untoward circumstances to make great lives. Had there been no bigoted King Charles, Cromwell might peaceably have grown fat in the rearing of fat cattle. Had matters gone a little more smoothly in Stratford, Shakespeare might have all his days cut chops. Had St. Paul been born a century earlier, he would probably never have been anything but an able lawyer. Had Mr. Pope been strong and handsome, he would have polished his person to please the ladies rather than his verse to please the critics. So I believe that every day we walk and talk with potentially great ones. If fate knocked at their door they would be ready. But fate passes carelessly bye, and the lamp which might be trimmed

to lighten the world burns dimly enough and goes out in its forgotten corner.

Few of us who have ever seen can forget Mr. Maximus Don. His face was dark and proud, yet gentle withal, like the face of a knightly soldier on some olden canvass. His eyes, when he raised them from the ground, gleamed with a strange brightness. His clothes, in his contempt of criticism, were habitually threadbare, and yet fitted gracefully his figure. Friends he had few or none. Lonely and absorbed, he walked rapidly as he went from one part of college to the other. Yet those few who at rare intervals met him in friendly association recognised in him a mind exquisitely sweet. His soul was like a fine instrument, and could not but discourse sweet music. He was absolutely consumed by a hunger and a thirst for knowledge. It burned like a fever in his blood. Bending over a book, his cheek would flush and his eye would gleam with the scholar's passion. Nothing came amiss to him. Science, art, law, theology, were, each in its turn, attacked and mastered. And his mastery was real. With powerful glance he would pierce to the very centre and soul of his subject, and it would then arrange itself in his mind in ordered completeness. His English style was in itself a thing of the severest art and beauty. And what will he be, what do? Probably nothing. At the end of his life he will be a past master of every art and science—and that will be all. Somehow the spring of his life has not been touched, no adequate ambition has been aroused. He might have been anything, he will be nothing, nothing.

Most painful and yet most laughable is the position of the village Milton who comes to take college by surprise, and finds himself as totally ignored as if he were nobody. Poor John Rusticus—"oor Jone." He is generally the sweet singer of Ruraldom, and though his father is by no means sure that verse-making is scriptural, yet he is proud at heart. Those "Thoughts at Dawn" in the *County Chronicle* completely overcame him. The amazing genius of young John is the talk of the clachan. At last it is resolved that he shall be a "meenister." Then out comes the little hoard that the worthy old souls, his father and his mother, have laid by for a rainy day. *Aut Ceasar aut Nihil,*

when Principal Caird is ready to retire, "oor Jone" will just be ready to step into his shoes. Away, blythe and confident from the cows and the turnips, goes Rusticus to astonish the natives of Glasgow. Perhaps the last advice he gets is not to be too proud and puffed up with the flattery of a wicked city. He soon finds that flattery is not likely to be his rock-ahead. The coinage of his brain is not the currency of the University. The Poet Laureate of the *County Chronicle* gets neither praise nor blame—he does not even get a hearing. In the Latin class he meets smart boys fresh from the Grammar School, who can knock off a dozen verses while he is patiently labouring over one. Wearily his first session drags itself past. His native village waits impatiently for him to arrive home with a wagon load of prizes. Alas! all he has is a poor certificate that he has done "fairly well." Flown are all his hopes, and dead his ambitions. If he is wise he returns to Nature and the cows, if he is not wise he becomes a schoolmaster and enters into a feeble, useless rivalry with able men specially trained for the great duties of education.

A most familiar and agreeable figure in our Scottish Universities is the young gentleman who is meant for the bar, and is sure to succeed at the bar. You recognise him at once. Rather inclined to elegance, even to foppishness in his dress, clean cut fresh fine features, delicate long white fingers, a steady penetrating eye, an agreeable address, a calm half-cynical method of hearing and weighing all you say, a habit of savage sarcasm in the Dialectic Society, a general belief that everything was made to be argued about except law, and that law is perfect. You might inform him that you held the religious opinions of M. Voltaire or the Member for Northampton, and he would tell you that a judicious mind would find much cause to argue even for such a point of view. But hint to him that Chancery is not perfection, that the Court of Session might by any possibility be improved, and he will arise in his wrath and smite you with his eloquence. He will treat with toleration an idea that the earth is not round but flat, but the idea that all human and divine excellence does not reside in Blackstone will excite his utmost pity and contempt. Law is a mystery, and lawyers its priests. Those who have not an absolute and unquestioning reverence for both are the

foes of society. These elect novices of the lawyer priesthood, outside of law, are the very best of good fellows. They are well read, although often they read without for one moment losing the idea that all sorts of information are useful to a lawyer. They read the address of Satan to the infernal House of Lords, and criticise it as they might criticise Lord Brougham's address to the earthly peers, when he defended the famous queen of the infamous king. They are very fond, too, of all innocent gaieties, and of some that are perhaps not quite so innocent. They lead in college, largely because they suppose it natural for them to lead. Each of them is perfectly sure that he will rise from the bar to the bench.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS. Vol. XII. 1885-86. Inverness: Printed for the Society.

THIS is the largest volume that the Gaelic Society of Inverness has ever published, and it is also the best. Nor is it the best merely because it is the largest, for we believe that page for page the matter in the volume is also about the best that has appeared in the excellent volumes which this Society has placed in the hands of its members. It contains 19 papers or lectures, besides accounts of the annual assembly and annual dinner, held in summer and winter respectively, at which speechifying appears to be a not unimportant feature. The Provost of Inverness leads off with the paper on the Celtic Church which appeared in the columns of this magazine. Mr. Charles Ferguson gives the second and finishing part of his paper on the Names of Birds. Mr. Ferguson's work is neither a mere dry list of names in dictionary form, nor is it disfigured by the usual etymological guesswork that accompanies such efforts, but it is a most interesting and readable paper, giving apt anecdotes, historical and

literary references, and numerous superstitions in regard to birds. Mr. Colin Chisholm continues his Old Gaelic Songs, and Mr. Duncan Campbell gives an excellent account of the Isle of Man, its appearance, history, and language. Mr. Macbain's paper forms a handy introduction to the study of Gaelic Heroic Literature, and more especially to Campbell's "Leabhar na Feinne." Mrs. Mackellar's contribution deals with Unknown Lochaber Bards, and it is marked by her usual literary grace and full knowledge of local song and lore. The "quaint conceit" of white-robed Ben-Nevis going as a bride to be married to some grey-headed giant ben of "Morar," is, indeed, a striking one, and of no little importance to the student of the birth and growth of myths. A paper on Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston bard, follows, wherein Mr. Macdonald allocates the poet his position among Gaelic bards, and gives interesting facts about his life. Mr. Wm. Mackay's paper, "A famous minister of Daviot," is one of the most important contributions in the volume, throwing, as it does, such light on the social and religious history of the Highlands at the beginning of last century. The Paganism of the people in those days comes strongly to the front, and the contrast it presents with the religiosity of the end of the century and the beginning—indeed the whole—of this century is highly suggestive. Mr. John Macdonald's paper on "Smuggling in the Highlands" is already known to our readers, and its merits highly appreciated. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie writes on the "Change of ownership of land in Ross-shire." The paper is of high historical value. Mr. Maclean writes on the Parish of Rosskeen, and Canon Thoyts on the relations of Welsh and Gaelic. Professor Mackinnon's lecture on the Dialects of Scottish Gaelic marks the beginning of a new era in the study of that language. He finds that Gaelic branches into two main dialects, the Northern and the Southern, with very marked differences in pronounciation, diction, and idiom—

"The boundary line between the two," he says, "is a waving line, but, roughly speaking, it may be described as passing up the Firth of Lorn to Loch Leven, then across country from Ballachulish to the Grampians, thereafter the line of the Grampians. The country covered by the Northern dialect was of old the country of the Northern Picts. The portion of Argyleshire south of the boundary line, with Bute and Arran, formed the Kingdom of Dalriada. The Gaelic district south of the Grampians belonged to the Southern Picts. This twofold division has probably an

historical basis, as well as a very distinct geographical boundary. It owes its origin to the settlement of the Dalriadic Colony in South Argyle, and its continuance to the greater influence of Irish literature within the Southern district."

Two papers of documents follow—"Some Unpublished Letters of Simon Lord Lovat," by Lochiel, and the "Granting of Diplomas of Gentle Birth," by Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. These papers form valuable materials for the historian. Mr. Alexander Ross writes an interesting and full, though concise, account of Old Highland Industries. The last paper is by Mr. Alexander Macpherson on "Gleanings from the Old Ecclesiastical Records of Badenoch," a paper which again brings out the Paganism that existed before the wave of religious revival passed over the Highlands towards the end of last century. Copious and most interesting quotations are made from the Kingussie Session Records, from the earliest extant in 1724 to the year 1751. A second paper is to follow this one. The tribute which the Publishing Committee pay the late secretary, Mr. Mackenzie, who was last summer made Principal Clerk to the Crofters' Commission, is well merited, and none the less so for placing this excellent volume as a parting service in the hands of the members.

OUTLINES OF A HISTORY OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. By H. A. Strong, LL.D., and Kuno Meyer, Ph.D. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. 1886.

THAT this History of the German Language would on *a priori* grounds have an interest for Celtic students is a fact guaranteed by the name of Dr. Kuno Meyer. And we are not disappointed in such expectations, for the references to Celtic throughout are interesting and important, as we might expect from one of Dr. Meyer's scholarly knowledge of the Celtic languages. The book, though a history of the German language, is one that will prove useful to the student of general philology, for over a third of it deals with Indo-European philology as a whole. This portion of the work, in conciseness and accuracy—the accuracy of the latest and best views—surpasses anything that we have hitherto seen. The chapter on Language, and the portion of it on Dialects

especially, is admirable, nor less to be praised is the second chapter on Language and Thought. The account of the Indo-European language in the third chapter contains the latest views of the advanced school of philologists. The system of grouping is adopted, and nine leading groups are distinguished—Indian, Iranian, Armenian, Greek, Italian, Celtic, Slavonic, Lettic, and Teutonic. The old idea of branches, where two or three groups are joined together, as the Gracco-Italo-Celtic, and the consequent belief that these larger groups had a period of common existence apart from the rest, is practically abandoned. The fact that the Celtic passive in *r* has scarcely any other parallel than the Latin similar passive—for our authors point out the *r* of the Italian *-re* and *-rate*—only proves on this theory that the original Indo-European tongue had a passive in *r* as well. "The view, then, generally accepted," say the authors, "at the present day, as to the primitive language of the Indo-Europeans, is that it must have developed into dialects before the separation of the different peoples composing the Indo-European stock." The home of this people was in "the Highlands of Central Asia, to the west of Belurtag and Mustag." Which group broke off first cannot be decided at present with any certainty. The conquest of Europe is thus briefly described:—"In Europe the Basque population was pushed further and further back by the IE. tribes; possibly the Etruscans were the remnants of some such ancient race. Besides these, the Finnish-Tschudic peoples (of which the Finns, the Hungarians, and the Turks are the modern representatives) seem to have occupied the North of Europe before the Indo-Europeans. (Indeed, the Russians themselves believe that Moscow was till three or four centuries ago a Finnish capital.) Many tribes may have gone down before the mighty Indo-Europeans, with their high intellectual development; and, indeed, the course of history points to the fact that peoples are constantly giving way and disappearing before others, but that really new races are not formed." These last are very significant words. The state of culture among the Indo-Europeans is briefly sketched. "The family relations were very precisely defined, as is commonly the case among nomads, who think more of the tribe than the community." We know that they "believed in a simple religion,

worshipping mainly the great powers of nature, such as the orbs of heaven: that they were in some degree settled, and were acquainted with at least one kind of grain; that oxen, horses, sheep, and dogs were already domesticated by them, though agriculture itself seems to have been practised on no large scale." They counted only to 999, for the word for "thousand" is not agreed on by the descendant families, and hence we infer its non-existence in the parent tongue. "The Celtic borrowed *mìl* from Latin *mille*;" we wonder what Dr. Whitley Stokes would say to this? In his "Celtic Declension," he considers it native. "The designation of the different parts of the body are common to most IE. languages." "The common word to express God means 'Shining One.'" The words for night, month, and summer seem to be an IE. inheritance, but not those for the divisions of the day or year. And this important pronouncement on mythology is made: "The personification of the phenomena and conceptions of nature —or mythology properly so-called—must, in spite of certain points of agreement between different nations have originated at a later period, for in the oldest records of the Indian, viz., the Vedic hymns, we find these for the most part still in process of growth. The agreement is to be explained by the common stock of the conceptions of nature which underlies mythology." Almost any page of the book contains such suggestive judgments as those given above; indeed, the book is eminently one of judgments, owing to its conciseness, and we hope the authors may some day give us an extended work on the Indo-European languages. One of their *obiter dicta*, to which, however, we are inclined to demur, is this: "The Picts also were undoubtedly a Celtic people, but the remains of their language are so scanty that it is impossible to establish their exact position in the Celtic group." The Picts were, in historic times, as far as language is concerned, Celtic, and we think it not quite impossible to prove, especially from place names, that the Pictish language was of the British or Welsh type. The remarks on the disappearance of the Old German god-ballads before Christianity, while the hero-ballads held their ground better as little opposed to the Christian faith, find interesting parallels in the ancient literature of the Irish Celt. Altogether, this work is one which we heartily admire and commend.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness held its fifteenth annual dinner on Tuesday, the 18th January. In enthusiasm, numbers, and oratory, the meeting was certainly above the average of even the Gaelic Society's excellence. Provost Macandrew, in the unavoidable absence of the Chief, Mr. Munro-Ferguson of Novar, occupied the chair, and acquitted himself with the usual scholarly grace which he shows in Celtic matters. In wishing "Success to the Gaelic Society," he referred to the absence of the old home industries of the Highlands, the distaff, the spinning wheel, the loom, and the making of shoes and clothes in the old style; and he gave it as his opinion that if the Highlanders are to live on their native soil—and this is a main object of the Gaelic Society—they must return to these old industries, and give up the luxuries of modern civilization. They must be self-contained in fact. We are afraid the Provost must return to Protection for the Highlands, and abandon Free Trade altogether in the circumstances. What is known as political economy is, however, a difficult science to apply to a country like the Highlands, and the Provost does a service in drawing attention to this phase of the subject.

THE Society is to have another session of brilliant work. Already papers are announced from our leading Gaelic *savants* and historical students; and we sincerely trust that their funds can stand the strain of the yearly publication of large volumes such as the last. Meanwhile we are glad to find that some of the richer members see that this strain is imminent, and that they are sending voluntary contributions. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie has generously led the way with a donation to the publishing fund of £5. The Chief for this year is to be Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and the new secretary is Mr. Duncan Mackintosh, who formerly acted as treasurer.

THE advent of the new Commission on Scotch Education has once more brought the teaching of Gaelic to the front. We already took note of Dr. Clerk's plea for Gaelic teaching, and also of his scheme of instruction in and through that language. Now Professor Mackinnon comes forward to point out the practical difficulty that confronts us: there are very few teachers that know, and are able to teach, the Gaelic, and the supply of even these is diminishing, owing to the fact that Gaelic pupil-teachers scarcely ever get into the Normal Colleges, for they are handicapped by their Gaelic and their inefficient training, and the competition of southern P.T.'s is too strong for them. What provision has the Department made to meet this difficulty? A pupil-teacher may be employed to teach Gaelic, and may earn the Parliamentary grant of £3, and he is further allowed to pass with two years apprenticeship, provided he enters a preparatory school so as to enable him to compete successfully at the mid-summer Normal examinations. He is *allowed* to attend this preparatory school, not *helped*, although a sum of £27,000 is spent annually on the training of teachers, that is, practically, on south country teachers. Surely the Government ought to give a helping hand to the pupil-teacher at such a preparatory school, and further encourage the school by a grant for every successful pass at the Normal examinations.

WE believe the Gaelic Schedule is also under consideration. The following is a course of Gaelic instruction as a specific subject which has lately been submitted to us, and which is really very fair:—"Stage I.—Grammar: Article, noun, and adjective. Reading and Translation of plain narrative. Translation of simple sentences (three or four) into Gaelic (oral). Stage II.—Grammar: Same as above with pronoun and regular verb. Improved reading of Gaelic narrative. Translation into Gaelic of short simple sentences. Stage III.—Grammar, and knowledge of Gaelic reading-book of ordinary difficulty. Translation of longer sentences into Gaelic. Gaelic dictation and conversation." The weakness of this Gaelic course is that it somewhat forgets that Gaelic is the mother tongue of the presentees in the subject.

DR. WHITLEY STOKES has published an improved and extended form of his "Celtic Declension" in a German periodical—in the 11th vol. of the *Beiträge zur Kunde der Indo-Germanischen Sprachen*. He has made many additions, some corrections and one or two omissions in the work as it here appears compared to its form in the Philological Society's Transactions. The additions are mainly in the larger number of words he gives us belonging to the various declensions. He omits the excellent, but all too short, account of the Celtic pronouns, but we hope he will soon be able to give us all the more full discussion on their forms and relations.

DR. STOKES is besides publishing in the new volume of the Philological Society's Transactions another and fuller edition of the Breton Glosses at Orleans. He printed them first privately at Calcutta in 1881 from the transcript of the late Mr. Bradshaw. M. Loth, in 1884, also published them with some inaccuracies. Now Dr. Stokes publishes them once more with his usual full and admirable philological commentary. Many Gaelic words are proved here to be connected with the British, and their Indo-European connection further shown. No Gaelic scholar of any philological pretention can do without this volume.

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MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

II.

It has to be remembered that Macpherson, the year before he met Home, had issued from the press a poem of his own, called the "Highlander." It was a heroic poem—epic, in six cantos, and in the orthodox pentameter couplets of Pope. Its plot was briefly this—Swein, King of Norway, invades Scotland with a large fleet and army. He is opposed by Indulph, its 75th king. Alpin, a young chief from Lochaber, joins the Scottish army. By night he penetrates into the Norwegian camp, and engages the leading chieftain, named Haco, with whom he exchanges shields. Next day the battle is decided by Alpin's prowess, the Norwegian fleet is burnt, but Alpin generously lets Haco escape in a vessel, which also bore away Haco's amazon sweetheart, who followed him to the wars secretly and dressed in armour. Indulph discovers Alpin to be the real heir, preserved in his infancy from his father's murderers. Alpin marries Culena, the king's daughter, and everything ends well. The poem is written with great spirit; it is the work of a man of genius under training—somewhat crude in plot and execution, but vigorously original in thought and expression. The subject matter is a Danish invasion just as in Fingal; indeed, the poems are very similar in thought, word, and action. Some descriptions and similes, especially in regard to heroes and armies fighting, are practically the same. For example, in Fingal, Bk. I., the two armies meet each other as rock

meets sea and sea meets rock. The "Highlander" says:—

> The Scots, a stream, would sweep the Danes away,
> The Danes, a rock, repel the Scots' array, ...
> The ranks of Sweno stand in firm array,
> As heavy rocks repel the raging sea.

Nevertheless, the poem seems to have fallen flat, and Macpherson found that Fragments of no superior merit, provided they professed to be ancient, were accepted with acclamation and wonderment by discerning critics and by the literary public. They could criticise his epic of the "Highlander," and point out its crudeness of plot and its bombast of language, for both were somewhat foreign, and smacked of Gaelic origin and untutored imagination. These very blemishes became beauties, quaintnesses, and peculiarities, belonging to ancient thought and an old barbaric tongue, when they appeared in the supposed translations. The preface to the "Fragments" indicated the existence of an epic poem in the Highlands, and a general outline of it was given. Evidently this was a bid for patronage to enable him to produce his epic. Yet we are told his Highland pride was alarmed at appearing only as a translator; and he must have felt somewhat appalled at the success of his imposture in the "Fragments," for it is said that he undertook the journey to the Highlands for collecting the poems and procuring the "epic" with reluctance. The authenticity of his work was doubted even before the "Fragments" appeared. For he had published in the June number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1760 two of the Fragments, one on "Connal" and one on "Morar," episodes afterwards in "Carric-thura" and the "Songs of Selma." The very next month a correspondent wrote to the *Magazine* throwing doubt on the authenticity of the poems. And the storm of distrust and abuse increased with each edition, and national prejudices were roused, so that he could not, if he would, claim them altogether as his own. But his preface of 1773 went as near acknowledging the truth as he dared. There he speaks of the errors which a riper age than twenty-four may remove, and "some exuberances in imagery may be restrained by a degree of judgment acquired in the progress of time." He calls himself indifferently author (3), writer (1), and translator (2). Indeed, the tone of the preface

is grossly impertinent and void of good taste, unless he meant to claim the poems as his own—"willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike." And Dr. Johnson's action forced him into ambiguous silence. It is, however, certain that he privately acknowledged the authorship to friends of non-Gaelic descent.*

Let us return to his manners and customs. It is the very essence of an epic not only to picture the glories and triumphs, battles and contests, the virtues, and even the failings, of a nation, but it should also vividly present the customs and manners, the habits, the homes, the dress of the people—how they ate and drank, and wherewithal they were clothed. The epics of Greece and Scandinavia do so, and so do also the epics, if we may so call them, of ancient Ireland. Nay, descriptive minuteness and superabundance of epithets are the leading characteristics of Gaelic literature in all ages. But, as Mr. Hennessy† remarks, the reader of Macpherson's *Ossian* seeks in vain through page after page, filled with weary iteration and reiteration of monotonous imagery and ever-recurring platitudes about fogs and mists and locks flowing on the wind, for any mention of what the warriors ate or drank, how they were dressed, where they slept, and what they did in the intervals of repose between successive battles. Were they, when not armed in panoply of mail, clothed with plaids of mist and rainbow kilts, did they dine on cloud alternated with the substantial flesh of deer, or had they the ghost of any cereal food, and was their drink the morning or the mountain dew? We read of feasts in the "hall of shells," but cannot know whether the food was fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring. Indeed, the only fish mentioned by "Ossian" is the whale; his birds are the eagle, hawk, and raven, and there is no domestic cattle, only animals for the hunt. There is no hint as to the form and character of the "halls," and his prisoners are as a rule confined in caves, where bachelor heroes at times are found to dwell or keep their arms. The "shell" is the only article of crockery, and it requires little archæological knowledge to decide the extent of its use in Highland halls. Another piece of archæological nonsense is the use which he supposes was made

* Laing's "Ossian," pref. pp. 19-22.

† See his review of Clerk's "Ossian" in *Academy*, 1st and 15th August, 1871, where the indictment against Macpherson is the ablest we know of.

of the bosses on the shields; he makes them do duty as a sort of bells, which play the part of our drums for army signalling.* Cathmor's seven-bossed shield—after Homer, though a long way after—has seven "voices" for his people, and Fingal can by a certain ringing of the bosses excite all kinds of dreams in the minds of his sleeping host.

Macpherson aimed at the antique and the natural; but the result is the sham-antique and the ultra-natural. That is, however, more the negative side of his errors; for he has fallen into glaring positive errors in the very little he has told or implied in his description of the Ossianic times. He arms his heroes in mail; *maile* and *luireach* are his Gaelic words, and their very form ought to have suggested to him doubts as to their indigenous character, and, as a consequence, the probable non-existence in Ossian's days of what these words refer to; for they are both of Classical origin, borrowed long after the third century along with the mail armour which they name. The Celts of Gaul wore defensive armour, though there are plenty of exceptions. "Some," says Diodorus of Sicily, "wear coats of iron chain mail, and some are satisfied with the armour of nature, and fight unprotected by mail." Hannibal's mercenary Gauls, at the great battle of Cannae, wore no body armour. It is, however, a fixed point in Celtic archæology that the ancient Gaels, Scotch and Irish, wore no defensive armour. Herodian, who describes Severus' encounter with the inhabitants of Northern Scotland in 210 A.D., after mentioning that they tattooed their bodies and hence went practically naked so as not to hide the tattoo figures, says: "They are a most warlike and sanguinary race, carrying only a small shield and a spear, and a sword girded to their naked bodies. Of a breastplate or helmet they know not the use, esteeming

* Probably what misled Macpherson was the fact that in the popular tales the striking of the shield—beum-sgeithe—is a challenge to battle. Thus, Sir Olave O'Corn, in a tale collected by Rev. Mr. Campbell of Tiree, and read lately before the Inverness Gaelic Society, went up to the castle—"agus bhuail e beum-sgeithe agus dh' iarr e culaidh chath agus chruaidh chomhraig a chur a mach thuige"—"and he struck a shield-blow (a challenge on his shield), and demanded cause of battle and combat to be sent out to him." But this was merely a special case of the rattling of arms on the shields, which Livy mentions as a national Celtic custom in entering battle: "quatentium scuta in patrium quendam modum horrendus armorum crepitus."

them an impediment in their progress through the marshes." At the conquest of Ireland, in the 12th century, it was found that the Irish, as Giraldus Cambrensis then said, "go to battle without armour, considering it a burden and esteeming it brave and honourable to fight without it." The ancient Irish literature thoroughly confirms this. It shows that helmet and mail were not in use. Our own Ossianic ballads also present the same state of matters. If Macpherson had studied them carefully, he would have seen, as in the ballad of "Manus," of which he made some use in his "Fingal," that the Lochlinners or Scandinavians alone are armed in mail. "Clogad," helmet, is half Norse, being composed of the Gaelic *clag* (head, as in *claiginn*) and *at*, our English "hat." Macpherson makes much use of bows and arrows; heroines especially get killed by them, the arrow being the polite and feminine weapon. But alas! another fixed point in Goidelic archæology is that bows and arrows were never used. Indeed, the Celts as a whole did not use them, for they are not mentioned by any writer except Strabo, who, in a sort of aside, says of the Gauls, "Some use bows and slings." Again, the old Irish literature* is completely silent upon bows and arrows, though slings were used; and again, Giraldus, in enumerating the weapons of the Irish warrior—a short spear, two darts, an iron battleaxe (of Norse origin) and even the hurling of stones—makes no mention of arrows or bows. Then, the Gaelic word "bogha" for bow is borrowed from Teutonic sources, and "saighead" (arrow) is the Latin *sagitta*. Dr. Clerk remarks on Macpherson's word *iuthaidh* for arrow, that the word "here used for arrow is to be found in Ossian only." It is doubtless a coinage of Macpherson's own from *iubhar*, the yew. Then, his bow-string, "twanging or smooth yew," is *taifeid*, the same as the English *taffety*, both borrowed from French sources. It has already been hinted that the continual movement of ships bears traces of Norse influence. Ships play little or no part in old Goidelic literature. The Celts of Britain "never loved the sea," as Mr. York Powell truly remarks. They had mostly "coracles," in one of which even the great Columba crossed. All shipping words, with scarcely any exception, are from

* See O'Curry's "Manners and Customs," Vol. II., p. 272.

Teutonic sources. Even *long* itself has been claimed for the Latin navis *longa*, though it is doubtless native and from the root *plu*. His ultra-naturalism in the use of caves, shells, and shield-bosses, and his archæological errors in attributing mail and arrows to the ancient Gaels, all cry against him; while he does not scruple, as we saw, to invent history, customs, and proverbs to bolster up his position.

He has been criticised for attributing to the Fingalians chivalric notions which they could not have possessed. The criticism is not altogether just. "Cothrom na Feinne"is the proverb for fair-play, and their ideas of chivalry are presented in many odes of praise that still exist. The Dean of Lismore's Book presents two, the panegyrics on Fionn and Goll, and the virtues there dwelt upon show a high state of moral feeling in regard to dealings between man and man, dealings with the poor, with the weak, and more especially with women. Doubtless, the ballads have been influenced by Middle-Age chivalry, but much the same characteristics appear in the most ancient literature, combined, of course, with some barbaric customs and ideas, such as the treatment of the slain; the head, for example, was carried in barbaric triumph tied to the horse's mane. But what we have to object to in Macpherson's work is its eighteenth century sentimentalism. The loneliness of Ossian exists in the late Middle-Age ballads, but it becomes a nuisance in Macpherson; and the love-sick maidens, who appear in armour, are utterly unauthentic. In the ballads, Dargo's wife dies on receiving the fabricated report of his death, uttering the beautiful lament still extant, and Deirdre or Darthula committed suicide when her lover fell; these are almost the only real cases. But Macpherson makes every heroine die or get killed on the death of her lover. Comala and Vinvela die over a false report, like Dargo's wife, and Conban-Carglass from a false impression of his death; the following heroines expire on the death of their lovers—Rivine, Crimora, Colma, Daura, Brassolis, Gelchossa, Darthula (?), Lorma, Cuthona, and Ninathona; Dargo's daughter, as we saw, committed suicide, when Oscur fell; two meet death for loss of honour by violence done to them—Oithona and Lanul. The following heroines, with doubtful propriety, don the armour and dress of a man to attend unknown upon their lovers—Utha,

Colnandona, Colmal, a nameless Scandinavian princess, and Sulmalla; and of the unfortunate ones already mentioned—Oithona, Lanul, Crimora. It is needless to say that on Celtic ground Macpherson is the only authority for these amorous amazons. And, then, there is too much monotony in all these incidents. Fancy nearly all these "twenty love-sick maidens" dying within the space of Ossian's own life! It is beyond Patience.

His mythology is unspeakably wrong. It smacks of a Norse, and not a Celtic origin, for Celtic or Gaelic it is not. In an epic, it was held last century that supernatural machinery was necessary; and how could Macpherson comply with this canon and keep up the verisimilitude of history related by an eye-witness? In an unfortunate moment he hit upon those ghosts of his that so disfigure every page of his work. Ghosts and mists and clouds go together. The ghosts of old Goidelic literature were as substantial as living men; they appeared in their habit as they lived, full of life and colour. But their visits were rare, and only when invoked. Cuchulinn is raised by St. Patrick to meet and convince King Loegaire; and his horses, chariot, and charioteer are described with great verve and vigour. It is practically this description which still exists in our Highland ballads, for Captain Macdonald's evidence in the 1807 "Ossian" shows that the poetical description had something to do with Cuchulinn dead. Fergus Mac Roich is resuscitated in the sixth century to recite the Tain Bo Chuailgne epic then lost, and Caelte returns to life to settle a historic dispute in the 7th century; both these ghosts are quite as substantial in appearance as when living. The Tuatha-De-Danann, the gods, and the *sidé* (deified ancestors?) all appear in quite a material form. These apparitions are substantial in all respects except that they are not bound by laws of gravitation or visibility, unless they like. The Celts, as a whole, seem to have believed in a very substantial future existence; witness the Gaulish funerals, when letters and accounts were transferred to the next world. Macpherson's heaven is made up of Classical reminiscences; it is vaguer and more shadowy than either Homer's or Virgil's; it is a ball of clouds: "A cloud hovers over Cona; its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it, with their wings; within it is the dwelling of Fingal. There the hero sits in dark-

ness; his airy spear in his hand. His shield, half-covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon, when one half remains in the wave and the other looks sickly on the field. His friends sit around the king on mist, and hear the songs of Ullin; he strikes the half-viewed harp, and raises the feeble voice. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall." Alas, poor ghosts! The heaven of the Scandinavians he describes in a similar strain, and actually introduces Fingal as contesting with Odin, whom he calls Cruth Loduinn, the spectre of Loda. The whole scene and the contest itself is a mixture of Milton, Job, and the Norse antiquarianism of Macpherson's time. He refers vaguely to the "Cromleacs," and, of course, implies that the stone circles were places of Celtic worship. That is another case of archæological error. In short, the whole of his ghost mythology is a fabrication, and a vile one to boot; while his "Cromleac" religion, vague as it is, has no authority outside the baseless and mistaken theories of Toland and the succeeding Druidists.

Ghosts and storms, green meteors, clouds and mountains, fogs and mists, these are his mythic and metaphoric machinery, and he does them to death. Hence he makes bad metaphors and similes: he explains men's actions by those of ghosts; a girl's hair is like mist on the hill, Cuchulin's horses are like wreaths of mist, and Swaran sat on a rock "like a cloud of mist on the silent hill." He overloads his pages with figures of speech; last century it was thought that primitive speech was highly figurative. "They are in general well-conceived," says the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in regard to the "Fragments," "and the images are natural and striking, though few, suiting well with an early age and a barbarous nation, whose language is necessarily figurative because it is not copious." Yet the ballads now extant have no full-blown similes, and there are comparatively few metaphors. Their language is very direct and practical; and when metaphors are used they are always from obvious common objects and often from the action of animals, as the swooping of a hawk. Mists and ghosts are conspicuous by their absence, nor is nature described at all unless it comes in the way of the action. We should note also how the poetic inspiration comes to Macpherson's Ossian: a whistle of the wind on a shield, or the murmer of a stream in his ear, and then he

pours forth *extempore* to Malvina, or the Son of Alpin, his unpremeditated poem. Is such a thing natural? Macpherson has also been accused of plagiarism: Laing called his "Ossian" a patchwork of plagiarism, and gave the parallel passages. But Macpherson did this for him in his 1762 Volume; there he gives the passages in Homer, Virgil, and the Bible that correspond, in his foot-notes, and they are many. In fact, he was well-read in those works, and easily reproduced the parallel passages, which he had, consciously or unconsciously, imitated. It is significant that in the 1763 Volume, and the complete edition of 1773, there are no parallel passages given. Honesty may be carried too far.

(*To be continued.*)

A HIGHLAND FAIRY STORY.

[FROM MRS. MACKELLAR.]

AN old man of venerable aspect sat on a hill-side on a calm, quiet Sabbath morning reading his Bible. He had gone there at an early hour to watch his cows and keep them from wandering to forbidden pastures, and he improved the time by prayer and meditation of the Word of God. As he sat buried in deep thought, a sound fell upon his ear as if a gentle breeze had disturbed the heather and bracken around him, and he looked up with the feeling that some one stood near him. To his surprise he saw before him a female of diminutive size, arrayed in a garment of green silk. To his look of inquiry, she said, in a low, quivering voice, "Old man, is there a hope of salvation for me in that book you are reading so earnestly?"

He guessed she was of the fairy race, and as he looked mournfully into her disturbed countenance, he replied, "There is a free offer of salvation here for all the lost children of Adam that choose to accept it, but for no other."

The female's face got horribly distorted, and with a wild, unearthly scream she fled away, and, although the old man never saw her again, he was painfully haunted with that look and cry until the day of his death.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, SECOND EARL OF CAITHNESS, OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

IT has been stated already that the first Earl resigned the Earldom in 1476. William Sinclair, the Second Earl, obtained a charter of the Earldom from King James the III. of Scotland. This charter is dated 7th December, 1476, and it narrates that William, the Second Earl, is the lawful son of William, the Earl of Caithness, and Lord "de Sancto Claro," and of his spouse, Marjory, Countess of Caithness. The Charter included "omnes et singulas terras, comitatus Cathanie, cum tenentibus, tenandriis, et annexis earund' cum pertinen', una cum donatione Hospitalis, Sancti Magni in Caithania, jacen' infra Vic', nostrum de *Inverness;* Et cum Officiis Justiciarie Camerarie, et Vice-comitatus, infra limites et bondas, Extenden' a *Portnaculter* ad Pentland Firth, et a mari orientali ad mare occidentale, prout limites episcopatus *Cathanien* extendunt." It will be thus seen that the King not only conferred on William, the son of the First Earl, the honour and dignity of the Earldom, but also that the grant included the patronage of the Hospital of St. Magnus at Spittal, as well as the heritable office of Justiciar in the Diocese of Caithness, from Portinculter to the Pentland Firth, and from the East Sea to the West Sea.

Notwithstanding the terms of the Charter in question, it would appear that there were some differences *as to the Earldom* between the members of each of the two marriages of the First Earl—the two Williams—or at least some misapprehension was anticipated; for in a contract quoted by Nisbet it seems that should any plea or debate arise about the Earldom between William (the Waster, or the Spendthrift) and William (the Second Earl), Sir Oliver Sinclair "shall stand evenly and neuter betwixt them as he should do betwixt his brothers, and take no partial part with either of them." It does not appear, however, that any dispute arose regarding the Earldom, and it was left in the undisturbed possession of William Sinclair of the second marriage.

William sat in the Scottish Parliament as Earl of Caithness on the 16th day of February, 1505. His name appears in the Rolls of the Parliament of Scotland.

The principal residence of the Earls of Caithness was at Girnigoe Castle, situated on Sinclair's Bay. The date of its erection is unknown. It was a most extensive pile, and for a long time impregnable. It was surrounded by the sea, and its ruins even to-day manifest something of its old grandeur and strength. Once within the massive walls of the castle, and the drawbridge drawn, the old Earls of Caithness—Chiefs of the Clan Sinclair some centuries ago—bade defiance to all enemies whether on land or by sea. The Chief was then an absolute ruler, and had the power of "pit and gallows," and being so far removed from the seat of government, indeed at a time when royal or constituted authority was rather unstable and weak, the ruler of Caithness could almost do what pleased himself without the slightest responsibility to anyone.

The Earl was married to Mary Keith, a daughter of Sir William Keith of Inveruggie and Ackergill. Their family consisted of two sons, (1) John, who succeeded to the Earldom, and who was afterwards killed at the battle of Summerdale in Orkney; and (2) Alexander, the ancestor of the Sinclair families of Dunbeath and Stemster. It may be noted that the Earl had a natural son named William. In 1543 he was legitimised. It is not known if he had any issue, or even what became of him, only it may be safely assumed that his legitimation must have been for some specific purpose.

There is reason to believe that, on account of certain crimes and offences committed by the Earl, he incurred the displeasure of King James the III., and, as a matter of course, forfeiture followed. The Lord Lyon of Scotland, Sir James Balfour, wrote :—"This Earl William was forfaulted by King James the Third, in anno , the Earldom of Orkney and Lordship of Zetland being annexed to the Crown." At the same time, it may be stated that the forfeiture referred to has been doubted by some authorities. Mr. James Trail Calder, the historian of Caithness, states that he called on Dr. Joseph Robertson, an eminent Scotch antiquarian, to ascertain if the statement was correct. Dr.

Robertson, however, "had no reason to think that the Earl of Caithness was at the time under forfeiture."

Judging from all the circumstances, as well as from tradition and the gleanings of history, the weight of evidence is in favour of the forfeiture. James the Fourth, apprehensive that he would have to face in battle array the forces of England, issued his Royal mandate to the feudal barons to assemble their forces for the defence of Scotland. The barons and chiefs responded, and the Earl of Caithness, who was a brave and gallant nobleman, collected about 300 of his clan, and proceeded to join the Royal forces in the Autumn of 1513. The Sinclairs, who were a brave set of men, were clad in green, and it has been stated that shortly before the fatal battle of Flodden, when the Scotch King was in much need of men, a body of stalwart heroes was seen approaching the camp. The King anxiously enquired who they were, whereupon some one close by replied: "They are the men of Caithness, with the Earl of Caithness at their head." The King at once remarked: "Well, if that be William Sinclair, I will pardon him." The Earl, on coming up, was immediately pardoned, the forfeiture was removed, and, as there was neither parchment nor paper at hand, the pardon was written on a drum head, and signed by the King. The Earl had it cut out, and, with the view of having his titles and lands preserved to his family, in the event of his death in the battle that was so soon to take place, he placed the drum-head charter, as it was called, in the custody of one of the Clan Gunn, with instructions to carry it to the Countess of Caithness at Grinigoe Castle.

The battle of Flodden took place with results very disastrous to Scotland. The Earl of Caithness took a conspicuous part in the battle, he and his men forming a part of the right wing of the army, along with the Earl of Sutherland and the laird of Gight—all under the Earl of Huntly. The Scotch right wing defeated the English opposed to them, and drove them off the field; but on returning found that the remainder of the Scots army was routed, and the King slain. The Earls of Huntly and Sutherland fled, but the Earl of Caithness and the laird of Gight stood their ground. Suffice it to say that at the end of the battle, the Earl and all his men lay dead on the field of battle, excepting the man

entrusted with the safe keeping of the drum-head charter.

Flodden brought home sorrow and grief to Caithness, as it did to all Scotland. Sir Robert Gordon, in his "History of the House and Clan of Sutherland," wrote:—"This William Sinckler, Earl of Catteynes, was the nephue of John, the third of that name, Earle of Southerland, and was the first of the surname of Sinckler that was Earle of Catteynes, whose bond of service this Earl of Huntley had obtained not long before this battell, wherein he perished, leaving his sone, John Sinckler, to succeed him." What the "bond of service" referred to by Sir Robert Gordon as having taken place between the Earl of Huntly and the Earl of Caithness means, is not exactly known. It must refer to some compact or arrangement between the Earls, but then this theory would undermine, to a certain extent, the usually received version of the appearance of the Earl of Caithness and his men at Flodden.

The Earl and his men crossed the Ord of Caithness on a Monday, and for generations afterwards a Sinclair hesitated to cross the Ord on a similar day—a Monday—or to be clad in any green clothing. The solitary survivor belonging to Caithness from Flodden's gory field duly arrived in Caithness, and presented himself to the Countess at Grinigoe Castle. The Countess was drowned in grief at the sad intelligence; and the bearer delivered to her ladyship the Charter he was ordered to give her, and which secured to her and family the titles and possessions belonging to the Earldom. James Trail Calder, the well-known Bard of Caithness, as well as its historian, wrote some touching verses on "Lady Caithness and the messenger from Flodden." It may be interesting to give a few of these—

'Twas a gloomy eve in autumn,
Clouds o'er heaven lay dense and still;
And the sun no smile shed round him,
As he sank behind the hill.

All without seemed full of sadness.
Not a sound on earth or sky,
Save the wild wave's hollow murmur,
And the sea-fowls piercing cry.

In her tapestried princely chamber,
Lonely, uttering not a word,

Pensive sat the Lady Caithness
Brooding o'er her absent Lord.
. . . . . .

And on the arrival of the survivor the poem proceeds—

I alone the sole survivor
Of our brave lamented band,
Bear thee home this precious charter,
Written with the Royal hand.

It restores thee all thy titles,
Every privilege and right;
'Twas the last deed of the monarch
Ere the trumpet blew to fight.

Worthless now to me and empty,
Said the lady with a sigh,
All the rank the world can give me,
All the honours 'neath the sky.

Then withdrawing from the chamber,
Whelmed in sorrow passing deep,
To her widowed couch she hurried,
There in solitude to weep.

The drum-head charter is said to be in the charter chest of the Earls of Fife, but this is exceedingly doubtful. It is believed that it remained in the possession of the Earls of Caithness until the death in 1766 of the Earl of Caithness named Alexander. The then Earl of Fife, being the son-in-law and executor of Alexander, is reported to have taken away the interesting document. The story of the "drum-head charter" is referred to by Pitcairn in his "Tales of the Scottish Wars." Sir James Balfour, the Lord Lyon, does not give the date of the alleged forfeiture, neither does he mention the cause that led to it.

Mr. Robert Mackay, in his "History of the House and Clan of Mackay," evidently countenances the fact of the forfeiture. In support of this he alludes to certain articles in an inventory, as follows:—"Remission, George, Apostle of the Isles, to William, Earl of Caithness, for all murders and crimes committed by him from the year 1501-1510." "Sasine following on the retour of John, Earl of Caithness, 1513." Mr. Mackay writes that "to the article, as to the remission, these words are added: 'Wherein the murder of the Bishop is thought to be comprehended, dated anno 1510.'" It appears from Keith's "Catalogue of Bishops"

that George—an uncle of the Earl of Bothwell—was Bishop of the Isles from 1510 to 1513, and it is supposed that the remission was granted by this bishop. There is little doubt, however, that it was in respect of crimes of murder and such like that the forfeiture took place. But, assuming that the King removed the forfeiture in the accidental manner alleged, was the ecclesiastical anathema removed, which was an indispensible requisite before the forfeiture could be removed? Did the remission by the Apostle of the Isles occur before the King removed the forfeiture, or was the fact of the remission communicated to the King? The Earl's brother (John Sinclair) was Bishop of Caithness, but was never consecrated, and during his time the affairs of the See were managed by the Dean of Caithness of the time—Adam Gordon, a son of the first Earl of Huntly. Mr. Mackay suggests that the bishop who was murdered—if such an event took place—might have opposed the consecration of John Sinclair. It may not be of much interest to continue this enquiry, more especially when the facts cannot be ascertained with any degree of exactness.

William held the Earldom for the long period of thirty-seven years. His administration or his conduct in general is not sufficiently recorded to enable a person to form a just estimate of his character. The distinguishing point in his career is that he fought and died at Flodden. Having suffered death for his country, with the bravest of his men, his faults and shortcomings, if he had any, were alike forgiven and forgotten.

THE EDINBURGH GAELIC MANUSCRIPT XL.

[By Dr Kuno Meyer.]

One of the most important Gaelic MSS. deposited in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, is a vellum quarto marked XL. Its principal claim on the attention of all interested in Celtic literature lies in the fact that it contains a considerable number of old texts of which no other versions, or no other equally old and good versions are known to exist. It has therefore been thought that a description of this MS. and a summary of its contents would be welcome to the readers of this Magazine. Nor can I suppress the wish shared, I know, by Celticists both in this country and abroad, that I may through this paper contribute to arousing a more general interest in the valuable collection to which the MS. belongs, and if possible induce Scotch scholars to more thoroughly investigate than has been done hitherto its hidden treasures.

The MS. as it now appears consists of five layers of different origin. These have been stitched together in a vellum cover, on which is found a Latin religious treatise in a hand of the 12th century, with glosses in the same language, now almost unreadable.

Pp. 1-12 form the oldest portion of the MS. The handwriting is that of the 14th century. Initial letters are coloured. The contents are seven *Aideda* or Death-tales of the heroic cycle of early Irish legend.

Pp. 1-3: *Aided Conchobuir.* The oldest extant version of this tale, that in the Book of Leinster, pp. 123-124 (published and translated by O'Curry, *Manuscript Materials*, pp. 636-642), differs from our version in not relating the actual death of Conchobur. O'Curry says:—"I do not recollect having seen any ancient original detailed account of this tragical event beyond what is told here," and then gives Keating's version "from some ancient authority no longer known to us." Now, Keating's account is mainly that of our version, as will be seen from the following short summary of the story as told in the MS. XL.:—

King Conchobur had been hit in battle by a ball made of lime mixed with the brains of a slain foeman (called Mesgedra). This ball stuck in his head, and, as the physician said it could not be removed without endangering the King's life, it was stitched with thread of gold, 'because the colour of Conchobur's hair was the same as that of gold.' The king was strictly enjoined to avoid all excitement and violent exercise, such as running, or riding, or sexual pleasure. "In this doubtful state he continued while he lived, unable to do anything but to sit in his chair, until the hour came when Christ was crucified by the Jews. Then a great trembling came over all creation, and heaven and earth shook at the awful deed that was done on that day, namely, the crucifixion of the innocent Christ, son of the living God, by the unbelieving Jews. 'What is this?' asked Conchobur of his druids, 'and what great deed is it which is done to-day?'" [Ro boi isin cuntabairt sin in cein ro bo béo, ocus nirbo hengnamaid, acht tairisim ina Shuidi amain cusin uair ro crochad Crist la Judaidib. Tanic ann sin crith mór forsna duilib ocus ro crithnaig nem ocus talam la meit in gnima donither isin laithiu si aniu .i. Isu Crist mac De bi do crochad cin cinaid d' ludaidib amairechta. 'Cid so?' or Conchobur fria druidib 'ocus cia gnim mor donither ann so aniu?'] The druids then tell the king the story of Christ's death, saying that he was born on the same day as Conchobur, the 8th of the calends of January, though not in the same year."* It was then that Conchobur believed, and what with his pity for Christ, and his anger against the Jews, a great rage seized upon him. He drew his sword, rushed at a wood near him, and cut and felled the trees, until the wood was all level. And, with the fury, the brains of Mesgedra started out of his head, his own brains following after, so that he fell dead. Thence everybody says:—"A dweller in heaven is Conchobur for the . . . . which he has done." The last words which Conchobur spoke were:—"Whoever will carry me to my own house, without delay, I will give the sovereignty of Ulster to him." [Ro gab iarum a claidem ina laim ocus ro gab don caillid uime co n-dernaig mag don caill .i. Mag Lamrige a Feraib Rus . . . Lasin feirg sin ro ling incinn Miscedra asa cinn, co tainic a incind fein fair, gurbo marb

* Cp. Rev. Celt. VI. p. 176, the Coimpert Conchobuir.

de. Ocus conid aire sin aderait cach ; 'Is nemedac[h] Conchobur trit an durtacht doroine Conchobur.' Is e in deigach adubert Conchobur: 'Gidbe nombera-sa cin tairisium fam connuici mo tech . . .] Then his servant Cennberraite put a cord round him and carried him on his back, till his heart broke within him. Hence the saying 'Cennberraite's sovereignty over Ulster,' namely, the king upon his neck for half the day. God afterwards revealed to Buite mac Bronaig the existence of the brains of Mesgedra. Whoever touches it in his dying hour is blessed. And there is a saying that it was afterwards carried southward into Leinster, and gave the men of Leinster superiority. So far the story of the death of Conchobur [Do foillsig dia do Búiti mac Bronaigh incind Miscedra conid hi is adart ... ocus is nemedach gach aen for a racha incind Miscedra ic dol fria bas. Ocus ata briathar a breth fodes a Laignib ocus fortamlus doib iar sin. Conid hi Adaid Conchobuir connuici sin.]

This is one of those fine tales the origin of which must be ascribed to the fond desire of the Irish *sēdlaige* to reclaim their favourite heroes from that eternal damnation to which mediæval Christianity believed all heathens to be condemned. Thus we are told in the *Senchas na Relec* (Leabhar na h-Uidhri, p. 50 b), that before the introduction of Christianity into Ireland King Cormac mac Airt was a believer in the one and true God, as Conchobur and Morand Mac Corpri Cindchaitt were before him, "and it is probable that others followed them in that belief" (*ocus ane is doig co n-deochatár drem aile for a slicht imon cretim sin*), that he would not worship stocks and stones, but Him who had made him and all creatures, and that he wanted to be buried not with his heathen ancestors, but in Ros na Ríg, with his face to the east [ar ro ráid-seom na aidérad clocha ná crunnu, acht no adérad intí dosroni ocus ro po chomsid arcul na huli dúla .. Ro ráid-seom immorro fria muintir cen a adnacul issin Brug, daig ni hinund día ro adair-seom ocus cech oen ro adnacht issin Bruig, acht a adnacol ir-Ros na Ríg ocus a aiged sair.] But the finest tale of this nature is that known as the *Slabur-charpat Conchulaind* (LU. pp. 113-115), or "The Spectre-Chariot of Cúchulaind," in which it is told how Patrick, in order to satisfy the unbelieving King Loegaire, conjures the greatest hero of Erinn in his full

battle-array from his grave. The result is that Loegaire believes and Cúchulaind's earnest prayer to be received into Heaven is granted *(Adfiadar nem do Choinculaind)*.

Pp. 3-5: *Aided Ailella ocus Conaill Cernaig.* See Jubainville, *Catalogue de la Littérature Epique de l'Irlande*, p. 13. There is only one other version of this tale extant, which is more modern than that of our MS.

Pp. 5-6: *Aided Fergusa maic Roich*—The Death of Fergus mac Roich. Jubainville, l.c., p. 23. This is the only version extant, if we except Keating's account. The tale begins:—Cid diata adaid Fergusa maic Roich? Ni hansa. Bui Fergus for luinges i Conachtaib iarna sarugud im maccuib Usnig. Uair is e in tres comairci tucad friu ocus Dubthach Doeltenga ocus Cormac Conlongas mac Conchobuir. Batar dono uili tiar forsan loinges co cend cethri m-bliadan dec ocus ni an dono gul na crith leo a n-Ultaib, acht gul ocus crith cach n-oidhchi. Is e ro marb Fiachaid mac Conchobuir ocus is e ro marb Geirgi mac n-Illeda ocus as e ro marb Eogan mac Durthacht. Is lais tucad in tain .i. la Fergus. Mor tra do gnimaib dorine-sim a tegluch Ailella ocus Medba, ocus ba minca no bid-som ocus a muinter ar fot in tire cena 'na isin tegluch. Tricha cét rob e lin na loingsi, etc.

Pp. 6-7: *Aided Medba Crúachan.* Jubainville, l.c. p. 28. The only other old MS. of this curious tale is that in LL. p. 124. The following is a translation of our version:—

King Eocha Feidlech had three sons and three daughters. His sons tried to wrest the kingship from him, but were met by their sister Clothru, who attempted to dissuade them. "Do ye come to injure your father? It is a great wrong, though it should be carried out." "It cannot be helped," said the youths. "Do ye leave children behind you?" asked the woman. "They are no longer alive," said the youths. "It is likely that ye will perish through your crime. Venite ad me," inquit illa, "namque tempus mihi est concipiendi. Videamus num progeniem mecum relicturi sitis." Factum est. Alius super alium cum ea coierunt. Bene evenit. Peperit "Lugaid of the Red Stripes," filium trium Findemna. "Nolite contra patrem procedere!" inquit illa, "satis sceleris admisistis qui cum sorore vestra dormiveritis, ita ut contra patrem pugnare non debeatis." Hoc quominus pugnarent pro-

hibuit. Clothru administered the laws of Connaught in the isle of Clothru (*Inis Clothrand*) on Loch Ree. They say that Medb killed her sister Clothru, and out of her sides her child, In Furbaide mac Conchobuir, was taken with the swords. Then Medb seized the kingship of Connaught, and took Ailill to rule by her side. And in Inis Clothrand she administered the laws of Connaught. She was under a spell to bathe every morning in a spring at the end of the island. One day Furbaide went to Inis Clothrand and fixed a pole on the flagstone on which Medb was wont to make her ablutions. He tied a rope to the top of the pole, and the pole was as high as Medb, and he stretched the rope across Loch Ree, from east to west. Then he took the rope home with him, and, when the youths of Ulster were at play, this was Furbaide's game: he would stretch his rope between two poles, and practised slinging between them, nor did he leave off until he hit the apple that was on the head of the pole. One day there was a great gathering of the men of Connaught and Ulster around Loch Ree, west and east. And Medb went to bathe early in the morning in the spring above the Loch. "What a beautiful figure yonder!" said everybody. "Who is it?" asked Furbaide. "Thy mother's sister," said all. He was then eating a piece of cheese. He did not wait to pick up a stone. He put the cheese in his sling, and, when Medb's forehead was turned towards them, he sent the piece and lodged it in her head. And so he killed her by one throw, and avenged his mother. [Bai Furbaidi in tan sin ac ithi mire do tanaigh ocus ni ro han-som fri cuinchi clochthi, acht dobeir mir do tanaigh ina tabaill ocus teilcis di, ocus is amlaid ro bai Medb in tan sin, a hetan friu go tarla ina mullach, gurus marb de do digail a mathar furri. Adaid Meidbi ocus Clothrainni.]

Pp. 7-8: *Aided Céit maic Magaig.* Jubainville, p. 7. Except Keating and quite modern versions, there is no copy of this tale extant. The beginning is:—

Cid diata adaid Ceit maic Magaig? Ni hansa. Luidh Cet fecht ann a crich n-Ulad do cuingi gona duine.

Pp. 8-9: *Aided Loegaire Búadaig.* Jubainv., p. 26. Except Keating and quite modern versions this is again the only copy extant.

Pp. 9-11: *Aided Celtchuir maic Uitheehuir.* Jubainv., p. 8. The Book of Leinster (p. 118 b) is the only other MS. containing this tale.

The lower margin of p. 11 contains the following entry in a later hand: *Orait sunn d'fir in liupair si. i. Aedan mac Eoin misi, podgreseir ocus fergach atameomnaie.* "A prayer here for the possessor of this book, viz., Aedán mac Eoin am I, a bootmaker and teacher." Above this are entered the following absurd rhymes:—

Fuicarlan mac Fici Faíci
Fifoíci Fé Faíci Fái
Do gonsat gái géigi gáigi
Gigoígi gé gaigi gaí.

P. 12 is partly illegible. It contains entries by another later hand, among them such proverbial sayings, as: Anas mesa do rioghaibh, a m-beith drochsmachta douirigill. Anas mesa do mnaibh baile, a m-beith cruaid cainteach cesachtach. Anas mesa d' ogaibh, guth borb ocus uaill isill. On the right-hand margin *misi Domhnall* is written.

The second layer, comprising pp. 13-28, contains a good copy of the homily on the text Gen. xii. i., dealing with the life of St. Columba (Columb Cille). The same text has been edited and translated from the version in the Leabhar Breac by Whitley Stokes, *Three Middle-Irish Homilies*, pp. 90-125. The beginning is: Exi de terra tua et de cognatione et de domo patris tui et uade terram quam tibi mostrauero .i. faguib do thir ocus do talmain ocus do coibnesa* collaidi ocus t' atharda n-dilis oram-sa ocus eir isin tir foillsigfet-sa duit. In coimde fesin da rad an comairli cairdemail si.

The third layer comprises pp. 29-48.

Pp. 29-37: *Aided Guill maic Garbada ocus Aided Gairb Glinde-Rige.* Jubainville, p. 25. The text tallies with that of the Book of Leinster (pp. 107-111), the only other copy known to exist, and to which it supplies some good variants.

Pp. 37-45: *Tdin Bó Frdich.* Jubainv., p. 217. A complete copy, tallying with that of LL. pp. 248-252, and supplying good variants.

* Thus confirming Stokes' emendation of *coibne* in LBr.

Pp. 45-48: *Pennaid Adaim ann so sis*, The Penance of Adam. The same text is found in the Leabhar Breac, p. 111 b., but the variations are considerable. The beginning is:

Doroine dia talum do Adum ocus do Eba iar n-imarbus a parrthus. Is ann sin do bai Adam *sechtmuin* iar n-dichor a parrthus can dig can biadh can edach can teach can teine, acht fo aithmela ocus fo atoirrsi. Et ro batar ag aifir imaifir ar a cheile. Et aspert: "As mor do maith tucad duinn, muna beth Luittifir da F*h*aslach orainn in coimde do S*h*arugad .i. comrad fri haingliu ocus na huile duile De ag ar n-anorugad, ocus ni loiscfi teine sinn" ar se "ocus ni baigfid uisce ocus ni theascfad faebur ocus ni gebad galur."

Notice the interesting form *Luittifir*, by popular etymology for *Lucifer*, as if from *loittim* "I destroy."

The fourth layer comprises pp. 49-68, and contains the only complete copy of the *Mesce Ulad* known to exist. Jubainv., 175. The beginning is different from that in the Book of Leinster.

Ri firen foirglech ro gabustar flathas ocus forrlamhus for Erinn .i. Eremon Eachtach armghonach ilgnimach mac Miled. Ocus is e an ri sin do troath ocus do throm ... tuatha deabchaine dathailli De Dhanand.

Though much later than LU. and LL., our version often has a better text and yields good variants, as *e.g.* in the verses spoken by King Conchobur (Cp. LL., p. 265 a):

> "Masat ealta conad elta ni himerci aon en
> ata brat breac co n-[d]ath m-banoir darlet um gac[h] aon en."

It ends like LU. p. 20 b:

Bai iarum Conchobur iar sin 'con coscrad a rige imbi an gein do bai a m-bethaigh. Conad e baot[h]rem Ulad co Teamuir Luachra conige sin. Finid.

Then follows:

Amen ocus a Minaird do [s]gribneadh ocus dobe aos an tigerna an tan sin .uiii. bliadna .xxx. ocus .u.c. ocus mile bliadna Mksk sfb-chb- mbc gkll- crkst mkc fpfn, *i.e.*, 'Amen, and in Minaird it was written, and the year of the Lord at that time was 1538. I am Seancha mac Gilla Crist mic Eoin.' The scribe has disguised his name by putting for every vowel the following letter of the alphabet, a practice often met with in the Middle Ages. I

do not know where Minaird is. There is a place of that name in Kerry.

P. 68 is almost illegible.

The fifth and last portion of the MS. comprises pp. 69-75.

Pp. 69-72: *Cennach an Ruanado.* The Purchase of the Championship. This is the last story of the tale known as *Fled Bricrend*, or The Feast of Bricriu, edited by Windisch, *Irische Texte*, pp. 235-311. Our version is of unique value in containing the end of the story, which is wanting in the Leabhar na h-Uidhri, and illegible in Egerton 93, and in a MS. at Leyden which Professor Windisch has lately examined. The following is a summary of the tale according to our MS.:—

Once, after the gatherings and games of the day were over, the heroes of Ulster were assembled in King Conchobur's house the *Crdeb Rúad* (or Red Branch) at Emain Macha. Neither Cúchulaind, nor Conall Cernach, nor Lóegaire Búadach were there that night. While they were sitting there at the end of the day, they saw a tall very ugly fellow approach the house. He seemed taller by half than any of the Ulster heroes. His shape was terrible and hideous. He had an old hide next his body, and a black tawny cloak over that, and carried a large club-tree of the size of a fold for thirty calves. He had yellow eyes in his head, standing out as big as a kettle for a large ox. As stout as the wrist of another was each of his fingers. In his left hand he carried a lump of the weight of twenty yoke of oxen; in his right an axe for which 150 *bruthdamna* had been used; its handle had the weight of the yoke of a plough team. It was so sharp that it would have cut through hairs floating in the wind. In such guise he entered the house and sat down on the bottom of the fork that was before the fire. "Is the house too narrow for thee," said Dubthach Dóeltenga to the fellow, "that thou canst not find some other place in it, but must needs sit down on the bottom of the fork? Unless, indeed, thou wantest to outshine the light of the house, though we shall (sooner) have the house on fire than there will be light to the household." "Though that is my art (*dán*) . . . . (*sotmidfidher ceche be sommartte*), so that the whole household will enjoy its light, and there will be no danger of burning the house; yet that is not always my art, I

possess other arts as well. "What I have come to seek," said he, "I have not found in Erinn, nor in Alba, nor in Europe, nor in Africa, nor in Asia, as far as Greece and Scythia, and the Orkneys, and the Pillars of Hercules, and Tor Bregaind, and Inis Gaid (the Isle of Gades), anybody to fulfil the rules of fair play in the matter. Now, since ye men of Ulster excel among the hosts of all these countries in terror and valour and bravery, in rank and pride and dignity, in truth and honesty and worthiness, find ye a man among you to fulfil my request."

When fair play had been granted him at the instance of the druid Sencha mac Ailella, he challenged any man of them, except Conchobur and Fergus mac Róich, to come and have his head cut off that night, and "he may cut off mine to-morrow night." Munremar (the Stout-necked) mac Gerrgind, who possessed the strength of a hundred heroes, offers to accept the challenge, if he may first cut off his adversary's head that night, and have his own cut off the night after. This is accepted, and Munremar takes the axe out of the hand of the giant, and the latter places his neck on the block. Munremar deals a stroke at his neck, so that he reaches the block under it, cutting off his head and filling the whole house with his blood. The giant gets up, collects his head and his block and his axe into his bosom, and thus walks out of the house, the stream of blood from his neck continuing to flow, and the men of Ulster standing struck with amazement. "I swear by the god of my people," said Dubthach Dóeltenga, "if the giant comes back to-morrow, after having been killed to-night, he will not leave a single man alive in Ulster." And, when the giant returned on the following night, Munremar had escaped. (luid Muinnremar for inggauhal gab- an bachlaig ag car a achta ris.) But Loegaire Buadach, who was there that night, accepts the giant's challenge. The same agreement is made, but, when the giant returned on the following night, Loegaire did not turn up. The same thing happens with Conall Cernach. The giant came on the fourth night, and was angry and fierce. All the women of Ulster came that night to look on. Cúchulaind was there that night. The giant upbraids the heroes:—"Your valour and prowess have disappeared, ye men of Ulster," said he. "Where is the madman called Cúchulaind? (Caiti in siartha

claondruad ucad olce frisa n-apar Qugulaind ?) Let us see if his word is better than that of the other heroes !" "I do not choose to fight with thee," said Cuchulaind. "It seems to me, oh wretched fly (a cuil truad), thou greatly fearest death" (as mór attadar ecc). At that Cúchulaind jumped towards him, and gave him such a stroke with the axe that he sent his head to the top rafter of the Cráebrúad, and the whole building shook. Cúchulaind caught up the head and smashed it up with the axe. The giant rose up. On the next day the men of Ulster watched Cúchulaind, to see whether he also would escape the giant. When night drew near, Cúchulaind felt very low-spirited, and it would have been proper if they had sung his dirge (rosgaph mifri go mor ocus ba techto maruh-caoindi cid doradsatt foir), but King Conchobur said: "By my shield and sword, thou shalt not go until my word to the giant is fulfilled, for there is death before me, and I would rather have death with honour." ("Tar mo sciat[h] ocus tar mo cloidim, ni ragh gu ra comallnar mo preidir frisin m-bachlach, uair ata ecc ar mo ceann ocus as ferr limp ecc comm-inchaib.") At the close of the day the giant comes and asks for Cúchulaind. "Here I am," said Cúchulaind. "Thy voice is low to-night, oh wretch," said the giant, "greatly dost thou fear death." (Is issil o rad anocht, a truadan, as mor attaidir-si ecc.) "Though I fear death greatly, I have not avoided it." Cuchulaind then stretches his neck across the block, which was so large that his neck reached but half-way. "Stretch out thy neck, wretch!" said the giant. Then Cuchulaind stretched his his whole body so that a man's foot would have fitted in between every two ribs of his, and that his neck reached the other edge of the block. The giant raised his axe to the top-beam of the house. The creaking of the old hide that covered him, and the whiz of the axe, and the strength of his two arms raised up, were like the creaking of woods in a stormy night. It came down again, and its blunt side—below (*ocus a cul reme*). All the nobles of Ulster were looking on. "Arise, oh Cuchulaind," they said, "the kingship of the heroes of Ulster and Erinn to thee from this hour, and the champion's portion without contest, and the precedency among the women of Ulster to thy wife for ever in the house of drinking!" Then they recognised the giant,

and it was Curoi mac Dare, who had come to fulfil his word that he had given to Cuchulaind. [Oasin trat[h] ni ro cosnadh .. ra Coinculaind an cauradmir ocus it de sin ata Cauradmir n-Eamna do gress ocus an Briatharkath Bhan Ulad ocus Candac an Ruanado ind Eamuin Macha ocus Totem n-olad do Chruachnaib Aiea. Finitt.]

The text of our MS. is hardly legible in many places and very corrupt in others. It agrees with that of Egerton as against that of LU. In the text published by Windisch we ought to read p. 302, 7: *coit*chenn; p. 303, 2: *for benfer n-anaichnid*, ib. 7: *lasmis étar* (*lasmas etir* Ed.)

Pp. 72-75 contain a tract on the observance of Sunday. Other copies are in the Leabhar Breac, p. 204 b, and the Harleian MS. 5280, fo. 36 a. The beginning is:

Soire Domain o trat[h] esparton dia Sathairn go fuined maitni dia Luain.

P. 75 brings the MS. to an end.

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Chan 'eil bas fir gun ghras fir.
No man's death without man's grace.

Am burn a bhios 'sa' bhraigh, bidh pairt dheth 'san inbhir.
The water that is at the source, part of it will be at the mouth of the river.

Cho tiugh ri peasair am poc.
Thick as peas in a bag.

Ged is math an gille cam, cha fhritheil e thall 's a bhos.
Good as the one-eyed lad is, he cannot attend here and there.

Is ionnan ri cloich am baile, fear 's a bhearradh ri dol as.
Like a stone in a field is he that is anxious to get away.

Chan fhidir an sathach an seang.
The full man pities not the hungry man.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

(Continued.)

It was at this period (1774-75) that the future General Macleod determined to enter the army. His relative, the Hon. Colonel Simon Fraser of Lovat, who had in 1757 raised a regiment of 1460 men, which had greatly distinguished itself in the previous war in Canada, had the family estates restored to him in 1772, and, in 1775, he received Letters of Service for raising another regiment of two battalions in the Highlands. He soon completed his task, and in April, 1776, marched, with a body of 2340 Highlanders, to Stirling, and thence to Glasgow. From Glasgow they proceeded to Greenock, whence they sailed in a large fleet for America, accompanied by the 42nd Regiment and other troops. For this regiment, designated the 71st Fraser Highlanders, Norman Macleod of Macleod raised a company, and joined the First Brigade, with the rank of Captain, at their head.

When the regiment was being raised, Macleod, who was in the neighbourhood of Inverness at the time, was thrown from his horse and badly hurt. He was carried by friends to the house of Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, III. of Suddie, where he was tenderly nursed by that gentleman's eldest daughter, Mary, until he recovered from the effects of his accident. The two were soon after married, and when he embarked for America, at the head of his company, he was accompanied by his young wife. Both were taken prisoners on the voyage, and were subsequently very kindly treated by Washington, of whom Macleod often afterwards, according to his own son, spoke "in terms of the warmest affection." In a few years he returned to Britain, and was almost immediately appointed to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, having raised a Second Battalion for the 42nd Highlanders. He was appointed on the 21st of March, 1780, and continued in the regiment until, in 1786, he was removed to the 73rd, formed out of the Second Battalion of the 42nd, raised by himself six years before.

In December, 1780, the newly raised regiment embarked at

Queensferry, to join an expedition then fitting out at Portsmouth bound for the Cape of Good Hope, under the command of Major-General William Meadows and Commodore Johnstone. They left Portsmouth on the 12th of March, 1781, arriving at Bombay on the 5th of March, 1782, having taken within a week of twelve months on the voyage out, and suffering severely from scurvy and fever, no fewer than 5 officers and 116 non-commissioned officers and privates having died during the passage. The transport "Myrtle," with Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod and other officers on board, separated in a gale from the rest of the fleet off the Cape of Good Hope. The vessel had neither chart nor map; the master was an ignorant seaman, and it was only through the assistance of Captain Dalziel, who was on board, that, after a long time, they arrived at Madagascar, the appointed rendezvous. There was no trace of the rest of the fleet; Colonel Macleod and his companions made their way back to St. Helena, procured charts, and at length reached Madras on the 23rd of May, 1782.

In the absence of Macleod, the command of the troops intended for actual service devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie Humberston of Seaforth of the 100th Regiment, and he started with an expedition to attack Palacatcherry, took several forts on his way, but, on his arrival, finding the place much stronger than he expected, and that Hyder Ali had sent his son Tipoo Sahib for its relief, Colonel Humberston withdrew to Mangaracotah, one of the small forts he had taken on his forward march, and, learning that Tipoo was advancing, he continued his retreat, closely pressed by the enemy in great force, to Paniané, where he arrived on the morning of the 20th of November, 1782.

Colonel Macleod arrived there from Madras on the previous night, the 19th, and at once assumed command of the army as the senior officer. Here he found himself surrounded by 10,000 cavalry and 14,000 infantry, including two corps of Europeans under the French General Lally, while his own force had been reduced by sickness to 380 Europeans and 2200 Sepoys fit for duty. Macleod, writing to the Select Committee at Bombay, under date of 29th November, 1782, describes the position at length, and says—"This being the situation, it was a most hazardous attempt to force us. Just before the dawn of the 28th, I was

raised from sleep by a smart firing at Major Campbell's post. I immediately flew thither and found a very heavy firing at the Old Fort. Major Campbell had got there before me, and was charging large columns of the enemy with his bayonet. He had with him the Light Company and Grenadiers of the 42nd, the Ninth, and some who flocked to him from the piquets. In passing out I found the 42nd Regiment, under Captain Campbell, ready under arms. I took him with me, and at the end of the lane we met a thick column of the enemy, who had passed the horse, and were pushing into the town. We rushed up on them, wounded and took a French officer, their leader. Large bodies were seen moving along our front. Major Campbell, with the troops attending him, ran at them wherever he could perceive them. Captain Campbell, with the 42nd, gallantly followed me in the same work; our soldiers in the fort fired warmly still, and there was much cannonading and musketry on the left on Major Shaw's. Day now broke, and we perceived that the enemy had almost cleared the field. They retreated as fast as they could, and my knowledge of their having such large bodies of horse alone prevented my pursuing." He goes on to say that he cannot express the ardour of the troops, and that the behaviour of officers and men was all he could wish. The attack was made in the dark "by a number prodigiously superior" to his force, and the moment the outposts were attacked the enemy were met, furiously attacked and defeated, by the brave band under his command. In his general orders, Macleod says that this little army "had nothing to depend on but their native valour, their discipline, and the conduct of the officers." These were all "nobly exerted," and "the intrepidity with which Major Campbell and the Highlanders repeatedly charged the enemy was most honourable to their character." After this brilliant victory by the force under Macleod, Tipoo retreated towards Seringapatam, leaving about 2000 dead and wounded on the field or taken prisoners, while Colonel Macleod's loss was 8 officers and 88 men killed and wounded, native and British, of whom belonged to the 42nd Regiment, 3 sergeants and 19 rank and file killed; and Major John Campbell, Surgeon Thomas Farquharson, 2 sergeants, and 31 rank and file wounded.

Colonel Macleod was now ordered to Bombay to join the

army under Brigadier General Mathews, with whom he formed a junction, at Cundapore, on the 8th of January, 1783. On the 23rd he moved forward to attack Bednore. During the march, they were much harassed by flying parties of the enemy, and seriously impeded by the nature of the country, which was rendered much more difficult by a succession of field-works constructed on the face of the mountains, which the invading British force had to ascend. They were soon, however, taken possession of by the intrepid Macleod, at the head of the 42nd and his sepoys.

On the 26th of February 1783, we are informed in the official despatches that "the 42nd, led by Colonel Macleod, and followed by a corps of Sepoys, attacked these positions with the bayonet, and, pursuing like Highlanders, were in the breastwork before the enemy were aware of it. Four hundred were bayoneted, and the rest pursued to the wall of the fort." In this manner, General Stewart of Garth says, "seven forts were attacked and taken in succession, when the formidable appearance of the principal redoubt, Hyder Gurr, rendered it necessary to proceed with caution." It was situated on the highest precipice of the mountains, with a dry ditch in front, and mounted with twenty cannon, while, on the face of the mountain, seven batteries were on intervening terraces, one above the other, with internal lines of communication, and the outward approaches obstructed by trees placed transversely,so as to prevent ascent at any point except that exposed to the full effect of the cannon. These formidable obstructions proved of no avail against the undaunted bravery of the Highlanders. Their advance struck terror into the minds of the enemy in the stronghold, and Bednore was taken possession of on the 27th of January, 1783.

The Fort of Hyder Gurr, so called by way of pre-eminence, was found to contain 8000 stand of new arms, with a large quantity of powder, shot, and other military stores. A vast amount of treasure, amounting to £801,000 was also found in the City of Bednore, besides a large quantity of jewels. But though the army was in the greatest distress for money, not having received any pay for a year or more, General Mathews positively refused to divide any of the spoil among the officers or men. The most

vehement complaints and remonstrances ensued. Refractory proceedings were severely, if not arbitrarily, punished; and three of the leading officers, Colonel Macleod, Colonel Humberston, and Major Shaw, left the army, and, proceeding to Bombay, laid their representations before the Governor and Council. So flagrant to the Governor and Council did the conduct of the General appear, that they superseded him; and appointed Colonel Macleod, the next in rank, to take the command in his stead. Colonel Macleod, now Brigadier-General and Commander-in-Chief, returning to the army with the two other officers, in the *Ranger*, soon fell in with a Mahratta fleet of five vessels off Geriah, on the 7th of April, 1783. This fleet was not, it appears, apprised of the peace; and Macleod, "full of impatience, temerity, and presumption," instead of attempting an explanation, or submitting to be detained at Geriah for a few days, gave orders to resist. The *Ranger* was taken, after almost every man in the ship was either killed or wounded. Major Shaw was killed, and Macleod and Humberston wounded, the latter mortally. He died in a few days at Geriah, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and was lamented as an officer of the most exalted promise; a man, who nourished his spirit with the contemplation of ancient heroes, and devoted his hours to the study of the most abstruse sciences connected with his profession.*

During this interval, in Colonel Macleod's absence, the army was dispersed in small detachments all over the country, and nothing was dreamt of, it is said, by those in charge of it but the accumulation of riches, while intelligence, fortifications, and provisioning for the army were entirely neglected. Tippoo soon took advantage of this state of affairs, suddenly appeared on the 9th of April, 1783, seized Bednore, laid siege to the fort, occupied the Ghauts, cut off the garrison from all possibility of retreat, and, on the 30th of April, its defenders capitulated, honourable terms having been promised them, but, instead of these being given them, they were placed in irons, and marched off like felons to a dreadful imprisonment in the fortresses of Mysore.

General Macleod, shortly before this, in March, 1783, addressed a letter to Mr. John Macpherson of the Supreme

* *History of India*, by James Mill, 1820, Vol. IV., pp. 231-2.

Council of Bengal, in which he relates his own more important proceedings since his arrival in India, and complains in the severest terms of the conduct of General Mathews, his commander-in-chief, and to whose position he himself in consequence soon after succeeded. The letter is sufficiently important to justify its publication in full. General Macleod, addressing Mr. Macpherson, says :—

Sir,—Though I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you for some time, I will not stand on the ceremony of a letter with you, as I imagine you will like to hear of my transactions more fully than by the public accounts. You know that I had the good fortune, immediately on my arrival, to defeat a very bold attempt of Tippo Sahib to crush the little army which, till that time, had acted under Humberston. He had been forced to make a very rapid retreat before Tippo, and I had just time to make a disposition in a very strong post. Lally led on the enemy in heavy columns ; our Sepoys behaved very well, and committed great slaughter by their fire, but I owed the chief success to a charge I made at the head of the 42nd into the thickest of them. Tippo's attack was as bold, and the disposition of it as fine, as anything I recollect in the military way, but his troops were inferior to ours. He did not, however, abandon his design ; he remained 14 days afterwards in our neighbourhood, and I had every reason to expect another attempt, but he was called away by his father's illness.

I was then left to act as I thought best. I found I had no proper carriage or equipment to follow him to Palakacherry, and, besides, there was no concert established to meet at a fixed time with Colonel Lang's army, which alone would have made it proper to have moved that way. I had heard of a surmise of an intended expedition against Mangalore, which I should be probably ordered to join. I therefore, on Tippo's departure, which happened on the 12th December, employed myself in stripping all my heavy stores, collecting craft, and putting the army in a capacity to move anywhere.

My intention was, if not in the meantime forbid from Bombay, to go and take Cochin, from which I was but 6 days easy march. For this purpose I entered into a negociation with the King of Travancore, who offered to join me in that enterprise with his whole army. This design was stopped by an order to join General Mathews with my whole force on the coast above Mangalore, which I instantly obeyed.

I know General Mathews is a friend and a favourite of yours. I will trust also to my having a share of your affection and good opinion, and shall be very free and candid in what I say of him to you. I was shocked to find he had been only a Captain when I was a King's Lieutenant-Colonel, that he came to Bombay only a Lieutenant-Colonel, and had been slapdash created a Brigadier-General, seemingly on purpose to get him the command over us.

I know the reasonings adopted by the Company's servants in India to justify their preference of their own officers to His Majesty's, but you will excuse me if I did not think them satisfactory in general, but particularly weak in this. They say it is fair to show a preference to their own officers; perhaps I think so too, but not so great a preference as to give a man four steps at once over the head of others, who have not only committed no fault, but who have been victorious and warmly approved

of. They allege the necessity of local knowledge! How far scampering over Carnatic, at the head of a few horse, can give a man local knowledge of the Malabar Coast, I don't know, certain it is General Mathews had no topographical knowledge of the Coast; of the language he had not a syllable; and seemed to be totally stranger to and indifferent about the manners of the people.

It might also be unfair to suppose me totally destitute of local knowledge. A soldier properly bred and eager to distinguish himself makes local enquiry his first object on his arrival in a strange country. I had followed Sir Eyre Coote in a very marching campaign. I had studied his arrangements; I had lived with a finer army of Sepoys than ever Mathews saw; I knew as much of the language as he did, so that in truth I did not think the want of local knowledge, comparatively speaking, could be fairly urged to justify his commanding me. But I was more shocked to find him no soldier; ignorant to the greatest degree in the very first rudiments of the profession; totally incapable of arranging, equipping, or subsisting an army; unversed in the arts of obtaining intelligence, or of policy; rash and injudicious in his manners; in his temper; disgusting in his manners.

Notwithstanding all this, Humberston and I determined as we were on actual service, to postpone the consideration of the injury done us, and contribute our utmost to his success. If he has done us justice in the account of the Conquest of Bedinore you will know that we kept our resolution. I commanded in the only action which happened, the army being several miles behind me. I found the enemy to the number of 5000. I had about 900 excellent Sepoys and 300 Europeans. The enemy were posted in strong entrenchments, which we carried sword in hand, killed the General, several hundred of his men, and routed and dispersed the rest. This discouraged them so much that the Gauts were taken almost without opposition.

Notwithstanding of this success, accident alone got us the conquest, for had resistence been continued, he had taken no means to enoble us to overcome Hyat Sahib's treachery and desire to obtain command, and his dread of Tippo made him surrender at once what we should never have taken. This unexpected good fortune quite intoxicated our noble General. He now quarrelled with everybody, broke with Hyat Sahib, who in consequence sent away the family of the Killidar of Mangalore, which has encouraged that man to make an obstinate defence, then suddenly reconciled himself with Hyat Sahib, by giving him back all or part of his treasures which were taken by the army, for which they are going to prosecute him in your Supreme Court. Then he obliged his whole staff, Quartermaster-General, Commissary-General, Adjutant-General, Brigade-Major, etc., etc, to resign, dispersed the army over the face of the earth, starved the troops, insulted the officers, and played the very devil.

I had thoughts of quitting the army before, and he quickened that motion both in Humberston and me, by refusing to insert us in public orders as Colonels in India, on the pretence of having no official information, though we showed him undoubted private intelligence of the King's having given us the rank. I had also a dispute with him about victualling the King's troops, whom he starved in a most unnecessary and most barbarous manner. This brought on a correspondence which you will one day see, which ended in Colonel Humberston and me leaving the army. You are not to imagine, however, that we contributed in the least to the discontent of the army. Till he drove us away, we were his only support against the most general discontent and disposition to mutiny I ever saw.

Upon arriving here I found orders from England, transmitted by Sir Eyre Coote,

to draft our regiment and send home the officers. The Governor and Select Committee, in the letter which accompanied these orders, made me a very handsome compliment on my services, and a strong request to remain myself in the Presidency during this critical period. I of course consented, and offered to serve in any capacity wherein I could be thought of use. So much for myself. I will now amuse you with my ideas of the war on this coast, as far as my *local knowledge* enables me to form any, submitting most emphatically to your better judgment and superior information.

The great object has been to force the enemy to abandon the Carnatic by carrying the war into his own country, and by all means if possible to penetrate to Syringapatam. The death of Hyder happened most opportuneably for the execution of this plan, but for want of a large enough combination, and by the disobedience and incapacity of Brigadier-General Mathews, this opportunity is likely to be lost; for if an attempt is now made to push into the heart of the Mysore kingdom, it is likely to prove one of the most fatal measures that ever was adopted. I must first establish, as a principle, that the army which penetrates must be strong enough to contend with Tippo's whole force, and cover and obtain subsistence for itself, because the advantage of the measure implies his withdrawing from the Carnatic and collecting his force at Lonu. General Mathews' army was never strong enough for this, else how can we account for a much stronger one, under a much abler General, Sir Eyre Coote, not being able to crush Hyder.

By a well-concerted junction with Colonel Lang's army at Palakacherry, they, together, would have been strong enough to effect this grand object. The Government of Bombay instructed him to come to me at Panianz, and do this very thing, but he disobeyed. Providence, kind to him beyond measure, gave him another opportunity of striking the noble stroke—win with his single army. By the treachery of Hyat Sahib, Bedinore fell into our hands in a moment, the army had marched from Cundapore totally unequipped; he had abriged every department so effectually, by way of economy, that we could never carry two days' provisions, and not ammunition enough for two actions, not a single battery gun, very few field pieces, and no carriage for sick and wounded. Had he come properly equipped, the business was easy, nay, after the blunder of coming so unprovided, a remedy presented itself which he lost. By means of Hyat Sahib we might have got the carriages we wanted, and no hindrance would have been given to our movements. This man offered to oblige Mangalore to surrender to us, and also the other forts between Gop and Tellicherry. He offered to join us with all his adherents, to ensure his fidelity by giving us possession of his family, and to furnish us with horses, elephants, bullocks, money, and provisions. But the General chose to quarrel with him, and in his first rage Hyder sent away his troops to a distance, dismissed the families of the Killidars, particularly of Mangalore, and hid his cattle so that we could find none.

The General then behaved so strangely to his army that they lost all confidence in him; this Hyat saw, and I believe from that time cast about to secure himself in case of accidents, by giving us as little assistance as possible. The General could not then proceed against Syringapatam; he could not have Mangalore and the other places in his rear; he was obliged to besiege them, which will occupy the whole season, and give Tippo time to save his capital. Had we been properly equipped from Cundapore, or had we made the proper use of Hyat Sahib, we might have boldly marched in 10 days to Syringapatam; it is but a weak place by the description I got from some of Lord Macleod's Regiment, taken with Baillie. Tippo was at

a distance, his people were unfixed, his Government not established. We should have taken the place, and by a proper motion to the south east, and communication with Lang, we might have formed a junction with him. This required genius, military skill, policy, vigour, and disinterestedness; address to manage and divide the enemy, and to conciliate and unite his own army, but was infinitely above the contracted ideas of ignorant, improvident, and selfish Mathews. I am at this moment in very great apprehension for the army; they are dispersed in a most unmilitary manner, and in a way which will render their assembly more dangerous and impracticable than that of the army in the Carnatic at the beginning of the war. In short, Mathews' success hitherto has been because he has had no enemy; if Tippo comes against him he will fall.

I don't know whether I have done right or not, in being so free about a man you profess a regard for, but my character is to be open and above board. I have acted toward him with the most perfect honour and integrity, and will continue to do so.

I must now take the liberty of telling you that I expect to hear directly from yourself, and that if you don't write to me, I shall think you wish to throw off a troublesome correspondent.

I have a most affecting letter from Ullinish. His eldest son, my lieutenant, was killed in America; he beseeches and implores one of his sons to go home to him.

Believe me, with great affection and respect,

My dear sir,

Your most obt. humble sert.,

(Signed) NORMAN MACLEOD.

Bombay, March 14th, 1783.

(To be continued.)

GLASGOW STUDENTS.

VI.

[By W. J. Douglas.]

One cannot but marvel at the hold which politics and party have upon the human mind. It is not that the majority of people really understand what politics mean. They are born into the world with a religion and a party; they believe that religion and that party to be perfection; they fight for them against right and reason; they make sacrifices for them; they persecute for them. We are sometimes tempted to ask what would Mr. Bradlaugh have been if he had been born to the peership of the House of Cecil; what would Lord Salisbury have been if he had called Mr. Bradlaugh's father and mother his parents. Would Mr. Spurgeon have been as eloquent an exponent of Buddhism as he is of Christianity if he had been born and educated in the family of a pious Hindoo? Such thoughts come naturally when we contemplate student politics. I have seen much of political life, I have mixed in the keenest party battles, I have combated side by side with men who were in the deepest, grimmest earnest, but never have I seen such political zeal as in the conflicts of the University parties. That zeal was not always according to knowledge. The hottest political partisans were often ignorant of their own politics. And the more ignorant they were the more zealous they became. If you hinted to one of these Conservatives that Lord Beaconsfield was not perfection, if you ventured to doubt in the hearing of one of those Liberals that Mr. Gladstone was a little less than the angels, you were stamped on his mind as a vain and foolish person.

A great debate in the College Dialectic Society was always an occasion of excitement. It was eagerly anticipated for weeks. Eager whispers would go through the excited juniors that on the famous Friday night the great A would demolish the mighty B, or if you were a partisan of B, it would be gleefully confided to you that B was sure to make mince-meat of A. A secondary glory fell upon all who would take part in the debate. As C

strode along the quadrangle, admiring eyes would attend his progress, and it would be said, "He is going to speak on Friday night."

At last, in the usual course of Nature, the long anticipated Friday night would come. A large class-room would be closely packed by a noisy and tumultuous assembly. What energy was expended in stamping, whistling, and shouting, what true devotion to Crown and country was manifested by lambs that left the midnight cot far and away behind, what loyal determination to dare and do was manifested by a cataract of kicks! Now and again the portly keeper of the College would look in at the door and smile upon the noisy crew, always to be greeted by a very tempest of boisterous cheers. Or a quaint old janitor, with a most hopelessly cynical countenance, would glance upon them with a countenance that said as plainly as countenance could, "Shout away, you'll some day be food for worms."

All this time the front bench has been vacant. At length a side door opens, and about a dozen students enter, each with the air of Pitt or Peel, and with the gravity of those who know that the eye of Europe is upon them. One of these, who is President of the Association, takes the chair, the others, with due gravity, assume their places on the vacant bench. At this point the storm of cheering developes into a whirlwind, a cyclone. Then comes the hush of exhaustion and the Secretary takes the opportunity of reading the minutes. Then the Chairman introduces the speakers.

Let us suppose that a Liberal Government is in power. A Conservative rises to his feet with a motion to the effect that, if a Government could be composed of Judas Iscariot as Prime Minister, and Captain Kidd as Chancellor of the Exchequer, it would compare favourably with the Government then in power. The speaker is tall and elegantly dressed. His voice has just a touch of the Oxford ring. It is evident that he does not know much about politics, and what he does, he does not thoroughly know. But if he lacks in matter he makes up for his lack in manner. Indeed, in most college debates, knowledge was with the Liberals and style with the Conservatives. The present Speaker is eminently a stylist. The rounded sentence, the sharp antithesis, the apt and pointed epigram are all used with not a

little dialectical skill. With a glowing panegyric upon patriotic virtue, the assembled students are asked as men, he might say as Britons, to turn out of power a Government that had dragged our national name, our national fame, our historic glory in the mire of the nations. As thinking men, he would ask them to be deceived no longer by the grand old manœuverer. Thereupon would ensue a prolonged tempest of cheers and howls. After exhaustion had produced silence, the speaker would proceed to denounce each member of the Cabinet. What was Mr. Chamberlain? Why, Mr. Chamberlain was the Birmingham screw. What was Mr. Bright? Why, Mr. Bright was only a fat old Quaker with an eyeglass. What was Lord Hartington? Why, Lord Hartington was only the lazy scion of a wealthy and historic house. As each of these great names was mentioned, frantic and continued howls would arise from their angry admirers. Then the speaker would stick an eyeglass in his eye, would fold his arms, and would glance with majestic scorn upon those whom his satire had enraged. He seemed to feel himself a Coriolanus looking down upon the ragged rascaldom of Rome. At last he would finish with a highly ornate peroration. There would be two illusions to Rome, one to Carthage, one appeal to the genius of history, and one passionate declaration about dying on the altar of our country's liberties. The speaker would then resume his seat, with a highly satisfied expression upon his face, and the tempest of howls and cheers would reawaken.

To him would succeed the leader of the Liberals. He always rose like a bull fighter. He knew his subject, his opponent did not. Generally he would begin with a shower of compliments. Few men, he would acknowledge, understood politics better than his honourable friend. In fact, remembering this, he was surprised that his honourable friend could make so many and so great mistakes. It was not for him to say that his honourable friend was talking nonsense. Far be such an idea from his mind. But at the same time facts were facts. And then one by one he would take up the arguments that had been brought forward, and he would batter them with facts and figures.

Then would rise the jocose member of the Conservatives. He would begin by saying that he was not a politician. This

sentiment would be received by derisive laughter. Well, when he heard such extraordinary views of politics as those to which they had just listened to, he felt that he could not say whether he was a politician or whether he was not. Then he would become serious. If he were a politican, if he had any right to assert that he understood politics, these were not the politics that he understood. Did politics threaten hearth and altar, did politics oppose all that was highest and holiest in humanity, were politics meant to be the curse of the world? Then he was not a politician.

The earnest Liberal would thereupon occupy the boards. He would be statistical, and he would generally be wearisome. Liberalism had not begun with Mr. Gladstone. It did not only support the Grand Old Man, but it was a grand old doctrine, he might say the grandest and the oldest doctrine in the world. What was Liberalism? It was truth! What, again, was Liberalism? It was humanity! What, once more, was Liberalism? It was all that was highest, and holiest, and best in this sinful world!

The statistical Conservative would succeed. He believed all that the last speaker had said, and said so ably. Only he had made a slight confusion of terms. He had said Liberal when he meant Conservative, and he uttered the word Conservative when he should have spoken the word Liberal. He himself was a Conservative, because he thought that the Conservatives were the only Liberals. He looked back upon the past—gentlemen might choose to laugh, but it was only from the past that we could judge the future. And what did the past teach? It taught, if it taught anything, that Conservatism was Peace, that Conservatism was Reform, that Conservatism was Retrenchment. That was why he was a Conservative.

And so the debate would linger on, in the same old style as that we read day by day in the House of Commons. If it was not much better, it would not, at least, be worse. And we voted in the dialectic just as they do in Parliament. We said to ourselves, we have a party; what is the need of opinions?

(To be continued.)

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

IV.

SONGS of the Chase were for long very popular among Highlanders. Hunting was prosecuted with enthusiasm, and the lays in its celebration form a distinct and well-defined division of Gaelic poetry. In English there is nothing, except perhaps a few ballads, which can be regarded as analogous to this. But we much fear that the gentle "art of venerie" will never more awaken the voice of song. How could it? On this subject much might be said; and we may return to it on a future occasion. We have been led into making these remarks in view of the specimens of Badenoch bardery, which we have chosen for this month.

The first piece gives a graphic account of a successful hunting that once befell, probably, in the remote region of Croclach, at the head of Strathdearn. This district used to be a favourite haunt of the free-guns from the valley of the Spey. With reference to their arduous expeditions across the Monadh Liadhs, many a stirring tale has been told, and many a chorus has been raised.

'Twas thus a lucky hunter sang:—

Och! is och! mar tha mi,
'S mi 'bhi 'm aonar siubhal fàsaich,
'S gur e nàbuidh a chleachd mi.
Siubhal gach stùc is cùl gach cnocain,
Glais gach allt is gleann 'g am beachdach,
Gus an d' fhàs mi diubh seachd sgìth.

Mach Coire Ghunntail is stigh na Glaisean,
'S Creag Phàdruig cha b' i b' fhasa,
Mu'n deach mi crosgach air a druim.
Air a cùlaobh thachair mi 's na seòid ud,
'S iad ag ionaltradh air a' mhointeich,
'S le ceart deòin chaidh mi 'nan comhdhail,
Ach an còmhnaidh dol fo thuim.

Thug mi 'ghruagach mach e fasgadh,
Stiùir mi i ri lagan m' achlais',
'S cha dubhairt mi rithe ach aon fhacal,
Tur chaidh an casan fos an ceann.
Laigh na companaich an sin còmhlath,
Gun aon agam 'ga mo chòmhnadh.
Bu mhòr mo ionntrainnse air Domhnull
'Cleachd bhi còmhlath rium 'sa bheinn.

Thug mi as cho fad 'sa dh' fheudainn,
Leig mi 'n dá chuid 'n fhuil 's an gaorr asd',
Dh' fhalaich mi fo bhruach dhubh fhraoich iad,
'S chaidh mi caol gu Tigh an Tuim.
Sheòl mi ciod bha 'n lùb mo bhreacain,
'S mi gle fheumach air mo neartach',
'S mi gun aon dheanadh rium cracas,
B' fhad gu feasgair 's mi leam fhéin.

Air dha 'bhi cromadh gu an anmoch,
Chaidh mi 'shealltuinn air mo chuid ainmhidhean,
Ceithir eallaichean nach robh aotrom,
S bha mo chaol-drom' goirt nan déidh.
Ach ged tha 'chùis so draoghail an dràsda,
Bidh e feumail dha na pàisdean,
Ni e annlann dha 'n bhuntàta,
'S mìr na spàig dha 'n bhean 's dhomh fhéin.

Ach nis bho 'n fhuair mi dhachaidh sabhailt,
Leis na h-eallaichean rinn mo shàrach',
Ged tha 'n croicionn dhiom 'na shàilean,
Olaidh mi deoch-slaint' na frith.

In some such lyrics it is not the hunter alone who gives expression to his feelings and experiences, for the stag and he exchange ideas in Melibœan fashion—each arguing from his own standpoint. The stag usually recommends the pursuits of husbandry to his opponent; but, though he might have the best part of the argument, like the lamb in discourse with the wolf, he is worsted in things more vital. The main features of this kind of poetry are supplied in these few lines:—

An Sealgair.

O! gur muladach mi,
'S mi 'bhi 'dìreadh gleannan,
'S mi 'bhi 'g amharc bhuam thall,
Damh donn an langan,
Mar ri eilid nan stùchd,
'Theid gu dlùth air 'h-eangaibh.

An Damh.

Glac an cuib 's an crann
'S cuir gu teann ri aran,
Tha do chrodh anns a' ghleann
'S ro mhath 'n t-annlann bainne.

An Sealgair.

Ged tha mo chrodh anns a' ghleann
Déidh chlann am bainne.

It is needless to say that agriculture and all its concerns were held in supreme contempt by the Highland gentry, and, indeed, by every good clansman. A devoted Triptolemus was not, in popular estimation, many degrees above a tailor. Into these views the daughters of the clan entered most enthusiastically. The romantic story of Bean 'ic Dhonnochaidh Ruaidh supplies a case in point. Her first husband was head, or *ceann-tighe*, of the Macphersons of Invertromie, who were known as Sliochd 'ic Dhonnochaidh Ruaidh. He was one of the most noted hunters of his day, and was in consequence highly esteemed throughout the country, and idolised by his young wife. But soon the untimely hand of death laid him low, and afterwards his widow was induced by force, or otherwise, to bestow her hand upon the goodman of Ardbhroighlaich—her hand, but, as she tells us, not her heart. Ardvroilich being situated on the declivity immediately behind the village of Kingussie, was exposed to the sun, and not unsheltered from the storm. The goodman was a successful farmer, and willingly provided for his home the comforts and luxuries which he could command, yet his wife was unhappy. In truth, she pined sadly for her first love and the abundant fruits of the chase with which he supplied her. She felt that she could endure her sorrow no longer; and so one evening, accompanied by her two maids, she ascended Tom Barraich, from whence she could survey the scene of her early married life. There was Invertromie, with its glen nestling under the lofty brow of Croidhlea. There she could see many a height and corry hallowed by fond association. In these circumstances she sung this tender, wailing swan-song, and died.

AN GRAIDHEIN GAOLACH.

Key G.

,s,	s,., l, : d., d	l,., d : l, .s,
Their	minn, ho ro, a	ghraidhein ghaolaich
.,s,	d., r : m., m	r., d : m.r,
Their	minn, ho ro, a	ghraidhein ghaolaich
,s,	d., m : s., s	l,., d : l,. s,
Their	minn, ho ro, a	ghraidhein ghaolaich
,m	s., m : r., d	l,., d : r. d ‖
Fhir	mhuineil ghil 's a	chin - ne chraobhaich.

'Mhic Dhonnochaidh Ruaidh ! gur tu th' air m' aire,
'Mhic Dhonnochaidh Ruaidh ! gur tu th' air m' aire,
'Mhic Dhonnochaidh Ruaidh ! gur tu th' air m' aire,
Cha bhiodh tu beò is mi air aran.

Theirminn horo ! 'ghraidhein ghaolaich,
Theirminn horo ! 'ghraidhein ghaolaich,
Theirminn horo ! 'ghaidhein ghaolaich,
Fhir 'mhuineil ghile 's a' chinn chraobhaich.

Fhuair mi sud 'sna ceithir làithe,
Ceithir daimh mhòr, ceithir aighean,
Ceithir saic de dh' iasg na h-amhuinn,
Gum bu nèarachd bean òg fhuair leithid.

Bu tu 'm fear mòr 'san robh an tomad,
Bhiodh tu null 's a nall tre Thromaidh,
Le do mhoirgheadh 's le do chromaig,
Mharbhadh tu 'n t-iasg air bharr nan tonna.

Dhìreadh tu Croidhlea mhòr nan aighean,
Gun ghreim air aon dhos fhraoich na raineich,
Mharbhadh tu fiadh air Ruigh an Lonaidh,
'S dh' fhàgadh tu 'n gaorr aig an fheannaig.

Dh' aithni'inn do bhothan air ruithe,
Bhiodh slat, bhiodh moirgheadh, bhiodh lion ann,
Bhiodh slat, bhiodh moirgheadh, bhiodh lion ann,
'S gunna caol a dheanadh sithionn.

Bu tu mo luaidh na 'n robh thu agam,
Ged nach d' fhuair mi dhiot ach sealan,
Coisich' dian air Druim Fearaich,
Is moch a shiubhladh Coir' a' Bhealaich.

Fhuair mi sealgair-sithinn suaircean,
Fhuair mi rithisd sàr mhac thuathanaich
Chuireadh ciste-mhine suas bhuam,
Ach ged a fhuair cha b' è mo luaidh è.

* * * *
* * * *
Dala trian de 'm osan' falamh,
'S chaill mo ghruaidhean snuadh na fala.

'S mi mo shuidhe air Tom Barraich,
Chì mi 'n t-aite 'n robh mi fallain,
Gheibhinn teine mòr 'g am gharadh—
'S bìdh mis' an nochd mar ri 'm leannan.

I regret that I am unable to supply a complete copy of this beautiful and characteristic ballad, which is now almost unknown.

T.S.

AN OLD GAELIC CHARM.

THE following charm is taken from Vol. II. of the "Leechdoms, &c., of Early England," published by the Record Commission. The MS. in which the original appears is of the tenth century, and was probably written at Glastonbury, where Gaelic influence was strong till very late times. The charm is said in the table of contents to be Scottish, that is, Gaelic or Irish, and the forms "aernem nadre," and such, which can be seen in Zeuss in the same connection, prove the truth of this, though the Editor, Mr. Cockayne says, despite the assertion in the MS., that the "words themselves seem to belong to no known language."

The charm appears at page 112, where the bites of snakes are considered. The context is as follows:—"For flying venom, and every venomous swelling, on Friday churn butter, which has been milked from a neat or hind all of one colour; and let it not be mingled with water. Sing over it nine times a litany, and nine times a Pater noster, and nine times this incantation:—

[Then follows this "Scottish" charm]

"Acræ . aercræ . ærnem . nadre . ærcuna hel . ærnem . nithærn . ær . asan . buithine . adcrice . ærnem . meodre . ærnem . æthern . ærnem . allū . honor . ucus . idar . adcert . cunolari . raticamo . helæ . icas . xpita . hæle . tobært tera . fueli . cui . robater . plana . uili."

We shall be glad to give attention to efforts at explanation or translation of it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROFESSOR MACKINNON AND GAELIC LOAN-WORDS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Professor Mackinnon's papers on "Loan-Words in Gaelic" are extremely interesting; and, as the subject is by no means exhausted, I hope the Professor may find time for further researches into a branch of philology in which a great deal of good substantial work remains still to be done. In his paper in your February number, however, has not the Professor, in his quotation from Rob Donn, adopted what is manifestly a corrupt reading? The lines he quotes are from *Briogais Mhic Ruairidh*—

"Na 'm bitheadh tu laimh ris,
Gu 'n deanadh tu gaire
Ged a bhi'dh siataig
Na 'd chruachanan."

and fastening upon "siataig," the Professor says it is a common word in the north—as for all I know it may be—and easily makes it a loan-word from the Latin *sciatica*, the hip-gout, in people of advanced life a very common ailment. If, however, we look closely at the lines, we shall find that whatever "Siataig" may mean, and whencesoever derived, it has no business in the text; for it is clearly out of rhyme with the two preceding line-endings, with which it ought to be in harmony and accord, but very manifestly is not.

—làimh ris
—gàire
and —*siataig*

will never do. It requires no very delicately attuned ear to discover that there is here a false rhyme, and that the word used by Rob Donn was not *siat*aig, which, whatever its meaning, is clearly inadmissible in such a collocation, because so utterly unassonant with the rhymes preceding.

What is to be done in such a case is to correct the text, if correction be possible; and here, fortunately, the correction is

easy. The word used by the bard was not, you may depend upon it, "siataig" but *saighdeach*—darting *arrowy* pains—a word in every day use in Lochaber, both as noun and adjective. It occurs in a poem of Iain Lom in Jerome Stones' MS. collection.

'S e gun d'fhalbh thu a chraidh mi
'S a chuir an t' *saighdeach* a 'm chliabh."

Rob Donn's lines will rhyme correctly, and have very much the same meaning as with the ugly, outlandish "siataig" itself, if we read them thus—

Na 'm bitheadh tu làimh ris
Gu 'n deanadh tu gàire,
Ged 'bhithendh an t' *sàighdeach*
'Na 'd chruachanan.

Dear Mr. Editor, faithfully yours,

NETHER-LOCHABER.

February 8, 1887.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IT is with much regret that we record the death of Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie. His death, which occurred on Monday, the 7th February, was quite unexpected. Indeed, the very day before he died, on Sunday, he was preaching in the ordinary course to his congregation; and it is only a few weeks since he was carrying on a vigorous correspondence in the public press on the teaching of Gaelic, a correspondence which we duly noted at the time. Dr. Clerk was at his death seventy-three years of age He was a native of Upper Lorn. He was trained at Glasgow University, which he entered very young, almost a mere boy, a not unusual circumstance in those days He was licenced in 1835, when barely twenty-one, and became assistant to the famous Gaelic scholar, Dr. Norman Macleod, of St. Columba, Glasgow, whose daughter he afterwards married. His first parish was Aharacle; shortly thereafter he shifted to Duirinish, in Skye, and from there to Ardnamurchan, in 1841. He finally settled in Kilmallie, 1844, where he has remained ever since. His widow, the daughter of one famous Norman Macleod and the sister of another, with a son and four daughters, are left to mourn his loss.

DR. CLERK was the last of the great Gaelic scholars of the old school—truly *ultimus Romanorum*. In him the older scholarship found its ripest and latest exposi-

tion. His monumental work—the *Ossian* of 1870—is the high water mark of that scholarship, presenting its literary and critical powers at their best. He was an active contributor to Gaelic literature throughout his life; he has in this respect left neither equal nor second. He contributed to Dr. Macleod's *Cuairtear*, and afterwards himself edited a Gaelic monthly magazine, while his latest work was the Gaelic department of the parochial magazine *Life and Work*, in the last monthly part of which he had the usual Gaelic article. He collected and edited Dr. Macleod's complete Gaelic works in *Caraid Nan Gaidheal*. This edition of Dr. Macleod's collected works, which is indeed the only collected edition, has laid all Gaelic-speaking people, here and abroad, under the very deepest debt of obligation to Dr. Clerk. It is besides, as Dr. Clerk hoped it would prove, the "most accurately printed" specimen of Gaelic we have, excepting the Bible, besides its being a well of Gaelic idiom undefiled. Dr. Clerk was joint editor with Dr. Maclachlan in the production of the 1880 edition of the Bible.

We are nothing if not a utilitarian people. The mere suggestion that the Queen was to devote the money collected by the women of the Kingdom in honour of her jubilee to the erection of a statue to the late Prince Consort was received by an almost unanimous chorus of disapproval. Our sense of utility was at once touched, for the sense of art in these cold latitudes is not proportionately so highly developed. That being the case, we hope something permanent may be done for the Gaelic language and literature in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. We have plenty rich friends outside the Highlands, more especially abroad, who, we hope, will not forget their mother tongue and its necessities. Many things may be suggested as proper jubilee objects, from a good Gaelic dictionary to the publication of our very important unpublished MSS. in Edinburgh, or from the founding of bursaries to the founding of Gaelic schools and College lectureships. Meanwhile one or two Societies, we are glad to say, are already stirring.

The teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools was the subject before the monthly meeting of the Gaelic Society of London on the 9th February. The speakers all recognised the difficulty of getting Gaelic-speaking teachers, a difficulty which is bound to be chronic when Highland pupil teachers are so utterly unable to find their way into the Training Colleges. A committee of the Gaelic Society was appointed to wait at an early date upon the Scotch Secretary, and to argue before him all the defects of the present Code. Dr. Matheson, in remarking on the absence of any attempt to encourage and help Highland girls, threw out this suggestion: "Could they not, in combination with other Gaelic Societies, inaugurate a Ladies' Jubilee Bursary Scheme for Highland Girls?" A very sensible proposal for a very useful object, we say.

The Highland Society of London at their meeting on the 19th February allocated a sum of ten guineas *in perpetuum* for the purpose of founding a Jubilee Gaelic Bursary in connection with the Celtic Class in Edinburgh. This Society has always been liberal in helping young men from the Highlands at our Universities. They deserve the warmest thanks of all who take an interest in Gaelic literature and Highland education.

IT is with extreme satisfaction we notice the vigour and vitality of the Celtic Societies in connection with our Universities. They are indeed the best Students' Societies in connection with their respective Universities. Probably the most remarkable increase in membership has occurred in Aberdeen, where the twenty or thirty members of half-a-dozen years ago are now more than trebled. The syllabuses of these Societies show a most active and intelligent interest in the social, political, and literary aspects of Highland matters; and we are also glad to observe that the annual dinner, with its complement of toasts and speeches, is now a regular, and not, as in former days, an intermittent institution.

LOVERS of the history of Old Inverness must owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Donald Macdonald, publisher, for the two Invernessian works he has just issued from the press. The "Reminiscences of a Clachnacuddin Nonagenarian," by Maclean, and Suter's "Memorabilia of Inverness," are both works of great historical value; and as the former was rare, and the latter was buried in the pages of the *Courier* as far back as the year 1822, Mr. Macdonald has rendered no ordinary service to his townsmen. Suter's work is written in the form of a chronicle, where events are given under stated dates, and, in the latter part of the book, nearly every year has some record or other attached to it. The book displays immense research and considerable judgment. For instance, wholesome doubt is expressed in regard to the earlier events recorded from the reign of Evenus II., who founded Inverness in 60 B.C., till the time of St. Columba. The history from Macbeth's time till the Union of the Crowns very often applies to the Highlands generally as much as to Inverness. It is a most useful book.

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EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

III.

WE have considered the history, the manners and customs, and the mythology of Macpherson's "Ossian": it now remains to determine the amount of authenticity there is in his work—his relation to our genuine heroic literature as contained in the ballads and tales, the style of his verse, and the character of his language. Incidentally, we shall discuss the evidence of Blair's correspondents and others—evidence which has been thought so conclusively to prove the authenticity of his work, but which we shall discover to prove the opposite.

The researches of philology and modern criticism into ancient Irish literature, with the consequent light thrown on early Celtic history and life, have illumined the darkness of the Ossianic problem so far that among Celtic scholars the question is settled already. Nor has Scotland been idle in lending her quota of proof. The publication in 1860 of Campbell's "Popular Tales," followed in 1862 by the Dean of Lismore's Book, began the proper study of our native stores of heroic and popular literature; and the appearance in 1872 of Campbell's "Leabhar na Feinne," wherein all the ballad literature of Gaelic Scotland, as found in MSS. of the last century, and in the older printed collections, then scarce and rare as now, was gathered together in handy form, was the next and most important step of all in settling the literary history of the Scottish Gael and the Ossianic question. The Book of the Dean of Lismore, which is dated about 1512, contains

30 Ossianic pieces, 9 of which are ascribed to Ossian himself—"A houdir so Ossin," 2 to Fergus his brother, 1 each to Caoilte and Conall Cernach, while 4 important ones—Fraoch, Conloch, Diarmat, and a version of Gabhra Battle—are attributed to unknown authors, who, however, would appear to have belonged to near the Dean's own time. Eleven or twelve pieces are ascribed to no author. Last century collections were published in 1782-3 by Hill in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—half-a-dozen leading ballads; in 1784, by Bishop Young in the Royal Irish Academy Transactions—seven ballads; in 1786, at Perth by Gillies, the most important collection of last century, numbering about twenty; in 1804 by the Stewarts, and in 1816 by the MacCallums. The important MS. collections of last century made by Pope, MacNicol, Fletcher, Kennedy, and Irvine were published in Mr. Campbell's "Leabhar na Feinne" in 1872. In short, we have a right to believe that we have copies, perhaps not so good, of absolutely all the Ossianic poetry that Macpherson collected. We know that he had some of the very ballads we now have, for he mentions or quotes them, of course dubbing them as "Irish" and non-Ossianic. We have evidence of two kinds to prove that he got several others; first, some of Blair's correspondents and others gave him ballads, and, secondly, he founds in a dozen instances on the ballad story, though the superstructure is his own.

The authorship of the ballads is unknown. Most of them, such as Manus, Ossian's Prayer, Diarmat, Gabhra and Essroy, are Irish as well as Scotch; indeed, they are claimed as Irish exclusively by the Irish Gaels, and in some cases it is hard to rebut the claim. The earliest form of Goidelic literature, that is of the literature common to the Gael of early Ireland and Scotland, was prose narrative interspersed with pieces of poetry, the poetry being a summary of the narrative, or a speech said or sung by one of the characters, or a lyric outburst by some one in the story. In our ballads, the narrative has also become poetry, a fact which shows their lateness. Indeed, the date of the 15th century so freely given to them as the period of their composition last century by Macpherson, Shaw, and the other critics, seems near the truth. It certainly is fairly true in the case of the ballads of Norse invasions, such as that of Manus; for the historic King

Manus or Magnus Barefoot fell in 1103, and a century or two would be necessary to get him embattled against the mythic Fionn and his men in the minds of a forgetful posterity. The ballads are dateless, and they are also anonymous. Poets and bards were numerous, but they were a guild in which the work of the individual was not individually claimed. A poet may be introduced in a prose narrative as saying or singing the verses following, but it cannot be supposed, by us at least, that this poet composed the piece so said or sung. Cuchulinn, Fionn, Ossian, and the heroes generally, recite such poetry on the spur of the moment. In the later Middle-Ages, this style degenerated into those colloquies we have in our ballads between Ossian and Patrick, where the heathen and the Christian argue the salvation of the Feinne, and thereafter Ossian tells a tale in verse of the exploits of the Feinne. But it is not to be imagined for a moment that such a dialogue could be authentic; if so, Patrick must be responsible for his share of the dialogue. The anonymous poet alone is responsible for his stage puppets. The Dean of Lismore is really the first in Irish and Gaelic literature that attributes the authorship of the poetry to the mere character of the story who says or sings it; and most of his pieces are clearly detached episodes in a tale partly prose, partly poetry. Still separate poems sung or said by Fenian heroes do exist older than the Dean of Lismore. In the Book of Leinster, a MS. of the 12th century, there are 5 detached poems which Fionn and 3 which Ossian sang (cecinit); while a MS. of the 14th century gives 2 poems to Fionn, 1 to Fergus, and 1 to Caoilte. What made Ossian so popularly famous as a poet was the myth which sprung up connecting him with St. Patrick, to whom in his old age he was represented as telling these tales. The poetic scenes between Ossian and Patrick became very popular, and Macpherson, in an unfortunate hour, jumped to the conclusion that here was a great poet of antiquity—a Homer, in fact, of the Gael, and immediately the whole world resounded with the old hero's name, though he was no more a poet, nor perhaps less so, than any of his heroic companions.

Macpherson's verse-construction is egregiously wrong. Early Goidelic, and also Celtic poetry, was thus constructed: Every line must have a fixed number of syllables; the last word must be a

rhyme-word corresponding to one in the next line or in the third line. These rhymes bound the verse into couplets or into quatrains. Alliteration, as well as rhyme, played an important part; but accent or stress, as in modern Gaelic and English poetry, had no place at all. Our ballads are in quatrains with rhyme of alternate lines, as a rule; there are four feet, measured not by syllables but by the accent, though there are signs that some of the ballads originally were composed without regard to accent but merely with the old fixed number of syllables in each line. Rhymed quatrains of eight-syllable lines are the characteristic of our Gaelic heroic poetry. Let us see how Macpherson does. His line varies in length, but the average is eight syllables or four accents; the verse is properly blank, though quatrains are numerous. Truly might the grammarians describe the metre of Ossian as irregular when it is nothing more nor less than poetic or measured prose! Indeed, his English could almost go into similar lines of similar length. Now, why this measure or rather this no-measure? Firstly, it is easy and fits his poetic and measured English prose. Secondly, Macpherson aimed again at the antique and landed in sham-antique; for he clearly thought, from the researches of Dr. Lowth into Hebrew poetry, that such a style was the primitive one. Here, again, his divinity studies bewray him. Thirdly, he had an idea that rhyme was a modern invention. "The versification in the original is simple," the preface to the Fragments of 1760 says. "Rhyme is seldom used; but the cadence and the length of the line varied so as to suit the sense." Nothing could be more untrue, for Celtic poetry was rigidly inflexible in its rules of metre; but Macpherson practised what he preached. He did not know that rhyme is old in Celtic—that probably the Celts gave rhyme to modern literature. As a consequence, his Gaelic "Original" is merely poetic prose—a halt between the Hebrew Psalms and Pope's rhymes—with good quatrains stuck amidst wastes of prose to remind us of "what might have been" if Macpherson knew better. The mere structure of his verse is enough to prove spuriousness.

The heroic ballads have been very unfairly treated by defenders of Macpherson's work. Macpherson himself treated them in his 1763 preface as Irish and non-Ossianic; we might expect

that. But the Highland Society of Edinburgh regarded them in the light of "corrupt copies," Macpherson's being of course the true Ossian. This Society published its famous Report in 1805, two years before the Gaelic of 1807 was published, and, as a consequence, they worked in the dark as to what Gaelic to expect. The Gaelic patchwork they gave for "Fingal," and that only in part, picked as it was in lines and passages from all sorts of ballads on all or any subjects, does not agree in a single line with Macpherson's Gaelic, and is wide enough of his English, as wide of it, indeed, as Laing's "patchwork of plagiarism" in the foot-notes to his Ossian. Dr. Clerk, in his 1870 edition, says of the ballads: "They are very inferior to the Collections of Macpherson and Smith, and cannot for a moment be referred to the same authorship." Exactly so; and yet he quotes the evidence of Blair's correspondents and the Highland Society's Report in favour of the authenticity of Macpherson, although both, in their evidence, refer to the ballads as we now have them! Macpherson and Clerk reject the very basis of the much vaunted evidence—the testimony of a cloud of witnesses—in declaring the ballads non-Ossianic.

We know that the correspondents of Blair in 1763 and of the Highland Society refer to the ballads which we now have and not to Macpherson's Gaelic of 1807. Gallie and Ferguson quote lines from "Manus," which we have, in testimony of parts of "Fingal." Others again refer to the ballads by name as Gaelic representing the English in some parts. And again the passages in Macpherson's English which most of them say they heard and knew in Gaelic are exactly those that our ballads suit; and the correspondents, as we should expect, often qualify their statements thus:—"Battle of Lora, nearly"; Temora, Bk. I., "much the same from pages 172 to 190"; 3 pages of Fingal IV. "without any material variation"; Darthula, "155 pretty well to the end of 171"; Fingal IV., where the chiefs select opponents, "pretty entire"; the "Battle of Lena in Fingal II. is still preserved by tradition in this country; but with this variation that the proposal of giving up his wife and dog in page 26, was made by Magnus, King of Lochlin, to Fingal, and not by Swaran to Cuchulinn"—a sentence which pretty well shows the spirit and the accuracy

with which the correspondents compared Macpherson's work with the ballads. Shaw visited some of these correspondents in 1778, and personally ascertained that it was these "15th century" ballads that were meant. Nothing is clearer than that the evidence refers to our ballads and not to Macpherson's Ossian at all—refers moreover to only a small part of a very large work. What on earth is the value of this evidence when such is the case? Indeed, it goes to prove want of authenticity, for the ballads and Macpherson's work are of very different authorship.

Macpherson's "Ossian" agrees more or less vaguely in incidents and sometimes in names with the ballads in the following places: (1) Cuchulinn at Tara in the opening of Fingal with the ballad of Garbh Mac Starn, slightly and for only a verse or two; (2) Cuchulinn's war-chariot—the general idea is similar, but the Gaelic differs widely; (3) the ballad of Manus corresponds to parts in Fingal II., IV., and V.; the ballad, like Fingal, tells of a Lochlin invasion, and describes the armies, banners, and fight, but nothing more; (4) the episode of Ferda in Fingal II. is founded on the story of the most famous of Celtic "epics," the Tain Bo Chuailgne; (5) the Agandecca episode in Fingal III. corresponds faintly to the ballad of "Cromgleann" (MacCallums); (6) the ballad of Essroy corresponds fairly well with the episode in the end of Fingal III. known as Fainesoluis; so too (7) does the Courtship of Evir to the beginning of Fingal IV.; (8) the ballad of Earragon corresponds to the expansion of it in Macpherson's "Battle of Lora"; (9) the Deirdre ballad corresponds poorly with the epic Darthula; (10) the Cuchulinn and Conloch ballad agrees distantly in plot, but not in names, with "Carthon"; (11) Cath Gabhra corresponds to the death of Oscar in Temora I.; and (12) the lamentation of Dargo's wife agrees but little with Macpherson's version (in a note to "Calthon and Colmal"), for he dwells on the wife's loss and loneliness, whereas the true ballad dwells on the personal and physical qualities of Dargo, as usual. These are really all the passages that can bear any resemblance to each other in the present ballads and in Macpherson's work. Besides these, Blair's correspondents added one or two more, which cannot be recognised in the ballads: the episode of Orla in Fingal V.; parts of Inishona, Lathmon, Berrathon, and the Connal episode of

Carric-thura. Sir John Macpherson recognises the address to the evening star in the "Songs of Selma," but, as he adds that the "copy or edition he had of this poem is very different from mine," no value can be attached to it. Sir John's war-song of Ullin is doubtless Rosg Ghuill, but it requires a stretch of imagination to compare it to Ullin's "urging" of Gaul in Fingal IV.

It will be observed that the Addresses to the Sun are not referred to in 1763; they were unknown then. Captain Morrison, one of Macpherson's friends, who helped him as amanuensis, got copies of those addresses and gave them to friends. Rev. Mr. Macdiarmid, of Weem, declared in 1801 that he got them thirty years before (say 1770) from an old man in Glenlyon, who heard them in his youth. But Macdiarmid is thoroughly untrustworthy, for at the same time he sent to the Highland Society a piece called "Leaba Ghuil," which he got from a man who got it from a man who heard it in his youth. This piece was nothing else than a *literatim et verbatim* copy of a Gaelic note in Smith's Gaelic Antiquities, published in 1780. The piece is Smith's own; the mythic name Strumon (a mere fabrication), the Macphersonic ghosts and the Macphersonic blank verse prove that. And Smith changed it again in the 1787 edition, leaving out Strumon. The language of the Addresses points the same way, and so do the ideas. Besides, addresses to sun, stars, and natural objects do not exist in Irish or Gaelic ancient literature. Malvina's Dream appeared in Gaelic in 1778 in Shaw's grammar; it is the beginning of Macpherson's "Croma." It appears that Macpherson gave the Gaelic to Lord Kames, and then Shaw got it. Shaw does not say who gave it to him. "Briathran Fhinn ri Oscar" is given by Gillies in 1786; it is the introduction to the episode of Fainesoluis in Fingal III. It is thoroughly Macphersonic, even to its being almost measured prose; indeed, Macpherson left it as one original along with the unauthorised original for Fainesoluis. And, further, it shows the mark of the beast in the name Trathal, the Macphersonic grandfather of Fingal, who is a mere invention of Macpherson's own. Macpherson's poem of "Conloch and Cuthon" is given in Macpherson's Gaelic in Stewarts' Collection, but the Stewarts were engaged on the 1807 edition of the Gaelic, and doubtless got it from Macpherson's papers. In the Stewarts'

ballad of Clan Usnich, or Darthula, there are many marks of editing; first, mixed with the old ballad, are translations of Macpherson's Darthula, extending from verses 29 to 60; secondly, Deirdre's lament is corrected by the light of a sixteenth century MS., and the very misreadings of Ewen Maclachlan are reproduced. Work like this can hardly be called anything else than dishonest. The Gaelic passages, published in 1780 by Dr. Smith as notes to his English, seem to have been, in the fierce dispute over Macpherson's Ossian, greedily swallowed by the Highland public, for not merely Macdiarmid but the MacCallums were imposed on. MacCallums' "Morglan and Min-fhonn" is but one absurd assortment of the Gaelic notes in Smith's 1780 work. They appear in Smith at pages 145, 173, 247, 248, 249. The "Colg-shuil" of the same collection is from Smith's Antiquities also, and the address to the setting sun combines both Macpherson's and Smith's. As J. F. Campbell says, there is not a line of Macpherson's Gaelic in the ballads, or indeed older than himself, and all the Gaelic that corresponds exactly to his English can be traced to himself through his friends.

The Gaelic which Macpherson writes is very modern; in fact, it is more than modern, for he has too often been able to manufacture a language of his own. Its fancied antiquity is caused by its unusual character; firstly, by its enigmatical and elliptical style, and secondly, by its undoubted originality of expression, an originality which takes the boldest liberties with the grammar and rhetoric of the language. These liberties are distinctly bad Gaelic; yet because they are in "Ossian," and "Ossian" must be old, good Gaelic critics like Dr. Clerk pass them over as "different from what obtains in modern Gaelic," fancying this use of the words to belong to a hoar antiquity. Macpherson's departures from modern Gaelic grammar and style are not survivals from antiquity; they are the bold errors of an imperious intellect, which, like the King of the Romans, rose superior to grammar. Dr. Clerk, therefore, unwittingly passes a heavy condemnation on Macpherson's Gaelic when he advances as proofs of antiquity the following characteristics:—"There is," he says, "a remarkable absence of secondary or subsidiary words, of pronouns, prepositions, and conjunctions; generally instead of an adjective qualifying

a noun, we have two nouns in regimen : the same word is used in an extraordinary variety of different meanings—homonymy, as the linguists call it ; and there is an almost utter disregard of inflections whether of nouns or of verbs as there is also of the present order of syntax." Except the first statement as to the absence of particles, which is natural in poetry, all the other statements are fatal, not merely to the antiquity of the language, but to its modern accuracy. The use of nouns for adjectives and the disregard of inflections are especially fatal, for they are signs of very advanced decay. Macpherson's knowledge of Gaelic was bookish rather than native ; the Gaelic of the ballads and the MSS. he gathered gave him words and phrases, and this, with his native store, he transfused with Anglo-Classicalism and boldness of metaphoric language. That he gave some attention to the writing and spelling of the language, the 7th Book of Temora shows, and it shows, too, his knowledge of Irish orthography.

Each line of his Gaelic verse, as a rule, stands independent of the others, and many of these independent lines have no predication at all, save, perhaps, a participial infinitive, as in Cath-Loduinn I. 11. Only the man who asked MacCodrum, "A bheil dad agad air an Fheinn ?" could perpetrate this line :—

Tha mi grad air do shluagh fo lainn (Tem. VI. 215).

This is how a boy turns his ear to a sound :—

Tionndaidh e 'chluasan 'na cheann (He turns his ears in his head.)—Tem. III. 155.

Well might Dr. Clerk call this "a most remarkable expression, which, so far as I know, stands alone as descriptive of an effort to catch a sound." We hope so. On Macpherson's ten thousand two hundred lines of Gaelic Dr. Clerk has written some five hundred and ten marginal notes, most of which are in reality explanations of, or apologies for, what is but bad Gaelic. These notes average five for each hundred lines, and, making allowance for those of the notes that are not explanatory of bad idiom, we may set down three errors in every hundred lines as Dr. Clerk's average of errors explained away, or, more rarely, animadverted upon. And he has not noted half of the errors. We may accept it as fairly true that Macpherson has some error of grammar, idiom or composition on the average in every twenty or twenty-five lines.

Here are a few of his gems, and it will be noted how many of the lines are absolutely meaningless :—

Bha 'shiubhal gun mheirg gu mhac (Cath Lo. III., 41).
Bha 'n raon fo thuiteam nan triath (Carric. 390).
Bha 'shleagh an cunnart nach mall (Ib., 427).
An samhchair nach b 'fhaoin le cheile (Ib., 459).
Theich air raon nan cruadalach gniomh (Car., 43).
Og a dh' imich a thriall do Mhaona (Ib., 107).
Cha mhall na bliadhna 's cumhachd triall (Ib., 177).
Ainnir àillidh rosg mall gun ghruaim (Oigh., 110).
Tha sòlas am fial a' bhàis (Ib., 162).
A' tilleadh mu rosg nam bliadhna (Gaol., 56).
Shoillsich Carull measg aois a chiabh (Ib. 74).
Air dubh-dhruim nan leum air sàil (Ib., 121).
Og ruighe gun mheirg lag fo sgeith (Croma, 147).
Nuair thig dàna nam focal treuna (Cal., 166).
Namhaid beumnach cuain nan dàimh (Fin. I., 268).
Olla ruadh nam brosnachadh dàna (Tem. I., 263).
Gu deireadh lanna blàir is arm (Ib. II., 88).
Leth-aomta chaochail i chruaidh (Ib. VI., 53)
Bha 'cheuman beumadh gu h-àrd (Ib., 273).
Gun fhios do leum riabhach nan ruadh (Ib., 303).
Nuair shìn Calmar a bhàs air sliabh (Ib., 346).
B'e toil-sa 's an tràth fo ghruaim (Ib., 405).
Mosguil bard focuil a scaoin (Tem. VII., 134, 1st Ed.).
Sheal i o bristigh a ceil (Ib., 396).

Whole passages where errors and obscurities exist may be found, among others, at Cath-Lo. I. 175-180, III. 10-14; Oigh. 109-112; Cal. 163-166; and Tem. II. 484-489, III. 102-134, both "very obscure," as Dr. Clerk says. Cath-Loduim is obscure throughout —a series of jagged, disconnected lines, but Temora runs it hard for the worst Gaelic. Fingal, on the other hand, contains much excellent Gaelic.

The following Anglo-Classicalisms may be noted out of many such :—

Ghluais àrdan a làmh ri a shleagh (Cath-Lo. I., 20).
An còmhrag a' snàmh air a ghnuis (Car., 224).
Innis da 'sa' chòmhrag ar brigh (Ib., 271).
Lan mhile "triath," thuirt sgeimh na h-oigh (Cal., 123).
Thug e ghorm lann dha deòir (Fin. I., 273).
Dh' imich cruadal siol na h-Erinn (Ib., 220).

The use of abstract nouns for the concrete, as above, is common. He uses some pet words in two diametrically opposite

meanings, one of which only is known to proper Gaelic (Clerk's homonymy): daimh (relationship, foes!), clí (strength, weak), sinnsire (ancestry, posterity). He uses well-known words in meanings peculiar to himself—tùr(?), meirg, (gu) trian(?), (gu) cùl, osna (for osag, only in Tem. VII). What is "toirne?" He abuses and misuses good words, such as stuadh, siol, cruach, leac, triuir (Tim. VI. 353), fraoch, luaidh, faoin, corr, gu h-àrd, suas. He works to death words of motion like siubhal, aomadh, and iadh; ships, planets, storms, and ghosts "walk" (siubhal). Nouns appear as adjectives and as verbs, quite contrary to idiom; for example, sounding and mourning appear as "a' fuaim, a' bròin." Adjectives are persistently used as nouns: dearg and ruadh (deer), liath (old man), crom (circle), geur (sharpness), tlàth (warmth), and many others. His continued inversions, especially in placing the adjective before the noun, and particularly before the genitive plural, and his new-fangled compounds, which remind us of the weak translations from German of our time, are all distinctly unidiomatic, caused by thinking in the English language and translating into Gaelic.

Philology also is strongly against Macpherson. Of his seventeen hundred Gaelic words, between fifty and sixty are certainly borrowed, and nearly as many more are doubtful, though probably borrowed. Some very common words in his pages are borrowed—càs, cìs, cunntas(!), focal, obair, òr, sòlas, stad, stailinn, steud, stoirm, strìth, talla, uair. The idea which Dr. Clerk had that the Gaelic belonged to the pre-inflexion stage of the language is opposed to all philologic science. Indeed, we can with fair accuracy restore the language in which Ossian would have composed the poetry, if he lived in the third century of our era. The literary language of that age appears on the Ogam monuments and was nearly as highly inflected as the Latin of the time, the inflection—declension and conjugation—being of exactly the same type as Latin. Now, Macpherson's Gaelic is marked by an "utter disregard of inflections." Even should Ossian have composed poetry in the 3d century, and it had been handed down orally till last century, it would be very unlike Macpherson's revolutionary Gaelic; it might however be very like the Gaelic of the ballads, for traditional poetry does change gradually to suit the

successive ages, still retaining archaic traces in words, inflections and ideas.

Which is the translation, the Gaelic or the English? The Gaelic is the translation. Or rather, we should say the English was first written, and thereafter Gaelic poetry on the same subject was written, closely following the English in general plot and idea. The Gaelic, in fact, is a paraphrase of the English. Mr. John Mackenzie naively records in his diary that in 1784 (?), while visiting Macpherson, the latter told him he had been putting together the Gaelic of Berrathon; "that he had only put together a few lines of it, and these not to his liking; that he had tired of it after a short sitting." This occurred about the time that the thousand pounds were subscribed to induce and enable Macpherson to publish the Gaelic original. Likely most of the Gaelic that now exists was "put together" then and afterwards, a fact which will account for his procrastination in the matter of publishing it. He probably wished to write Gaelic for the whole of his Ossianic English, but this he never accomplished. The only Gaelic he published himself was the 7th Book of Temora in 1763; it is a poor piece of work, whether English or Gaelic, but it shows that he had given some attention to orthography. A slip or two on Macpherson's part enables us to decide conclusively whether Gaelic or English was first. In the 1763 volume he gives in a note to Book VIII. of Temora, three lines of Gaelic original. The English is thus: "They (our ghostly fathers) are darkened moons in heaven, which send the fire of night red-wandering over their face." The note gives this as the original for it :—

> "Mar dhubh-reül, an croma nan speur,
> A thaomas teina na h' oicha,
> Dearg-sruthach air h' aghai' fein."

The 1773 edition did not repeat this note, and Macpherson in doing the work consecutively—evidently after that date—overlooked this note, and the Gaelic in the published Ossian is (lines 383-5) :—

> "Mar rè iad an dubhra nan speur,
> Tha 'trusadh tein-oidhche m' a gruaidh,
> Dearg sheachran air 'eudan gun tuar."

Two renderings of the same English could hardly be more different. In a note to Carthon on the expression "restless

wanderer of the heath," Macpherson says: "The word in the original here rendered by *restless wanderer* is *scuta*, which is the true origin of the *Scoti*." Would it be believed that no such word appears in our present original? The translation is, "Fear-astar nan gleann gun raon." Curiously Macpherson of Strathmashie gave a Macphersonic rendering of Fingal III. 259-276, which he handed to the Rev. Mr. Gallie, who in turn gave it to the Highland Society. It appears in their Report (p. 32), but unfortunately it does not agree with Macpherson's Gaelic in anything save in style and meaning.

How much authenticity has Macpherson's work? The Gaelic is all his own, and is a generous paraphrase of the English. His 1763 volume is all a fabrication of his own—all save part of Bk. I. of Temora. The volume includes these poems: Temora, Cath-Loda, Cathlin of Clutha, Sullmalla of Lumon, Oina-morul, and Colnandona. Bk. I. of Temora was published in 1762, and the rest of the epic was then declared by implication to be lost. Of the 1762 volume, Comala, War of Caros, Conlath and Cuthon, Death of Cuchulinn, Carric-thura, Calthon and Colmal, Oithona, Songs of Selma, and Croma have no counterparts in the tales and ballads. They are Macpherson's own. That is, seven-thirteenths of the whole Ossianic poetry is Macpherson's own absolutely. We may regard also as his, though some of Blair's correspondents thought they recognised known pieces inserted in them, War of Inishona, Lathmon, and Berrathon. This makes five-eigths of the work Macpherson's own. Darthula, Carthon, the Battle of Lora, and about half of the first book of Temora are more or less founded on ballad stories. They form a seventh of the whole work. Fingal, which forms over a fifth of the Ossianic poetry of Macpherson, has a plot similar to the ballad of Manus, and embodies the plots of about half-a-dozen other ballads. The Highland Society compared every available scrap of ballad with the Fingal, with this result: the patchwork extends to 782 lines; Fingal, in Gaelic, to 3196; the proportion is therefore 1 to 4. This pitches the proportion of authentic basis too high; but it shows, along with the fact that Macpherson is very wide of the ballads in the parts compared, that on the whole the Fingal is Macpherson's original work; its execution and its epic form are certainly so,

and we may add its plot as well. The Fingal is about as much Macpherson's own as Milton's Paradise Lost is Milton's. Macpherson's relation to the ballads and their story is on a par with Milton's relation to the Bible and tradition. He did not, like Tennyson, merely give a new and modern rendering of old tales and ballads. Scarcely a third of his whole Ossianic work has any authentic counterpart, such as it is, in the ballads. The rest is absolutely his own work. In fact, the ballads cannot count seriously in our estimate of Macpherson as a poet. His "Ossian" is as truly his own work as ever that of any great poet has been the work of that poet. "Make the part of what is turgid, modern, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you please," as Matthew Arnold says, "there will still be left a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven and echoing Lora and Selma with its silent halls! We owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us!" In these papers we have vindicated the character of our genuine heroic and ballad literature, and, though this has been done at the expense of Macpherson's character, his genius stands forth with all the greater brilliance; we are enabled to appreciate and admire his work with genuine confidence apart from the spurious halo of a supposed antiquity; and we are further enabled to pay more respect, hitherto too scanty, to those ballads and tales that are the genuine heirloom of our race.

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

V.

Lights and Shadows of the Croft would form the appropriate title of a large collection of Gaelic lyrics. Such a hold had poetry upon their imagination, that Highlanders liked to set to music all matters which occupied their thoughts. Not only have Love, War, the Chase, the Clan, the Chief, received a place in song; we find that even the ordinary events of every-day life reflect their humour or pathos in the ballads of the people. It is unfortunate that so little has been done to rescue from oblivion those simple strains which are so closely associated with the manners and customs of byegone time. When the more important collections of Gaelic poetry were made, the public taste demanded other material which we have had in abundance. Probably no district in the North could have afforded a more interesting field for the collector of popular rhymes than Badenoch in the beginning of this century. If it produced no great bards, except "Ossian" and "Fear Strath-mhathashaidh," it gave birth to numberless, though often nameless, song-makers. But the changes which have greatly affected other parts of the Highlands, even within the last fifteen years, have had their full effect in Badenoch. Old people have died, and with them many of the tales and ballads of a past age; so that it is now difficult, and soon it will be impossible, to come in contact with even such "snatches" as the writer of these papers took down from recitation a dozen years ago. So much by way of introduction. And now to proceed with the matter in hand.

It is the best part of a century since Malcolm Macintyre, better known as Callum Dubh nam Proiteagain [Black Callum of the tricks], was resident at Brae-Ruthven, on the Duke of Gordon's property, near Kingussie. He had been a soldier—probably in America. After the wars he returned to his native country, and supported himself and his family by wandering about and exhibiting a "Punch and Judy show." He also

practised the art of jugglery, and hence his sobriquet. Altogether a curious character. He composed two poems on the "Loss of Gaick;" both of which have been printed. They contain some very beautiful passages. The verses which I give below were addressed by him to his wife before their marriage:—

Anna dhonn agam fhéin,
Tha mi trom a do dheigh;
Bidh mo shùil anns gach àit,
Dh' fheuch co dha bheir thu speis.

Ma 's e figheadar do rùn,
'S gur ann air tha do shùil;
Feuch nach pòs thu fear breun,
Chumas deur air do shùil.

Cha-n' eil càs idir ann,
Ged robh càch orm gann;
Gheibh sinn fearann ri nar beo,
Bho Dhiùc Gordan air gleann.

When a young man in such position—a crofter's son—received a promise of land from the "Good Duke," and was about to get married, *he* set about to collect the necessary outfit, or trousseau —which means just *trusadh*. He forthwith proceeded upon what was called the Faoighe-fhaoghair; in accordance with the custom of the time, to gather from his neighbours such gifts and gear as might enable him to set up in life. Some one burlesqued the custom, as we see:—

"Thèid mi air an Fhaoighe-fhoghair."
Arsa Giorral Ghiongam.
"Le m' each, le m' ghille, is le m' theadhair."
Arsa Giorral Ghiongam

"Gheibh mi adag as na ceithir."
Arsa Giorral Ghiongam.
"'S bheir na mnathan dhomh an t-ìm."
Arsa Giorral Ghiongam.
"Mar sud is an càis' cruinn, buidhe."
Arsa Giorral Ghiongam.

This is the rhyme without repetitions. The party from whom I received it naively added that any bridegroom who got two sheaves could not complain.

Crofts do not always pay! So experienced the impoverished, but waggish crofter, who sang this doleful ditty:—

Goirtean nam Broighleag,
Sgiot e mo theaghlach,
Chuir e mo chòinneamh,
B' fhaide na 'm iùl.
Dh' fhalbh an damh bàn,
'S dh' fhalbh an damh riobhach,
Dh' fhalbh iad uile,
Bho 'n theirig am biadh dhaibh ;
Goirtean na dunaich,
Tur chunnaic mi riamh e,
Goirtean nam Broighleag,
Thachair e rium.

Goirtean nam Broighleag,
Agus Fear Eadarais,
Thachair iad rium,
'S gun thachair mo theic rium
Dh' fhalbh an t-each bán,
'Dhèanadh an ùir dhomh,
Máiri e baile,
'S e dheanadh a giùlan,
Goirtean nam Broighleag, etc.

The rats and mice which infested Highland homesteads were supposed to be particularly susceptible to bardic satire. That is to say, they could not endure it. The most audacious and persistent mouse quailed under a sarcastic rhyme, and hurriedly made tracks for pastures new. Most people will agree that the words which had so desirable an effect must have been *druighteach* indeed. The specimen which I have secured of that class of poetry contains nothing very scathing. In my note-book it is entitled :—Aoireadh, le Alastar Catanach, an Saor Ruadh, anns a 'Chreagan, 'nuair bha e fuadach nan luchan bho sabhal Bhiallaid. While banishing the unwelcome tribe to Drumuachdar, he condescends to wheedle them with promises of luxuries there in store :—

Ma ghabhas sibh mo chomhairl', luchan!
Truisidh sibh oirbh 's bidh sibh falbh.
Ma theid mise 'ga n-ur aoireadh,
Cha bhi aon agaibh gun chearb.
Cha-n'eil cat eadar Ruathainn,
'S bràigh Chluainidh nach bi sealg.
'S ann an sabhal Sandy Bàn,
Dh' ghearr sibh an snath as a' bhalg.

'N sin tur thubhairt an luch mhor 's i 'freagairt,
Stad beag ort, a shaoidh òig.
'S eagal leam gun gabh thu mìothlachd,
Rinn mi di-chuimhn' ann am thròg.
'S peacach dhuit mo chuir a balla,
'S cur is cathadh ri mo shròin;
'S mi gun fhios a'm ceana theid mi,
'S ioma beum a gheibh mo sheòrs.
Innsidh mis' dhuit ceana theid sibh,
'S ioma gleus tha air a' bhòrd.
Ruigibh am fear mòr 'san Spideal,
'S gheibh sibh lìocair ann gu leòr.
Ithibh 's òlaibh n-ur teannair,
Ged a ghearradh sibh 'chuid bhròg,
Dhiùlt e dhomh oidhch' mo dhìnneir,
Ged a phaidhinn gini òir.
Gabhaidh sibh 'n rathad air n-ur athais,
Bidh sibh 'n ath oidhch' an Gleann Truim,
Tur ruigidh sibh clobhs' Dail-Choinnimh,
'S ann an sid bhìo 's an cruinneachadh grinn.
'H-uile te le dronnag-eallaich,
An déigh dealachdainn rium fhein,
'Dol a' shealltuinn an fhir ghallda,
'Chuir cuid Ailean gu dith.

It was, as is well known, an ancient belief among various races, that certain individuals had, by their voice, a strange influence over animals, to attract or to repel, as the case might be. The charm, or incantation, was uttered in a direful chant—quite different from such playful effusions as that of the Saor Ruadh.

The bereaved Highlander often gave vent to his woe in song descriptive of his plight. The poetical sighs of the forsaken lover are always with us copiously: Elegies upon departed chiefs, as we have already observed, bulk very largely. But strains of genuine domestic grief, such as the following verses supply, are comparatively rare. The rhythm, too, is uncommon, and the air much like the changing measures of a Piobaireachd :—

Náile ! 's mise tha gun aighear,
Fo mhi-ghean a dh' oidhch' 's a latha,
Gun toil-inntinn 'tha fo'n adhar,
Bho chuir iad 's an ùir mo dheadh bhean-tighe.

E ! ho ! mo dhiùbhail fo'n fhòd,
Fo ruighe nam bòrd,
Ho ! gur mis' tha gun aighear fo leòn,
Mu do dhéidhinn.

Náile ! 's mise tha fo mhi-ghean,
Gar-n dean mi 'chàch 'innseadh,
Mi bhi 'cuimhneach' ort a mhìneag.
'S t-thu bhi do laidhe 'n Clachan na sgìreachd.

Naile ! 's mise tha gun aiteas,
'S mi bhi 'thamh an so an Clachaig,
Bho nach d' tigeadh thusa dhachaidh,
A shealtuinn air do phaisdean laga.

Bha da ghruaidh dhearg ort mar an siris,
Beul is binne bho'n d'tigeadh iorram,
Cùl do chinn air dhreach an fhithich
Is gun d' thug mi dhuit rùn mo chridhe.

Phos mi thu le deoin gun aindeoin,
Gun toil äth'r, no mäth'r, no caraid,
Rug thu dhomhs' do sheachdnar macan,
'S do nighean og 's cha d' fhaod thu 'h-altrum.

T. S.

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Tha suil gabhuir an ceann nam fear
thaobh nam ban; tha suil seobhaig
an ceann nam ban thaobh nam fear.
The men cast sheeps' *(lit.* goats') eyes at the women, the women hawks' eyes at the men.

A ghne bhios 'sa mhathair, is gnath leatha
bhith 'san nighinn.
The nature possessed by the mother, it usually appears in the daughter.

Tha ceann air a h-uile rud, is a dha air
maraig, is toiseach air sin.
There is an end *(lit.* head) on everything, and two on a white pudding, and a beginning on that.

Aird na dalach is isle na h-airde.
The height (higher parts) of the plain and the hollows of the height [are the fruitful parts].

Cleas na gaibhre 'g itheadh na nathrach—sior itheadh is
sior thalach.
Like the goat eating the adder—aye eating and aye complaining.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.]

(Continued.)

MACLEOD was now (1783) promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and was appointed to the command of the army in place of General Mathews, who, in consequence of the representations of Macleod, Humberston, and Shaw, was suspended. Shortly before this it would appear that a resolution had been arrived at to draft the men of the second battalion of the 42nd to other corps, and to send home the officers and non-commissioned officers to Great Britain. Macleod was, however, at the same time specially requested by the Governor of the East India Company and the Special Committee to remain, as the authorities were of opinion that his services were absolutely necessary where he was. While quite willing to serve personally, he strongly urged that the men should not be drafted into any other regiment, and successfully pleaded his case in the following letter, addressed to the Indian Commander-in-Chief, only four days after the date of the letter to Mr. John Macpherson, a member of the Supreme Council of India, given in our last. On the subject of drafting his men, Macleod writes:—

To His Excellency Sir Eyre Coote, K.B.,
Commander-in-Chief of India.

Bombay, 18th March, 1783.

Sir,—General Carnac promises to do me the honour of delivering this letter to your Excellency, and I most sincerely hope he will find you in health and vigour once more at the head of your army.

The Select Committee have showed me instructions from the Governor-General and Supreme Council of Bengal to grant a passage home to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the 2nd Batt. of the 42nd Regt. in consequence of an order sent to your Excellency by Lord Hillsborough to draft the men. I also received a letter from Major Grattan, Adjt.-General, to hold them in readiness to be drafted accordingly. I have to observe to your Excellency that it is the first time ever that Regiment was drafted, and that we were raised upon the idea of being exempted from that misfortune. My own Company are all of my own name and clan, and if I return to Europe without them, I shall be effectually banished from my own home, after having seduced them into a situation from which they thought themselves spared when they enlisted into the service. They are now much reduced, and being on a

brisk actual service, will be still more so before they can be drafted; their numbers will then not exceed 30 or 40 men. I must entreat your Excellency to allow me to carry them home with me, that I may not forfeit my honour, credit, and influence in the Highlands, which have ever been exerted for His Majesty's Service. My connections and mode of entering into the army are not unknown to the King, and I am certain the favour I solicit for myself and clan from your Excellency will meet with his Royal approbation.

I did myself the honour of writing to you by Captain Hallem, soliciting your permission to be allowed to serve on this coast sometime longer. Since that time the Governor and Select Committee have written me a most obliging letter, of which the following is an extract:—"We have advice from the Honble. Governor and Council that you and the other officers of the 42nd Regt. are ordered to Europe, and the men to be incorporated in the other corps, but being of opinion that your services are absolutely requisite on this coast at this critical period, our duty to the Company, and to the trust reposed in us, impells us to make it our request to you that you will continue to serve."

In return, I told them that as my life and time were my country's, if they thought my services of such consequence, I was at their command in any way, with your Excellency's permission.

Major Grattan's letter having mentioned that some mode would be concerted with the Admiral, to carry the men round when drafted, I have yet heard of no such mode; the Regt. is now in the interior part of the country. When I am honoured with your particular commands as to the time and mode of drafting it, I shall immediately and implicitly follow them.

I have the honour to be, with the most perfect respect,

Sir,

Your Excellency's most obt. and most humble servt.,

(Signed) NORMAN MACLEOD.

It would seem that this letter not only saved Macleod's clansmen from being drafted into another corps, but actually saved the battalion, which afterwards became the 73rd Regiment, from being broken up.

Tipoo, in May following, besieged a small force of British troops in Mangalore, with an overwhelming army of 60,000 horse and 30,000 disciplined Sepoys, and a body of 600 French infantry, under Colonel Cossigny, Lally's corps of Europeans and natives, a troop of dismounted French cavalry from the Mauritius, and irregular troops to the number of many thousands, supported by 90 pieces of artillery. The British garrison consisted of only 459 Europeans, of whom 231 were Highlanders, and 1,500 natives, fit for duty. This small force successfully defended Mangalore against the enormous army arrayed against it until the 30th of January, 1784, against repeated attacks, the continued

bombardment having at length made such breaches in the walls and reduced them in many parts to such a ruinous condition that the brave defenders could not venture to fire their cannon from their position. Tipoo's force suffered most severely, however, in many attacks, and in consequence, on the 20th of July, it was agreed on both sides to cease hostilities. But the enemy repeatedly broke faith, and actually fired a mine on the 23rd, at the very moment a flag of truce was flying, only three days after the agreement was entertained. Proposals for a regular armistice were again entered into on the 29th July, and concluded on the 2nd of August. General Macleod, with a small convoy of provisions and a small reinforcement of troops, anchored in the bay on the 17th of August, but "influenced by an honourable regard to the terms of the armistice," he ordered the ships back to Tillycherry, though the enemy were daily committing acts of treachery. The General reappeared on the 22nd of November in the bay with a considerable army. Instead of landing, he, through his secretary, entered upon a tedious negotiation with Tipoo, and having stipulated that one month's provisions should be admitted into the garrison, he set sail again on the 1st of December. Of the beef and pork sent in, in terms of this stipulation, "not one in twenty pieces could be eaten by the dogs." Macleod returned once more on the 31st of December, but again went away, still keeping "faith with the enemy, who showed no disposition to imitate his example." General Stewart informs us that the misery and privation of the troops thus tantalized, had risen to a height almost insupportable. They were reduced to nearly half their original number, and half the remainder were in hospital. Tormented and tantalized with so many expectations of relief, the sick, who had been temporarily invigorated by hope, became dispirited, and relapsed into a state of despondency that proved fatal to numbers of them. Many of the Sepoys became totally blind, and others were so weak that they dropped down where they stood shouldering their firelocks. Their provisions were almost consumed; their patience was entirely exhausted; they had no hope of relief, nor the least knowledge as to what part of the coast General Macleod was gone to. The troops were eating horse flesh, snakes, dogs, ravenous birds, kites, black game, rats, and

mice, and in the utmost distress for every necessary of life. In these circumstances, it was decided, by a council of war, to surrender the garrison on terms which were highly honourable to its gallant defenders, who held out for nearly nine months against such enormous odds. The terms offered were at once accepted by the enemy, the garrison marched out with arms, accoutrements, and the honours of war, and embarked for Tillycherry, where they landed on the 4th of February, 1784, after "a defence that has seldom been equalled and never surpassed." The brave band consisted of the second battalion of the 42nd, General Macleod's own regiment, a few men of the 100th, a detachment of European infantry and artillery, and the 1st and 8th battalions of Bombay Sepoys, afterwards made into a Grenadier corps, for their conspicuous gallantry during the siege, in the course of which Tipoo lost nearly half his enormous army. This was the last active service in which this regiment, as the second battalion of the 42nd, was engaged. At the conclusion of the war it was intimated to both battalions that instead of placing all the officers on half-pay, the juniors were to be reduced in the two corps, whereupon strong representations were made, and the services of the officers of each in distant regions pointed out. The matter was reconsidered by the authorities, and the second battalion being now complete in numbers by new recruits from the Highlands, the King ordered it to be formed into a separate corps, with green facings, to be designated the 73rd Highlanders, under the command of Sir George Osborne; and this was carried into effect on the 18th of April, 1786, at Dinapore, in Bengal, when it would appear General Macleod rejoined his old regiment.

In one of his despatches to the Sultan, General Macleod writes the following spirited passage. It explains itself:—"You, or your interpreter, have said, in your letter to me, that I have lied, or made a mensonge. Permit me to inform you, Prince, that this language is not good for you to give or me to receive; and if I were alone with you in the desert you would not dare to say these words to me. An Englishman scorns to lie; an English General who would dare to lie would be crushed to pieces by the just rage of our magnanimous King. You have said that I lied, or made a mensonge. This is an irreparable

affront to an English warrior. I tell you our customs; if you have courage enough to meet me, take a hundred of your bravest men on foot, meet me on the seashore, I will fight you, and a hundred men of mine will fight yours." What this bold challenge resulted in we have not been able to ascertain.

His son and successor, in a continuation of the General's Auto-biography, already quoted, and referring to his career in India, says:—"I know at this moment but little of the public history of my father at that period. From subsequent misfortunes that befel him my mother has never willingly talked of his career in India; all I know is, that he, a very young Lieutenant-Colonel in the King's service, commanded the army on the Malabar Coast, taking rank according to the regulation of those days of all Company's officers of the same rank, though of older standing; he served with great success, and made a good deal of money, about £100,000; but I believe, although not addicted to play, he suffered himself to comply with the custom of his associates, and lost all, or nearly all, of his earnings. In consequence of a new order, that Company's officers should hold rank according to the dates of their commissions, my father found himself under the necessity of resigning his command to those who had formerly obeyed him; and remaining in this situation not being consistent with his ideas of military propriety, he returned to England in the year 1789. My mother, with his children, followed him to Britain in 1790, and he was shortly afterwards [same year] unanimously returned at the General Election for the County of Inverness," which he continued to represent until the General Election of 1796. Having stated that in consequence of some misunderstanding with Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, General Macleod joined the Opposition and became one of the most strenuous opponents of Mr Pitt's administration, his son continues—"His military prospects were now closed for ever, and from the early age of thirty-five to forty-seven, when he died, was to him a constant scene of disappointment, misfortune, and remorse. His income was far from being competent to his rank in life. I suspect it did not amount to more than two thousand a year; and while he was in America and India his Commissioners had sold large tracts of his estate (Harris and Loch

Snizort Side) for less than half their value. As he was the first of his family who parted with his inheritance, he was doubly grieved to find that he had impoverished his heirs, without materially benefitting himself." He increased the family debt from £50,000, at which amount he succeeded to it, to £70,000 at his death, notwithstanding that he sold the greater portion of the ancient Macleod inheritance. Harris and St. Kilda were sold in 1779 to Captain Alexander Macleod, one of the Macleods of Bernera, late of the "Mansfield" Indiaman, for the small sum, even then, of £15,000. St. Kilda has, however, since returned to the family. Alexander Hume, Captain Macleod's son, on the 26th of April, 1804, sold it and the adjoining islands to Colonel Donald Macleod of Achagoyle for the sum of £1350, whose son, the late Sir John Macpherson Macleod of Glendale, K.C.S.I., sold it in 1871 to the present Macleod of Macleod for £3000.

In 1796, Macleod contested the Burgh of Milbourne Port, at the General Election of that year, against one of the Paget family, when he was defeated at an expense of £15,000. To meet this outlay, he was obliged to dispose of the Waternish portion of his estates, which only realised the amount of his election expenses, though a few years after the same lands sold for £30,000.

Shortly after his defeat, he removed to Edinburgh, and in 1801 he took up his residence in a small country house, which he rented at Newhaven. His health, which had for some time been giving way, now began to get much worse, and in this year he accepted an invitation from a friend, Captain Murray, of the "Prince of Wales" Excise yacht, to accompany him on a voyage to Guernsey, expecting that the trip and change of air might produce an improvement in the state of his health. He had, however, scarcely arrived in the island when his family received intimation of his death.

General Macleod married, first, Mary, eldest daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, third of Suddie, with issue—

1. Norman, who died young, and
2. Mary, who married Colonel Norman Ramsay, who fell at Waterloo. She died soon after her marriage, without issue.

Mrs. Macleod died in 1784 in France, whither she had gone with her two children during her husband's absence in India.

He married, secondly, in 1784, Sarah, daughter of N. Stackhouse, Second Member of Council at Bombay, then in her seventeenth year, with surviving issue—

3. John Norman, his heir and successor.
4. Sarah, who married her cousin, Robert Pringle of Stitchill, without issue. Both died soon after the marriage.
5. Amelia Anne, who married her cousin and brother-in-law, Sir John Pringle, Baronet, of Stitchill, with issue—James, his heir and successor.
6. Anne Eliza, who married, on the 3rd of July, 1821, Spencer Perceval, eldest son of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister of Great Britain. She still survives at the ripe old age of 91 or 92 years.

General Macleod died at Guernsey in August, 1801, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXI. JOHN NORMAN MACLEOD, born in 1788. He represented Sudbury in Parliament from 1828 to 1832. After the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 he contested the County of Inverness with Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg, but was defeated by a few votes.

He married, on the 16th of November, 1809, Anne, daughter of John Stephenson of Merstham, Kent, with issue—

1. Norman, his heir, now of Macleod.
2. Torquil James, who died young on the 28th of April, 1821.
3. Harold John Leod, who died unmarried in 1846.
4. Emily Sarah, now of Dunvegan Castle.
5. Anna Eliza, who, on the 2nd of June, 1840, married James Ogilvie Fairlie, of Williamfield, Ayrshire, with issue—(1) Henry James, born on the 9th of March, 1841; and (2) a daughter, who, in 1867, married Archibald Campbell, younger of Achandarrach, who died in September, 1885. Mrs. Fairlie died on the 9th of September, 1843.
6. Harriette Maria, who married John Campbell, of Glensaddel, Argyleshire, with issue—(1) Charles, who, born in February, 1847, married, in 1873, Esther, daughter of Colonel Fairlie, by his second wife; (2) Walter Frederick, born in 1850, and died in 1882; (3) John

Norman, born in 1852; (4) Eleanor Ann; and (5) Harriette Roma, who died unmarried, in 1870. Mrs. Campbell died on the 14th of January, 1877.

7. Eleanor Anne, who died unmarried on the 3rd of December, 1830, aged 13 years.
8. Mary Lowther, who, in 1846, married Robert Fergusson, M.D., F.R.S. Physician to the Queen, with issue—(1) Robert Ronald; (2) Harold Stuart; (3) Robert Bruce; (4) Mary Roma, who married Major Farrant of the 81st Regiment; and (5) Marian Cecil.
9. Elizabeth Roma, who died unmarried on the 9th of March 1845.

John Norman Macleod died on 25th March, 1835, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

XXII. NORMAN MACLEOD, now of Macleod, who, born on the 18th of July, 1812, married on the 15th of July, 1837, the Hon. Louisa Barbara St. John, only daughter of St. Andrew, 13th Lord St. John of Bletshoe, with issue—

1. Norman Magnus, Captain, 74th Highlanders, who, born on the 27th of July, 1839, married on the 27th of April, 1881, Emily Caroline, second daughter of Sir Charles Isham, Baronet of Lamport Hall, Northampton, with issue—(1) Emily Caroline; and (2) Margaret.
2. Torquil Olave, born on the 10th of August, 1841, and died young on the 3rd September, 1857.
3. Reginald, born on the 1st February, 1847, and married, on the 17th of April, 1877, Lady Agnes Mary Cecilia, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Earl of Iddesleigh, with issue—(1) Flora Louisa Cecilia; and (2) Olive Susan Miranda.
4. Roderick Charles, a clergyman of the Church of England, vicar of Borley, in Kent. He was born on the 18th of April, 1852, and married, in 1885, Catharine, daughter of W. Jelf.
5. Louisa Cecilia, who, on the 18th of December, 1860, married John Moyer Heathcote of Conington Castle, County of Huntington, with issue—(1) John Norman, born on the 21st of June, 1863; (2) Arthur Ridley,

born on the 14th of February, 1877; (3) Emily Louisa, who died unmarried, in her nineteenth year, on the 25th of May, 1880; (4) Evelyn May.

Macleod married secondly on the 14th of July, 1881, the Baroness Hanna, eldest daughter of Baron Ettingshausen of Graz, Austria, without issue.

[Before parting with the Macleods of Dunvegan, an article on the famous Fairy Flag and Rory Mor's horn ought perhaps to be given. After that the author will take up the history of the Skye branch families of Tallisker, Bernera, Gesto, Drynoch, and others. When these are disposed of, the Macleods of Lewis, Assynt, Cadboll, and other branches will be dealt with at length; but whether the history of these families will appear in the *Celtic Magazine* or in the *Scottish Highlander* has not yet been finally settled.—A. M.]

JOHN SINCLAIR, THIRD EARL OF CAITHNESS, OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

ON the death of William, at Flodden, he was succeeded by his son, John, in the Earldom of Caithness. Earl John held the Earldom for sixteen years. He was married to Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir William Sutherland of Duffus. Mr. J. T. Calder, in his *History of Caithness*, gives her name as Mary, but this is evidently a mistake, as her name appears Elizabeth in all deeds written at the time. It is right to observe, however, that some consider that Earl John was twice married, first to Mary Sutherland—not Elizabeth—a daughter of the Laird of Duffus, and afterwards to the fifth sister of Adam, Earl of Sutherland. Mr. Thomas Sinclair, in his interesting Notes to the second edition of Calder's *History of Caithness*, writes: "Further light is thrown on things if it is true that Earl John of Caithness was married to Adam's sister after the death or divorce of his first wife, Mary Sutherland, daughter of Duffus. The authorities for this are William Gordon

in his *History of the Gordons to* 1690, published in 1726, and C. A. Gordon in his *History of the House of Gerston*, published at Aberdeen in 1754." There is no evidence of the marriage of Earl John with Mary Sutherland in the charter chest of the Earl of Caithness. If the marriage had taken place, such an important fact would have been mentioned in the proof taken before the House of Lords, in 1791, when the Earldom was contested by competing claimants. But, at anyrate, it may not be of much moment whether the Earl was married once or twice, other than in its relation to his connection with the House of Sutherland.

There is very little doubt that when Adam Gordon, Earl of Sutherland, was in course of dispossessing Alexander Sutherland from all title to the Earldom of Sutherland, on the alleged ground of illegitimacy, that he entered into a compact with the Earl of Caithness. Adam had many enemies, and it was necessary that he should secure the powerful influence of the Earl of Caithness. Sir Robert Gordon, in his *History of the House and Clan of Sutherland*, describes the true position of the parties as follows :— "Adam, Earl of Sutherland, forseeing great troubles likely to fall forth in his country, he entered in familiarity and friendship with John Sinclair, Earl of Caithness, this year, 1516, at which time Earl Adam gave unto the Earl of Caithness, who was the near cousin of his wife, Lady Elizabeth, the ten davochs of land that lie upon the east side of the water of Ully (Helmsdale) for assisting him against his enemies as doth appear by some of the writs yet extant." It is clear that the House of Sutherland desired to have the good offices of Earl John, for in 1513, the year in which he succeeded to the title, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland granted to the Earl of Caithness a charter of the lands of Helmsdale, etc., called Strathulzie. Earl John did not get possession until the year after, when the death of her brother took place. It would appear that Earl John must have given considerable aid to Earl Adam in defeating the claims of Alexander Sutherland, for in 1516 a charter of Helmsdale, etc., was granted by Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and Adam Gordon, Earl of Sutherland, to John, Earl of Caithness, "for his expenses in recovering the County of Sutherland and Castle of Dunrobin from the Countess's brother, Alexander Sutherland." This would imply that Earl

John had given material assistance to the Earl of Sutherland.

King James the IV. of Scotland granted a charter to John, Earl of Caithness, and Elizabeth Sutherland, his spouse, and William, their son, of certain lands dated 14th July, 1527, and in this charter there is the following reference to Helmsdale:—"Ac etiam totas et integras predictas terras de Helmisdail dicto Willmo Sinclaire et heredibus suis de nobis, etc. Et dictas terras Cathanie in libero comitatu in perpetu, etc."

John Mackay, the Chief of the Clan Mackay, assisted his brother-in-law, Alexander Sutherland, to obtain possession of the titles and land of Sutherland. Earl John induced Niel Navarach Mackay to claim the lands of John Mackay on the plea that the latter was illegitimate, and therefore not entitled to succeed. Niel Navarach invaded Strathnaver with some adherents and a company of Caithness-men, but Donald Mackay, the brother of John, fell upon them at Lochnaver and defeated them. The Earl of Caithness apparently thought that he had not much interest in the feuds between the Sutherlands and the Mackays, and he therefore left the Earl of Sutherland to take care of himself. He no doubt saw that if the Mackays were defeated by himself and the Earl of Sutherland, that the position of his own house might be endangered afterwards should a struggle occur between the Sutherlands and Sinclairs. The existence of the Clan Mackay was necessary at the time to preserve the balance of power in the two Northern Counties.

Sir Robert Gordon is indignant that the Earl of Caithness should have withdrawn from the assistance of the Earl of Sutherland, although he had received lands from the latter, for defending him against his enemies. Indeed, he alleges that, notwithstanding the consideration given, the Earl of Caithness had actually allied himself with the enemies of the Earl of Sutherland. Sir Robert writes that the Earl of Caithness "joyned afterward with Earle Adam his foes, and yet keipt still the lands, until Alexander, Earle of Sutherland, did purchase them bake from Earle John, his successor, by excambion, for certane Church lands within Catteynes, the yeir of God, 1591. These ten davaghs of land within Strathully were given by Earle Adam to John, Earle of Catteynes, upon a reversion to this effect, that wheresoever the

Earle of Sutherland should give unto Earle John or his successors twentie pound land lying within Catteynes, that then he or they should renounce to the Earle of Sutherland these lands lying within Strathully." Sir Robert moralises over the conduct of the Earl of Caithness in the following manner:—"Thus we sie that usually mercenarie friends doe change alwayes with the course of fortune. They follow and favore upon us in floorishing prosperitie; but in pinching adversitie, and when the winter of our happiness does once approach, behold they suddentlie vanish and grow strangers to us in our greatest need and necessitie."

In May, 1529, Earl John invaded Orkney with five hundred men. The real cause of the invasion is not exactly known. Several causes have been assigned for it. It has been stated that he went to assist Lord Sinclair of Ravenscraig to recover some land of which he or his predecessors had been deprived. Again, that he went to take possession of lands belonging to the Sinclairs which they had got from the King of Denmark. It is also stated that he might have gone to recover the governorship of Kirkwall Castle, which Sir James Sinclair refused to give up. Mr. Worsaae, in writing of the matter, says:—"The islanders took up arms under the command of their Governor, Sir James Sinclair, to oppose the appointment of a Crown vassal over the islands." But whatever led to the expedition, the result was very unfortunate to the Caithness men. A desperate battle was fought at Summerdale, a place north-east about four miles from Stromness. The Orkney men totally routed their opponents. The Earl of Caithness was slain, and Lord Sinclair of Ravenscraig was taken prisoner. Very few of the Caithness men escaped, and many of them were killed in cold blood. The Earl was buried in Orkney; but some say that the few of his clan who had escaped took the Earl's head back with them, while others allege that it was sent over in derision by the Orkney men to Caithness. Robert Mackay, in his *History of the House and Clan of Mackay*, remarks—"This gave rise to an imprecation, which is to this day used in the North Highlands, 'Shuil mhorer Gaol do' Arcu dhuit, gun hian dachi ach en cann,' *i.e.*, 'I wish you Lord Caithness's journey to Orkney, only the head to return.'"

Shortly after the battle of Summerdale, Sir James Sinclair, the Governor of Kirkwall Castle, committed suicide by throwing himself over a rock into the sea at Linkness. Another version is that he killed himself at Stirling. It is believed that he had no instructions from the Government to fight the battle of Summerdale, and was on that account terrified that he might be prosecuted for the death of the Earl of Caithness. It may be taken for granted that the Earl's invasion had something to do with the interests of Sir James Sinclair; and the disaster in Orkney, coupled with the great loss at Flodden, must have drained the county of Caithness of its best men.

Tradition asserts that the Earl was warned by a witch on landing in Orkney that the side on which blood would first be drawn would be defeated. The Earl and his men, to ensure victory, slew the first person they met. This happened to be a herd boy, a native of Caithness. When it was ascertained that it was Caithness blood that had first been shed, the Earl and his party became dispirited, as they were satisfied victory would go against them. The Earl was accompanied to Orkney by William Sutherland, of Berriedale, a man of great stature and immense strength. Sutherland had a presentiment that he would never return, and, before departing, he went to the church-yard at Berriedale, where he stretched himself on the ground, placing one stone at his head and another at his feet, the difference betwixt the two which was eight feet three inches, was his own height. He was killed in the battle.

On an occasion before Earl John went to Orkney, he had some difference with Robert Gunn, the tacksman of Braemore. He sent his kinsman, John Sinclair, of Stirkoke, to recover the rent which was owing by Gunn, but the latter wounded Sinclair, and made the party beat a hasty retreat without any rent.

Earl John had two sons, named (1) William, who died in 1527, without issue, and (2) George, who succeeded to the Earldom. The Earl had also a natural son, David, who was Bailie to the Bishop of Caithness.

Little is known of the personal character of the Earl. He appears, judging from the scanty information which we have of him, to have been wary and cautious up to the time when he proceeded on his ill-advised expedition to Orkney.

SOME PECULIAR USES OF THE POSSESSIVE PRONOUN IN GAELIC.

[By P. C. MACFARLANE.]

(1) WINDISCH says (Irish Grammar, p. 110) that "in Irish the possessive pronoun stands in the place where in other languages a substantival personal pronoun is used." Probably this peculiarity of Gaelic is only apparent, for there seems sufficient reason to believe that the possessive pronoun has supplanted the original personal pronoun; *e.g.*, "Tha e an déigh mo bhualadh" (he is after striking me) seems to be for "Tha e an déigh *mi a* bhualadh." "Tha e an déigh do bhualadh" for "Tha e an déigh *tu a* bhualadh." A strong proof in support of this theory is the fact that the infinitive cannot be put in the genitive case after a possessive pronoun. We cannot say "Tha e an déigh mo bhualaidh." Dr. Stewart says, in his Grammar (ed. 1876, pp. 156-157), that "the infinitive is not put in the genitive when preceded by a possessive pronoun, because it is in the same limited state as if it governed a noun in the genitive case." He evidently means that the infinitive following is sufficiently limited by the possessive pronoun, and that it is therefore redundant to use the genitive. Now, this would be a good enough reason, if it were found that no other nouns besides infinitives could be put in the genitive case after a possessive pronoun. But not only can other nouns be put in the genitive after a possessive pronoun, (*e.g.*, "tha e air muin m' eich," "tha e aig cùl do thighe"), but the infinitive when *not* preceded by a possessive pronoun is, if declinable, declined like any other noun; *e.g.*, "fear a' bhualaidh," "am fear-glanaidh."

Again, whenever the emphatic form of the pronoun is required, the personal pronoun can be restored; *e.g.*, "Tha e an déigh *mise* a bhualadh." No doubt it is equally common to hear "Tha e an déigh mo bhualadh-*sa*," but it can easily be understood how the emphatic particle would be removed to the end after the substituted possessive pronoun and the infinitive had sufficiently coalesced to be regarded as a grammatical formula.

It may be objected that the possessive pronoun, in the feminine singular, and in the three persons of the plural, cannot be resolved into the personal pronoun, with the preposition

before the infinitive, but the confusion having probably arisen first in the persons of the singular, as being more frequently used, the others would inevitably follow by analogy.

(2) This trick of the possessive pronoun may afford a more satisfactory explanation of such constructions as "Tha e 'na athair" (he is a father), etc., than has hitherto been given. "Athair," in this construction is the infinitive of a denominative verb (cf. Windisch's Ir. Gram. p. 111.); but it is not necessary that the verb should exist, except in the infinitive, nor even in the infinitive, except with this preposition *an* (in). But the infinitive is an abstract noun; therefore the editor of *The Scottish Celtic Review* is right when he says (p. 300) that the expression means "he is in the *state* or *quality*, denoted by the term father." The effect of this kind of infinitive is sometimes noticeable in the idiom of Gaelic people when speaking English, *e.g.*, "Can ye *music* Johnnie?" was a question asked by an old woman in this place.

(3) The preposition *an* (in) gives the infinitive a passive meaning; *e.g.*, "Tha a' bhraich am bogadh" (the malt is steeped, or in a state of steeping). "Tha an uinneag an togail" (the window is up). *Ag*, *aig* (at), on the other hand, with the infinitive has an active meaning; *e.g.*, "Tha e 'g itheadh an arain" (he is eating the bread). "Tha e seinn" (he is singing.) This seems contradicted by the construction "Tha an t-aran 'ga itheadh" (the bread is being eaten), but if a reflexive pronoun, or more probably the personal pronoun used reflexively, ought here to be substituted for the possessive pronoun, then it is not a case of *ag* with the infinitive, but of *ag* governing a phrase which *contains* the infinitive, *e.g.*, "Tha an t-aran ag e do itheadh."

(4) If "athair" be regarded as an infinitive in the construction "Tha e 'na athair," then by analogy of the construction "Tha a' bhraich am bogadh," the form "tha e an athair" would be expected, and in Welsh this is just what is found. But as a denominative infinitive is the same in form with the noun from which it is derived, and as it is necessary in a construction like this that they be distinguished, the preposition *do*, the usual sign of the infinitive, is prefixed to "athair." Then the construction will become "Tha e *an do* athair," which, by the rule of eclipsis, must become "Tha e *'na* athair."

Of course identity with the possessive pronoun can be shown only in the second person singular of both genders, and in the third person singular masculine, but that appears sufficient when viewed in the light of the construction, "Tha e an déigh mo bhualadh," examined above.

[If it be made out that this is really not the possessive pronoun, the Editor of *The Scottish Celtic Review* must be in error, when he says in his able and interesting essay on *The particle ann* (p. 299) that this construction "is precisely the same formula" as "Tha e 'na thaigh" (he is in his house); "Tha e 'na bhàta" (he is in his boat), etc.]

(5). *Do* as the sign of the infinitive is prefixed not only to mere denominatives, but also to infinitives which are ordinarily used as nouns, and have acquired a concrete meaning. Thus, an infinitive derived from "tiodhlac" (a funeral) requires *do*, as in the following colloquy:—"Ciod e tìodhlac"? "Còmhlan dhaoine dol do'n chlachan." "Agus ma theid còmhlan dhaoine do'n chlachan Didòmhnaich, am bi e *'na* thìodhlac"? Again, when it is used simply as the infinitive of the verb to "bury" *do* is not required, *e.g.*, "Tha e an tìodhlac an Cill-Phàdruig," (he is buried in Kilpatrick). In both cases "tiodhlac" is an infinitive, but in the former it is a term of greater intension, because the meaning is limited to the specialised sense in which the word is used as a noun, viz., "a funeral."

As might be expected, however, the distinction is too nice to be always strictly observed in practice, and accordingly both kinds of infinitives are sometimes found, with the same signification, *e.g.*, "An ann 'ga dhiùltadh 's do làmh an sìneadh g'a ghabhail"? But it would also be right to say "*'na* sineadh g'a ghabhail." When an adjective is added, as for example, "Tha e 'na athair math," then it is not "athair," which is regarded as the infinitive, but the concept "athair math."

(6) The infinitives of frequentative verbs, with the preposition *an* (in) require the article—*e.g.*, "Ruith e gus an robh e 'san àineagaich" (he ran till he was panting). "Throid e ris na buantachan gus an robh iad 'san ràinaich" (he scolded the children till they were crying). "Cha toir thu biadh do'n chrodh uair idir gus am bi iad 'sa' gheumnaich," etc.

SUBSTANTIAL GHOSTS.

THE ghosts of modern Gaelic belief are the ordinary unsubstantial airy beings which, since the Middle-Ages, have taken the place of the older substantial Gaelic ghosts. The modern ghost, among the Highlanders, does not differ therefore from the ghosts among other peoples. But there are many indications in our popular tales that the old Gaelic ghost was quite as substantial a personage as the living men he happened to mingle with. In our January number we showed that the ghost of old Irish literature was as golden and glorious in the ghostly form as the individual was when alive. We may assert the same of the ghost of old Gaelic Scotland, and adduce as proof the following incidents and stories.

Firstly, in Campbell's tale of the "Barra Widow's Son," the hero in his travels arrived in Turkey, and while walking about one day what did he see but two men out of their tunics *(as an leintean,* "out of their shirts" it means now) flailing a man's corpse! "What are you doing to the corpse?" says John, the widow's son. "It was a Christian; we had eight marks against him, and since he did not pay us when alive, we will take it out of his corpse with the flails." "Well, then, leave him with me and I will pay you the eight marks." He took the body and "he put mould and earth on him." After various adventures, the hero was sailing with his lady-love, the King of Spain's daughter, to her home in Spain, when, by the treachery of a General on board, who also loved the lady, John was left on a desert island. "John was in the island, hair and beard grown over him; his shoes were worn to pulp, without a thread of clothes on that was not gone to rags; without a bit of flesh on him, his bones but sticking together. On a night of the nights, what should he hear but the rowing of a boat coming to the island. 'Art thou there, Iain Albanich,' said one in the boat." John was afraid to answer, but after a little he came to the shore and found a man there in a boat. The man asked him what he would give him to take him off the island. Would he give him half his kingdom, and half his wife and children? John answered that he had no kingdom, or wife or children, but if he had he

would give them. On these conditions they sailed to Spain. There he recovered his lost lady-love, and was married. Three sons were born to him, and he became King of Spain. On a night he heard a knocking at the door. "Art thou for keeping thy promise?" said he who came. John said "Yes." The man then gave his kingdom and wife back to himself and told John that he was the man for whose body he had paid the eight marks in Turkey.

Our other examples are from tales hitherto unpublished. The tale of the adventures of "Iain Mòr" we hope soon to publish under the able editing of the Rev. Mr. Sinton, who has got together a version of it. One of the incidents is this: Iain lands on a Western desolate shore, and the first object that meets his gaze is the skeleton of a man bleaching unburied in the sun. Iain takes off his tunic (*leine* again, now shirt, which shows these tales to be very old), and covers the skeleton with it. For this act of piety he is amply rewarded, for at the great crisis of his life a man intervenes to help him—a *man*, whom he afterwards finds to be the man whose skeleton he had covered with his *leine*. As in the story of the "Barra Widow's Son," there is not a hint that the "man" appeared different from living men.

The other story is this: There was a widow who had an only son, and she did not wish him to marry until it was her pleasure that he should do so. The young man promised that he would not marry until she wanted him to marry. One snowy day she killed a bird and let its blood fall on the snow. Then she took a crystal boot, and asked her son to look for a lady-love whose cheeks were red as the blood on the snow, whose skin was as white as the snow, and whose foot would fit the crystal boot. He started on his quest, and the first night came to a church-yard, where he saw two men breaking some bones. On looking he saw the bones were the skeleton of a man. He asked them why they were doing this, and they replied that they had a debt against him, which they could not get from him now. They were to be revenged on his bones, they said, for it. He asked the amount of the debt, and on being told what it was, offered them the money, so as to let the man's bones rest. They answered, however, that they were

dead as well as the man, but their brothers and sisters dwelt on the hillside up there. Accordingly, they requested him to go and pay the money to them, which he did. Thereafter, when going through a lonely wood, he met a man who told him it was for him he paid the debt. The young man told him of his quest. "Ah," said the ghost-man, "you will be successful enough." He directed the young man to a large house where he would get a cloak of darkness, which, when put on, would render him invisible, and also magic slippers, with which he could walk without being heard. The rest of his adventures our informant could not tell, nor would they likely bear in any case on the subject in hand.

A QUEER STORY.

[FROM A MULL MAN.]

I REMEMBER, one winter night, as I was along with some other young men, we proposed to go into a little cottage not far away to hear some stories from the old man who dwelt there. At our earnest request he related to us the following story:—"There once stood a kiln on the south-west coast of Mull, where men and even boys were accustomed to meet, for the purpose of playing cards, telling stories, singing songs, and other amusements. It was, in fact, a rough kind of "céilidh" house. It happened one night that they were telling stories, and the law, as they called it themselves, that they had, was that every one who entered the kiln should have to tell a story. They were sitting in a row round the fire, with the owner of the kiln at their head. It was he that had to tell the first story, and the nearest to him the next, and so on till they would all tell one story each. Some fellow unaccustomed to their manners came in among the company on that night. When his time came for telling a story he hadn't any to tell, and the other fellows were on the point of offering him violence, when the old man relieved him from his troubles by telling him to go out and put some straw in a hole that was in the wall to keep out the wind.

As he was standing out at the window, he happened to look towards the shore, and to his great dismay saw a ship on the point of being cast on the rocks by the storm. He hastened down to the shore as quickly as possible, and on finding a punt near at hand, he jumped into it and rowed out towards the ship. But before he got half-way out, the wind shifted and drove him away from the land, in spite of all the efforts he made to regain it. He was driven away past Colonsay, Islay, and Jura, and all the way until he landed on the north cost of Ireland. The punt in which he was, was cast ashore in a little creek, where a little cottage stood about twenty yards above the shore. This cottage was inhabited by an old woman and a young girl, and along with it they had a small croft. The girl's father had died about a month before the young Mull man came, so that they hadn't anyone to keep the croft in order. Therefore the young girl and the castaway fellow made an agreement and were married within the short time of a week after his landing in Ireland. He lived very happily with his wife and mother-in-law for four years, and was the father of four children, before he left them. But as ill-fortune had driven him thither, he was driven back again by the same means. For, as he was one night out fishing, a storm came on so suddenly, that he was driven away from land, back the same way as he had come, until he landed in the same place in Mull, where he had started from. He went ashore and walked up to the kiln, where he was greatly astonished at beholding the same individuals he had left there when he went away sitting in the same place, and everything exactly in the same condition as he had left them. The old man asked him if he had any story to tell now. He told him that he had, and he related his adventures since he left them. The young fellows began to laugh at him, but their laughing was soon brought to an end, when the old man told them that the young fellow had only seen a vision which was caused by his means, for he was the possessor of what they called 'Sgoil dhubh' (black art.) But the deep impression wrought on the young fellow's mind could never be effaced. So he went home that night, mourning for the wife and children that he had left in Ireland."

REVIEWS.

POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS: THEIR MIGRATIONS AND TRANSFORMATIONS. By W. A. CLOUSTON. 2 Vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons, 1887.

MR. CLOUSTON'S work is one of the most valuable that has yet appeared on the subject of the migration of popular tales and the consequent changes they undergo. He belongs to the advanced school of folk-lorists who believe in tracing each story to its oldest literary source, and from this standpoint deciding on its origin and meaning. The "solar" theory he discards with more than contempt, and it is undoubtedly true that, whatever truth there may be in that theory as regards the higher mythology, it makes utter shipwreck in accounting for the origin of fairy and folk tales. The "Sun-frog" has been the butt of uproarious fun to anthropologists, and to none more so than Mr. Lang, and no wonder. The "Solar" theory of the diffusion of folk-tales, whereby the tales are referred to the period of Argan unity, and thereafter each race worked on the common stock of myth and tale in its own peculiar way, is founded on a much sounder basis. Indeed, the resemblance of the higher mythology of Teuton, Celt, Roman, Greek, and Indian points to a common source for these mythologies, and it may be held properly enough that many folk-tales are descended from the times of the Indo-European unity. Indeed, Mr. Clouston grants as much as this. "That tales and legends of a more or less supernatural cast, dealing with magical arts (and the phenomena of physical nature, too, perhaps), in other words, our nursery fairy tales, which are found in almost identical forms, allowing for occasional local modifications and colouring, among peoples differing so much in their customs and modes of thought as the Norwegians and the Italians, are reflections or survivals of primitive Aryan traditions, which also continue current in Asiatic countries, may, I think, be to some extent granted." The case is very different, however, as he adds, "when we consider the question of the origin and diffusion of tales which have in them nothing of the supernatural

—tales, namely, of common life." He has, therefore, roughly divided folk tales into two classes, those dealing with magic and the supernatural, and those dealing with the incidents of common life.

It is with these last that Mr. Clouston's two volumes deal for the most part. Of these, stories of the fickleness of women—satirical tales of widow's tears—are the best examples. The oldest story of any now existing is an Egyptian one three thousand years old, and it is the prototype of all our "Joseph and Potiphar's wife" tales. The inconsolable widow who cannot be torn from her husband's grave, who lights a fire at it, intending to pass the night there, and who is joined by a knight who is watching the three corpses of crucified robbers, and in whose company she finds so much consolation that she exhumes her husband and places his body on the cross in place of the one that was stolen during the dalliance of the knight with herself,—this story comes from the East, doubtless, where female constancy is more disbelieved in than in the West. Such tales have circumstantial incidents in them which must point to an individual authorship in some fixed locality. The incidents could not originate spontaneously in Asia and in Europe; the one must borrow tales of this class—detailed incidents of inconstancy, cunning, stupidity, and avarice—from the other. Mr. Clouston has set himself to trace such tales to their original habitat, and we have to say that he has done his work admirably. He shows how Eastern stories and story books were brought into Europe, especially at the time of the Crusades. Works like the "Book of Sindibád" are even previous to the Crusades. This work appears on European ground among other forms as the tale of the "Seven Sages," who saved the king's son from the Potiphar's-wife wiles of his stepmother by relating stories to his father, the king, mostly about female deceit, until the young man was able to speak for himself, which he was supernaturally forbidden to do for seven days. Middle-Age preachers like Jacques de Vitry (died 1240 A.D.) made use of many such Eastern stories in their discourses. Portions of the Gaelic story of the "Shifty Lad"—particularly the parts regarding the robbery of the king's treasury—are as old as Herodotus, who tells them of the Egyptian king, Rhampsinitus, and likely enough the story may be

borrowed from the East. That it started in Egypt and in the Highlands, separately and spontaneously, is absurd. That stories like these go back to a period of Indo-European unity is, though possible, quite improbable, while many of the tales are found among Semites, Chinese, Kalmucks, etc., quite outside the Aryan family.

When Mr. Clouston goes further and refers magic transformation, disappearances of enchanted persons under taboos, life and chastity tokens, Bluebeard chambers, and other sins of curiosity, to an Eastern origin, as he often does, we refuse to follow him. To suggest, for instance, that the Cupid and Psyche story, which, in its oldest literary form, is European, appearing in Apuleius in the 2nd century, is of Eastern origin, is not satisfactory—not scientific, in fact. There is a craze among certain folk-lorists to make India the cradle of all such stories. Mr. Ralston here and MM. Paris and Cosquin in France, are the leading exponents of this view; while Mr. Lang and M. Gaidoz maintain the polygenism of such tales—that they spring from beliefs and customs through which the race has passed, that they are survivals, in short, as the "craggan" pottery of Lewis is a survival from the stone-age. This is the "anthropological" theory. Those who maintain their Indian origin seem to be led astray by the Indian beliefs in transmigrations of the soul and animal transformations. But such beliefs were rife here in the West in Caesar's time, and it is nothing to be wondered at that they should survive in our folk-tales, as they certainly do in our folk-lore and superstitions. Mr. Clouston, however, stands between the Indian and the anthropological school, and, indeed, his book is wonderfully free from the warping of any theory. Its value lies in the bringing together and comparison of the different versions, and its theories do not interfere at all with this excellent work. The theory is, indeed, unconspicuous. The meaning and origin of the supernatural, magical, and monster incidents and characters, he does not discuss. He allows himself to believe that ogres and monsters may have originated in the contests between the Aryan tribes and the savage aborigines, or, going still further back, between the monstrous creatures of the early earth and men, which last is rather dangerous ground, and the former theory is also somewhat unsatisfactory. The book is one which no folk-lorist can do with-

out. The publishers have done their part as excellently as the author himself has done his.

M. D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE has sent us a paper which he gave to the Academie Des Inscriptions on the "Fundus and the Villa in Gaul." *Fundus* and *villa* are two correlative terms. The *fundus* or farm is the portion of land under agricultural cultivation belonging to a definite proprietor, and the *villa* is the group of houses where the proprietor of the *fundus* and his farm-servants dwell. The *fundus* and *villa* are Roman in name and idea. Their introduction into Gaul dates from the Roman Conquest. "In Gaul before the conquest," says M. D'Arbois, "there existed neither *fundi* nor *villae*. Gaul had *oppida* (towns) which Caesar sometimes calls *urbes* (cities). Some *vici* are also found, but what corresponds to the Roman villa is called by Caesar *aedificium*, of which numerous examples could be gathered in the 'Bello Gallico.' There were then no *fundi* in Gaul at the date this work goes back to, and in the Gaulish *pagi* (cantons) the proprietorship of the soil was collective." Land could not have received personal names at that time, for private property in the soil did not then exist. Polybius (204-122, B.C.) says that the Gauls who established themselves by conquest in Northern Italy in the fourth century before our era knew nothing of landed property; with them the fortunes of individuals consisted solely in movables, mainly gold and herds. The disposition of property as between man and wife, which Cæsar records, points the same way. In short, land not built upon was everywhere throughout Gaul the property of the people or rather of the tribe, the *ager publicus* of the Romans.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CUP SONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

ALL who take an interest in the history, language, and literature of the Gael must rejoice that the *Celtic Magazine* is getting along so well. It is thoroughly adapted to the wants of all. Its "Notes and News," and especially its "Reviews," are of very great value. I have read with deep interest the articles on "The Present State of Celtic Studies," "The Present State of Celtic Ethnology," and "Loan-Words in Gaelic." Of course I always read the articles on clan history with pleasure. Mr. Mackenzie has placed, not only the Mackenzies, the Macdonalds, the Camerons, and the Macleods, but indeed all Highlanders, under deep obligations to him by his valuable historical articles.

T. S. is doing a good work in publishing his "Snatches of Gaelic Songs collected in Badenoch." For my own part I feel very grateful to him. He does not see much merit in the Gille Maol Dubh's rhyme, and no wonder. I suspect either that the Gille Maol Dubh was a plagiarist, or else that his words got sadly out of joint before they came down to T. S. I have a very different version of the words, and as I do not know who T. S. is, I take the liberty of sending it to the magazine.

Dr. Hector Maclean lived at the farm of Erray, near Tobermory in 1773, the year in which Johnson and Boswell visited the Hebrides. He was a son of Lachlan Maclean of Grulin. His mother, Janet Macleod, was a daughter of John Macleod of Contulich, tutor of Macleod, and Isabel, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell. He was married to Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean of Coll. He had a daughter named Mary. Of this Mary Dr. Johnson speaks in the following terms:—"She is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, music, and drawing; sews neatly, makes shell-work, and can milk cows; in short, she can do everything. She talks sensibly, and is the

first person whom I have found that can translate Gaelic poetry literally."—Carruthers' Edition of Boswell's Journal, page 252. Dr. Maclean died in 1785. His accomplished daughter married a Duncan Mackenzie of Aros, a man who was inferior to herself in every respect. She died in 1826, and was buried at Kilmore, about seven miles from Tobermory. She had no children.

Dr. Maclean made quite a large collection of Gaelic poetry. Mary his daughter added a few pieces to it. This collection was never printed. It is now in my possession. The following version of the Cup Song I copy from it:—

Subject given to the Poet.

'S namhaid an lach is an thaoileann,
Da chois chapail, chaoilin, chorr.

The Poet's Reply.

An cup sin tha 'n laimh righ Alba,
Air an deach airgiod is or,
Olaidh mi deoch as ma dh'fhaodas;—
Da chois chapail, chaoilin, chorr.

The Poet gained the Cup and added—

D' fhuaras deoch a laimh righ Alba
A cup airgid agus oir,
An aite nach d' shaoil mi fhaotuinn;—
'S da chois chapail, chaoilin, chorr.

There is a reference to this poem in MacNicol's Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides. It will be found at page 129 of Livingstone's Edition. Mr. MacNicol says that the subject of the poem was proposed by "James the Sixth to some poets as a trial of skill in their profession." He regards it as "altogether unintelligible."

Dr. Johnson says—"I believe there cannot be recovered in the whole Gaelic language five hundred lines of which there is any evidence to prove them one hundred years old." Of course, the great lexicographer had not seen the Dean of Lismore's book, and we may think that he had some excuse for his assertion. There can be no doubt, however, that he saw Dr. Maclean's MS. The poems in it were certainly written down before the year 1773. Then Bos-

well makes the following statements :—"Miss Maclean produced some Gaelic poems by John Maclean, who was a famous bard in Mull, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them; one a kind of elegy on Sir John Maclean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; and another a dialogue between two Roman Catholic young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry." Both of these poems are in Dr. Maclean's MS. The last mentioned comes first, and the first mentioned immediately after it. Now, in this very manuscript there are 48 lines composed about Ailean nan Sop in the year 1517, 213 lines composed by Iain Lom in the year 1645 or shortly afterwards, and 357 lines composed by Eachann Bacach about the year 1651—in all, 618 lines one hundred years old and more. It is probable, however, that Dr. Johnson never thought of asking Miss Maclean whether she had any old poems or not. Looking upon the Gaelic as "the rude speech of a barbarous people who had few thoughts to express," he took for granted that its poetry could not have been preserved.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR,
Springville, Nova Scotia.

NOTES AND NEWS.

In active zeal for the preservation and study of the Gaelic language no Society of Gaels can surpass the Gaelic Society of London. Following up a resolution passed at one of their meetings in October last, to the effect that "it is desirable in the course of next year to hold a Conference at some convenient place to consider important questions affecting Highland Education generally, and in particular the Orthography and Grammar of the Gaelic language," the Society has issued on the subject a circular to other Gaelic Societies and to individuals interested in Highland Education and the teaching and study of Gaelic. The circular, after a narrative of the circumstances and resolutions which gave it rise, says and says well: "Something certainly requires to be done that the youth of the Highlands may have the full benefit of our educational advancement, and *at the very least the option of some instruction in their mother tongue.*" The circular concludes with the request that the Society or individual addressed should in the reply state: "(1.) Whether you consider such a Conference practicable and likely to serve a good purpose. (2.) The general questions and the points of grammatical detail you think should be considered at such Conference. (3.) Any special matter you would like to bring before such Conference; and whether you would do so personally. (4.) When and where you consider such Conference should take place."

We think that if the Conference cannot do good, it certainly can do no harm. Whether it could do good would depend on the qualifications of its individual members. If the Society could get together the leading Gaelic scholars, who are, alas! not very numerous, some good could be done in exchanging views on educational matters and in devising a scheme of instruction in the mother tongue. The matter of orthography is one that cries for some reform, and, if the Conference could come to some finding on that point, it would certainly make instruction in the Gaelic language comparatively easy. In fact, teachers must have a uniform orthography. And in regard to points of grammatical detail, we should strenuously move for reduction in the use of the apostrophe, for nothing so disfigures a page and nothing is so difficult to teach in the matter of its use. Inverness appears to be the most suitable place for such a Conference, for there in summer many Gaels from all parts put in an appearance.

In connection with Education in the Highlands, we are glad to see that the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, Kingussie, has received a well-merited LL.D., and, in conferring this honour on Mr. Mackenzie, the University of Aberdeen has shown its usual interest in educationalists and teachers, and its thorough *rapport* with matters educational in the Highlands. Dr. Mackenzie is also an old student of the Aberdeen University, or rather of old Marischal College. To Dr. Mackenzie, more than any other single individual, do we owe the extent and character of the late changes in the Scotch Code as bearing on the Highlands; and his efforts in Secondary Education have been unceasing.

The 28th number of the *Revue Celtique* appeared last month. This completes its seventh volume. It was started in 1870 by M. Gaidoz, who most ably conducted

it to the end of the 6th volume in 1885. The seventh volume has been edited by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, with the help of MM. Loth, Ernault, and Dottin. The result of so much collaboration is evident in the volume, for we have an index given to the words discussed throughout its pages, and there is further an index extending to 41 pages of the contents of the first six volumes. The 28th number contains only two papers, the first being a "Fragment of the Mabinogi of Gereint Ab Erbin," edited, from a MS. belonging to the old Hengwrt collection, by M. Loth and Mr. M. J. Evans. In the second paper M. Robert discusses the Voltino inscription and its interpretations. There is an admirable "Chronique," or, as we call it, "Notes and News," in which the *Transactions of the Inverness Gaelic Society* and the *Celtic Magazine* are spoken of, the former of which is briefly reviewed, and the latter, it is announced, will be reviewed in the next number. The papers in the Gaelic Society's Transactions mentioned are those of Professor Mackinnon ("the work of a true linguist"), Mr. Macbain ("an interesting study"), and Mr. Colin Chisholm. "Le *Celtic Magazine* est en bonnes mains," it says.

DR. NIGEL MACNEILL gave an interesting paper on "Brigit, the Mary of the Gael," to the Gaelic Society of London on March 9th. Brigit is our modern *Bride* in Gaelic and *Bridget* in English. Brigit, the daughter of Dubthach, a mortal and a saint, who doubtless was a real personage, got irretrievably mixed up with Brigit, the goddess, daughter of the Dagda (the Gaelic Jove). The goddess was the Gaelic Minerva and Vesta rolled in one, a fire-goddess and queen of poetry. The British goddess *Brigantie* is likely the same, not necessarily the abstraction of a territorial goddess from the tribe name Brigantes. The root of the word Stokes refers to that of Eng. *bright*, while Rhys and Jubainville refer it to the root of Gaelic *brigh* (strength). St. Brigit's life-history and the rites of her monastery were both taken largely, if not wholly, from the story and worship of the ancient fire-goddess.

PROVOST MACANDREW read, before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, on the 23rd March, an important paper on the "Picts." He dealt first with the obscure subject of the Picts of Ireland and of Galloway, and showed how unsatisfactory the records and historians were in regard to them. Whether they were the same as the Picts of Northern Scotland was not decided. The division of the Picts into Northern or Transmontane Picts and Southern or Cismontane Picts, the Provost considered misleading, for they were the same people. He discussed the name Pict, and argued that they were so called because Latin authors insisted that they tattooed themselves, which they did not, the Provost maintained. The name Cruithne was a Gaelic rendering of Pict (painted). The language they spoke was Gaelic. They were a Celtic—a Gaelic—people. The Provost scouted the idea of community of wives as a classical calumny, but allowed that the Pictish law of succession is a difficulty. The paper evoked a learned and lively discussion, the Provost's theory that the Picts were Gaelic-speaking being especially animadverted upon.

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EDITED BY

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THE PICTS.

[BY PROVOST MACANDREW.]

WITHIN historic times there were three areas inhabited by people who were known by the name of Picts, or by its Gaelic equivalent Cruithne—if, indeed, that word is the Gaelic equivalent of Picti. These were (1), the whole of Scotland north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde; (2), the district of Galloway; and (3), a small part of the north-east of Ireland, forming the counties of Down and Antrim, and which was called Dalaradia.

If these were all divisions of the same race or people, the most important portion were those who dwelt north of the Friths, and whose country was known as Pictavia, Pictland, or Cruithentuath—and was the Pictish kingdom down to the time of Kenneth MacAlpin and his immediate successors. Now, there are certain matters connected with the civil and ecclesiastical history of this portion of the Picts about which historians talk in a very loose and inaccurate way—and in a way calculated to give rise to the impression that they were divided into two distinct races or even kingdoms of Northern and the Southern Picts, separated from each other by the Grampians—while it is constantly and directly stated that the Southern Picts, meaning those dwelling south of the Grampians, were converted to Christianity by St. Ninian in the beginning of the fifth century, and about 150 years before the Mission of Saint Columba. Thus Skene talks of Brude as King of the Northern Picts, and of Columba's Mission to the Northern Picts, while other writers say or suggest that the one division of the Picts consisted of a non-Aryan and the other of a Celtic tribe. I venture, however, to maintain that we have no ground for supposing that there was any civil, or political, or ecclesiastical, or racial distinction or division between the people living north and

south of the Grampians, and that within historic times they always formed one kingdom. Indeed, Skene must have been perfectly aware that there was only one monarchy, for although, as I have said, he calls Brude King of the Northern Picts, he says at another place that the King would appear to have been furnished by the Northern and Southern portions alternately. The inaccuracy has arisen from attaching too much importance to, or misunderstanding certain passages in, Bede. At one place Bede says:—"In the year of our Lord, 565, when Justin, the younger, the successor of Justinian, had the government of the Roman Empire, there came into Britain a famous priest and abbot, a monk by habit and life, whose name was Columba, to preach the Word of God to the provinces of the Northern Picts, who are separated from the Southern parts by steep and rugged mountains; for the Southern Picts who dwell on this side of these mountains had long before, as is reported, forsaken the errors of idolatry and embraced the truth by the preaching of St. Ninian, a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation, who had been regularly instructed at Rome in the faith and mysteries of the truth, whose Episcopal See, named after St. Martin the Bishop, and famous for a stately Church (wherein he and many other saints rest in the body) is still in existence among the English nation. The place belongs to the Province of the Bernicians, and is generally called the White House, because he there built a church of stone, which was not usual among the Britons." It appears to me that in this and other similar passages, when he talks of Southern or Cismontane Picts, Bede either meant the Picts of Galloway, or he himself was misled by a mistaken interpretation of his own authorities. So far as can be learned from Bede's history he knew of no Picts except those living north of the Friths, and in the passage I have quoted he talks of the district where St. Ninian's Church was—that is, the district of Galloway—as belonging to the Province of the Bernicians. But in his life of Saint Cuthbert he tells us that that Saint on one occasion went to the land of the Picts, who are called Niduarii, and Skene ingeniously argues that these could only mean the Picts of the Nid or Nith. I think, however, that this is a curious instance of a straining of an authority on Skene's part. The story

of Bede is that St. Cuthbert went from the monastery to Niduarii by sea--"Navigando"—that because the sea was calm they hoped soon to return; that a storm came on which detained them; that St. Cuthbert prophesied how long the storm was to last; and that at the time foretold the storm abated, and they returned with a fair wind. The whole story is of a journey by sea. Now, at that time St. Cuthbert was most probably residing in his parent monastery of Abercorn, at any rate he was residing somewhere on the East Coast of Northumberland, which then extended to the Forth, and the idea that he should attempt to go thence to Galloway by sea is not tenable. I incline to think, therefore, that Bede did not know of the Picts of Galloway; but it is quite possible that on some of his journeys St. Cuthbert may have been at a monastery on the southern shores of the Solway Frith, and may have crossed to Galloway by sea, and that, therefore, Skene may be right in supposing that the Picts called Niduarii were the Picts of Galloway. If this is so, then I think that the natural inference from the passage I have quoted and similar passages is that Bede meant these Picts when he spoke of the Southern Picts, and he might very well describe them as separated from the Northern Picts—that is, the Picts north of the Friths—by steep and rugged mountains. On the other hand, if he did not know of the Galloway Picts, it is easy to account for his falling into an error about them. Bede lived from 673 to 735, and his history ends in 731. Now, he tells us that in or about 655 Oswy, King of Northumbria, subdued the greater part of the Picts: that in or about 669 Wilfred filled the Bishoprick of York and of all the Northumbrians, and of "the Picts as far as the dominions of King Oswy extended;" that about 685 the Picts regained their liberty and that "Trumwine, who had been made bishop over them, withdrew with his people that were in the monastery of Abercurnaig (Abercorn), seated in the country of the English, but close to the arm of the sea which parts the country of the English and the Picts," We thus see that in Bede's own time there was a temporary political and ecclesiastical separation of the Picts dwelling south of the Grampians—for this must necessarily have been the portion conquered by Oswy—and those dwelling north of these

mountains, who remained independent. Bede heard or read of the Southern Picts having been converted by St. Ninian in collecting materials for his history; and he may, if he knew of no other Picts—very naturally, but yet erroneously—have supposed that they were those whom he knew of as for a time separated from the rest of their countrymen by the political and ecclesiastical subjection to Northumbria—that is, those dwelling south of the Grampians. There are many grounds which show that, if this was his meaning, it was an error on his part.

St. Ninian lived about 410, and established himself at Whithern, in Galloway, where, we are told, he built a white or stone church in the Roman manner, and converted the Southern Picts. Now, if there was a race of Picts in Galloway then, and we know no reason to suppose that the Galloway Picts settled there at any later time, they would be the people with whom he came in contact, and Whithern would be the natural place to establish a mission to them; whereas it would be a very unsuitable place to establish a mission to a people living beyond the Forth. It is very unlikely, therefore, that Saint Ninian's mission was to the people beyond the Forth, and, although the dedications of churches to him have been appealed to, they really establish nothing. There are in Scotland 21 churches dedicated to him north of the Grampians, 23 between the Grampians and the Friths, and 17 south of the Friths, while there are many in England.

Be this as it may, however—Bede himself talks in many places of the kingdom and of the king of the Picts, and nowhere of two kings at the same time—Adamnan, who lived from 624 to 704, always speaks of the province or kingdom of the Picts as one kingdom, and gives no hint of any division either racial or political. There are lists of the kings of the Picts, which, from the time of Columba at least, are historical, and these only give one king at a time, except in one or two instances. In fact it seems, notwithstanding the passages in Bede which I have mentioned to be as certain as anything at that distance of time can be, that, from the time of Columba and previously—as certainly was the case in later times—the Picts north of the Friths were the subjects of one monarchy, and formed one kingdom.

The question naturally arises were the Picts of Galloway and

of Ireland of the same race as what may be called the main body living north of the Friths. If we could answer this question satisfactorily, we could answer most of the other questions about the Picts which have so long been discussed without, as yet, any very certain or very satisfactory result—and it appears to me that this question, especially with reference to the Irish Picts, has not been sufficiently examined.

Of the early history of the Picts of Galloway, we know nothing. Unless they were the Niduarii, Bede does not mention them. Adamnan says nothing about them, and we have no mention of them until comparatively recent times. Chalmers states that they came from Ulster and settled in Galloway in the eighth century, but Skene has shown that this statement is founded on a misunderstanding of two passages in the Annals of Ulster. In historical times, and long after the name of Picts, as applied to the people north of the Friths, had disappeared, they were known as Picts, and a body of them is mentioned as forming part of the Scottish army at the battle of the Standard, when they claimed a right to lead the van of the army. All that can be said therefore is that they were called Picts, and that we have no record of their migration into that district. That they spoke Gaelic is undoubted. If therefore they were the same race as the Picts north of the Friths, we might, with some confidence, conclude that Gaelic was the Pictish language.

In the case of the Irish Picts, Skene asserts that they were undoubtedly the same as the Scottish Picts, and that they were in fact one people and under one rule till the time of Fiacha Mac Beadan, who was king of Ulster from 589 to 626; and he says further that the whole people of Ulster were Picts until the fall of the kingdom of Emania in or about the year 331. If this could be established, it would be of the utmost importance. The Ultonians were, during the existence of the kingdom of Emania, the most civilized and famous of all the inhabitants of Ireland, and to them belong all the glories of the Red Branch Knights, of Cuchulain, and other heroes, and if Finn was not of their race he was much associated with them. If Skene is right, the common possession of the legends of all these people by the inhabitants of the two countries is explained, and the question of the Pictish

language and race would be in a fair way of settlement. It can hardly be said, however, that Skene has established his point. The arguments in favour of his contention are not clearly or concisely stated in any of his writings, but they appear to be these. According to the Irish Annals, the Ultonians were driven out of Emania by the three Collas about A.D. 331; they were driven into the country now forming the counties of Down and Antrim, and O'Curry says that they remained there ever after, and received the name of Dal-Araidhe. Now, this is the district which was inhabited by the people called Cruithne in later times. According to the legendary history of Ireland, there was much intercourse between Ulster and Scotland in the earliest times—Cuchulain and other heroes are mentioned as having learned feats of arms in Skye; 'the children of Uisneach, when they fled from the King of Ulster, took refuge in Scotland; in one of the Pictish chronicles mention is made of thirty kings of the name of Brude, who reigned over Erin and Alban for 148 years. And the Irish Annals mention some kings of Ulster who were also kings of Alban. On the other hand, the Irish Annals claim the Ultonians as descendants of Ir, one of the sons of Milesius, and therefore Scots. The Irish Annals mention no kings of Ulster bearing the same name as the kings contained in the list of Pictish Kings of Alban. During the famous time of the Ulster kingdom they do not mention the Ultonians as Cruithne, and any mention I have seen of Cruithne, or Cruithentuath, in the Earlier Irish Annals points to the people and the country of Alban. It is remarkable, too, that in mentioning the Irish Picts, Adamnan always calls them Cruithne, while the inhabitants of Alban are called Picti or Pictones. It cannot be said, therefore, that it is established that the Irish and Scottish Picts were of one race; but, as I have said, the question has not received the amount of attention which it deserves. It will not be questioned, I presume, that the Irish Picts were a Celtic, Gaelic-speaking people.

The controversy as to who the Picts were, usually rages round their name, their language, their physical characteristics, and certain peculiar customs which were attributed to them, and on each of these points I will venture to make some remarks.

(To be continued.)

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

VI.

THE late Principal Shairp of St. Andrews used frequently to express a desire that the songs of the shealings would be collected and published. He was strongly of the opinion that in them lay a rich vein of poetry, believing that they belonged to the most beautiful aspect of Highland life. And, no doubt, he was right. "Crodh Chailein"—that wonderful strain of pastoral melancholy, redolent of the heathery brae and breezy muirland, and breathing a sweet, tender spirit of the past—instils upon the mind a pleasing enchantment. And there are other ballads of a similar character, whose influence in this respect is in nowise inferior. Yet it was a feeling of pure joyousness which the summer-flitting called forth in the hearts of young and old. Each year, when Beltane came, the crofter's homestead presented a scene of busy preparation for the glens. Then, happy groups would set out for their appointed shealings, driving their cattle, sheep, and goats to the upland grazing, and ever and anon joining in some such blithe chorus as this :—

Theid sinn null gu Taobh Loch Eireachd,
Theid sinn null gu Taobh Loch Eireachd,
Theid sinn null gu Taobh Loch Eireachd,
'Nuair a thig an Samhradh.

Theid na muilt a dh' Allt-an-Dìobair,
Theid na muilt a dh' Allt-an-Dìobair,
Theid na muilt a dh' Allt-an-Dìobair,
'Nuair a thig an Samhradh.

Theid iad ann, ma theid iad idir, etc.

And so on through verse after verse the favourite pastoral resorts are enumerated, in so far as the rhythm of their names could be got to fall in with the lively measures of this famous Strathspey.

Another refrain, frequently employed on these occasions, was well known throughout the shires of Perth and Inverness :—

Crodh laoigh nam bodach,
Crodh laoigh nam bodach,
Crodh laoigh nam bodach,
'Gan togail ri gleann.

Le 'm bròg̀an fodair,
Le 'm bròg̀an fodair,
Le 'm bròg̀an fodair,
'S le 'n osanan feoir.

Bìdh sìol, bìdh fodar,
Bìdh làraichean lodain,
Bìdh sud aig na bodaich,
'Gan togail ri gleann.

For the sake of some readers it may be necessary to explain that the term "*bodach*" here employed is not equivalent to "carle," or "old man." Nor does it imply any degree of contempt entertained for the persons so addressed. "*Bodaich*" is the familiar designation of a crofting community.

Along with the various utensils indispensable for a dairy, the good-wives were careful to bring a supply of wool, and the simple instruments required for dressing and spinning the same. These, of course, included the classic *cuigeal* and *dealgan*, *i.e.*, the distaff and spindle.

Upon the day after the females from a farm in the parish of Laggan had gaily departed for the *airidh*, the good-man discovered that in their haste they left the wool-cards behind. Although they had taken the big wheel in triumph, without the humbler implements, it could be of no use. He made this omission the subject of a humorous song, of which, however, I can only give two verses :—

Gur fonn—fonn—fonnmhor,
Gur fonnmhor na caileagan,
A dh' fhalbh mu 'n tràth-s' an dé,
Leis an spréidh 's leis a' chalanas.

A dh' fhalbh mu 'n tràth-s' an dé,
Leis an spréidh 's leis a' chalanas,
A' chuibhle-sniomh', gun chàrdan,
'S cha-n iarr a bann a teannachadh.

Early on a summer morning a crofter unexpectedly visited the shealings, and, finding his children sound asleep, he awoke them with this madrigal :—

Ho ! ro ! gur fada, fada,
Ho ! ro ! gur fada leam,
'S fada leam tha thu gun tighinn,
'Choilich-dhuibh 'ni bruidhinn rium !

Ceithir ceapachan aig Aindrea,
'S dà ghamhnaich aig Caitriona,
'S na dh' fhàgas na laoigh dhe 'n càraid,
Aig an thear is fhearr is fhiach e.

The *bothan-àiridh* was usually constructed of turf walls roofed over, and thatched with heather and rushes. Its interior arrangement was very primitive.

Leabaidh dhe 'n luachair
Is cluasag dhe 'n fhraoch.

Close by was the *buaile* or fold, immortalised in song.

The best account to which I ever listened of the Loss of Gaick, commenced with an incident, which, like the first scene in Macbeth, well prepared the mind for the supernatural element which was to permeate the story.

A lonely spot among the hills, between Nuid and Gaick, was known as Ruighe-Bhad-Fheàrna. One night in the autumn of 1799, the occupants of the shealing which stood there—consisting of a mother with her young children, and a little servant girl named Annag—were disturbed by a terrible confusion of sound outside. The noise seemed to indicate that they were surrounded by a crowd of people. At dawn, *gormadh an latha*, no trace of the nocturnal visitants could be found. The woman dispatched Annag down in haste for her husband. He sent a message to say that he would go to the bothie in the evening when he drove up the horses; and he had to continue for the remainder of that season to spend every night at the *Ruighe* with his family. When Christmas-tide came, and with it the great disaster, the party who were carrying the bodies from Gaick halted at that shealing and partook of refreshments. The inference is quite obvious. My authority was one of the children, who lived to be upwards of fourscore. About the same date, the winter fodder ran short, and the good-wife had to take the cattle to the shealing much earlier than usual. When there one of the cows calved, and the prudent mistress gave Annag the key of the cheese-press (*cliath-chàise*), telling her to run down and take up one of the sheaves of barley which were stored there unknown to anyone. The little maid performed the journey in a marvellously short time. The invalid cow almost choked in her eagerness to partake of the toothsome morsel, but got on well afterwards.

A young woman at the shealings in Gaick was one day visited by her lover, to whom she had been betrothed before leaving the Strath. He had come—alas! most graceless mission!—to "break the engagement," and to tell that he had matrimonial prospects of another and better-tochered maid. When he reached the bothy, however, his courage completely failed, and he sheepishly explained that he had merely looked in, as he was searching for horses in the vicinity. Having had private information as to his conduct, his sweetheart at once divined what was the real purpose of his visit; and no sooner had that faithless swain turned from the door, than he was arrested by a sad, familiar voice singing as follows:—

Sgeul a chualas bho 'n dé,
Mu shealgair an fhèidh,
Clach eadar mi-féin 's mo bhròg.

Ghabh thu leisgeul 'san uair,
Gur e eich a bha bhuat,
Cas a shiùbhladh nam fuaran gorm.

Cas a dhìreadh nan stùc,
'S a thearnadh nan lùb,
'Dheanadh fiadhach ri drùchd gun cheò.

Bu tu mo cheannaich' air féill,
Mo chrios is mo bhréid,
Is sgian bheaga na réidh-chois òir.

Bu tu mo chompanach rùin,
Nach fhàgadh mi 'n cùil,
'Nuair bhiodh càch ann an cùirt an òil.

'S bho nach 'eil agam spréidh,
Dé mu 'n cuirinn ort déigh?
Ach mo bheannachd ad dhéigh, 's bì falbh!

As he listened, his heart relented, and he felt all his old love return, so that, her song being ended, he replied:—

Ach ged th' aice-se spréidh,
Dé mu 'n cuirinn oirr' déigh?
Fhad 'sa mhaireas tu féin rium beò.

Highland matrons and maids usually accompanied their labour with singing, whose strains were modulated by the nature of the task on which they were engaged: and when it was "idlesse all," they sang the more, to banish *ennui*. I have heard it remarked in a family that the re-arrangement of the contents of a certain

trunk was always associated with a particular air. Mothers, of course, always took their infants with them to the shealings; and, thinking that the ingenious reader might wish to know the nature of the maternal rhymes which they employed, I have noted some specimens :—

Tha nead na feadaig'
Ann an coill an Lagain.
Ni mo leanabh cadal,
Agus gheibh e 'n t-ian.

Tha nead na h-uiseig
Ann am bun na h-ursainn.
Ni mo leanabh, etc.

Tha nead a' chlacharain
Ann am bun a' chloichearain.
Ni mo leanabh, etc.

The chorus of the next pastoral croon is worthy the attention of Dr. Charles Mackay :—

A rann dann dadlum,
A rannta, rannta, ràthuinn,
A rann di dadlum,
A rannta rioba lionn.

Guidhidh mi do'n iarraidh,
Dha na bhean a dh' fheoraich,
An robh mo leanabh bliadhna ;
'S gun robh e air na clochan,
'S gun robh e gu geal ciatach.

Guidhidh mi grad-sgàineadh,
Do na cailean musach gnàda,
'Nan suidhe air an àiridh,
Gun duine 'thoir a lamh dhaibh.

Mo leanabh cùbhraidh, cùirteasach,
Gun dìreadh tu na h-uchdaichean,
Gun ceangladh tu na cuplaichean,
'S gun leagadh tu na trupaichean.

A few other lines may be given in this connection, on a theme in which Epicureans are said to be specially interested :—

Him ! ham ! him ! ho !
Sud an rud a b' fhearr leam.
Him ! ham ! him ! ho !
Im buidhe 'n t-Samhraidh.

Him ! ham ! him ! ho ! etc.
Uibhean nan seann chearcan.

Him ! ham, him, ho ! etc.
Bainne nan gamhnaichean.

Intimately associated with the shealings was the fairy-knowe; and the good folks who inhabited it were—like others who shall be nameless—deeply interested in the affairs of their immediate neighbours. They glided familiarly among the folds and the bothies, listened to the songs in the gloaming, and knew in fact all that went on. As for themselves, they milked the deer on the mountain tops, and had in their possession all the requisite appurtenances of a Highland dairy. The maidens of the arrie often heard with awe the mystic melody which arose on the still air of evening during the elfin milking. And so it has come about that the songs of the shealings contain many strains which were believed to have had their source in Fairyland.

A *buachaille-monaidh*, or hill-herd, had been wandering all day over the Monadh-Liath mountains in search of goats. While his quest was yet in vain, the sun sank to rest behind the hills. Shortly thereafter, he suddenly heard the low, sweet sounds of song. He looked and saw a fairy milking the deer, within a short distance of him. Acting on the impulse of the moment, he fitted an arrow to his bow, and let it fly at the vision. It struck the milk-cog, and its owner thus rudely interrupted, called out :—

Tapadh leat, 'Fhearchair !
'S tapaidh d' urchair.
'S leat fhéin a' bhuarach,
'S do ghogan 's do bhleoghann.

By her words, Farquhar immediately understood that she acknowledged herself vanquished. This was a most important point in rencontres with the denizens of the knowes. Resolved to make the most of his good fortune before he suffered the fairy to depart, he made her promise to bestow upon him his *three first desires;* which were *wealth, etc.* Being in a conciliatory mood, besides bestowing these, she presented him with her cog, assuring him that so long as a stave of it remained in the possession of his descendants, no evil influence could affect their cattle. In conclusion, she said—"Tha fios agam ciod tha thu 'g iarradh"; and thereupon she informed him where his goats were to be found. It is whispered that portions of the fairy cog are still treasured by Farquhar's descendants, who reside near Kingussie.

Cattle at the shealings were exposed to dangers of various kinds. Once, those belonging to the crofters of Crathie, in Laggan, are said to have been lost in a strange way. While at the summer grazing, far up in Glenshiaro, they broke loose from all control, and entered upon that wild race known as *dol air theas*. Up the sloping ridges of the mountains they careered, until they reached the summit of a gorge, which overlooks Loch Laggan, and is called Sluigean-Coir'-nan-Gall. Over its cliffs the whole herd wildly plunged, and for long afterwards their bones mingled with the rocky debris below.

Until 1745, at least, Highland stockholders were exposed to the predatory incursions of *luchd togail nan creach*, or cow-lifters. It is related that Griatach and Caitriona, two young wives, were alone at the shealings near the head of Loch Pattaig—a remote pasturage, which now forms part of the great Forest of Ben-Alder. At the dead of night they heard the cattle lowing, and knew that the men of Lochaber had made a foray, and were now in the act of carrying off their cherished fold.

"*O! ciod e ni sinn?*" *thubhairt Caitriona.*
("O! what shall we do?" said Kate).

"*Ni, an toirt a bhuapa!*" *fhreagair Griatach.*
("We shall *do* to take them from them!" replied Grace).

Acting under the directions of this amazon, they hurriedly took the shafts of the churns, and fastening to them every metalic article available, the two lone women sallied forth thus armed, and commenced the pursuit of their despoilers. Griatach had a loud, gruff voice, with which she commenced to whoop and haloo in imitation of a body of men; while Caitriona was content to supply the more shrill notes which the women of the shealings might be expected to contribute to the uproar. They soon overtook the cow-lifters; and the cattle, recognising the voices of their mistresses, broke off in all directions. Meanwhile, the Lochaber men, finding it impossible to secure their booty in the darkness, and hearing, as they thought, the voices of enraged pursuers, and the clangour of arms, concluded that they had fallen into an ambush, and were glad to beat a retreat for home.

Chaidh na fir a ruagadh
Le gruagaichean *Doch-an-Fhasaidh.*
Am faca sibh na 'n cual' sibh,
An d'fhuair iad an rathad dhachaidh ?

Three times a day, while the cattle were being milked, the songs of the shealings might be heard to best advantage. But it was not in the nature of things that the melodies then employed could be of a very lively character. Most frequently

"The plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far off things,
And battles long ago."

In Greek mythology, the protection of flocks and cattle was ascribed to the god of music and song. Thessalian and Highland dairymaids alike associated their pursuits with that art which "hath charms to sooth a savage breast." Thus, after the shealing life had passed away, the music of the fold for long still lingered in the byre. The ballad, which I now propose to give, was often heard there. It was based upon an incident which must have occurred sometime in last century.

The cattle, at Blargie, in Upper Badenoch, being let loose on a sunny day in early spring, became frantic with delight of their novel and unexpectedly-acquired freedom, and betook themselves to the hills, heedless of consequences. The herd—a young man named Macdonald—followed them as far as Drumuachdar, which extends, as the reader is aware, between Dalwhinnie and Dalnacardoch. While he traversed that solitary and sterile tract, the weather, then proverbially fickle, changed terribly. A blinding snow-storm set in ; and the unfortunate lad never more found his way home. Among those who sét out in quest of the lost herd was his leman, who is said to have composed her lover's elegy—like the bereaved maiden much celebrated in Border Minstrelsy :—

"No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
No longer walk, thou lovely maid ;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough ;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow."

The catastrophe of Drumuachdar was a favourite theme with the milkmaids of Kingussie and Laggan. For many years after the event, all the details connected with it were well-known to the songstresses; and, as many of them were in the habit of improvising additional couplets to the distinctive air, it is impossible to say how much of the ballad as it now stands belonged to it originally. On the other hand, I am aware that this version is not quite consecutive—that lines (which I have heard) are awanting, especially about the beginning and end :—

'S ioma sùil a bha sileadh,
Eadar Raineach 's Drumuachdar.

Là Fhéill Brìde 'san Earrach,
Dh' fhalbh na h-aighean air fhuaireas.

* * * * * * *

Tha mi sgìth 's mi bhi 'siubhal
Leacann dhubha Dhrumuachdair.

Ged a fhuaireadh na h-aighean,
O ! chan fhacas am buachaill'.

'S ann bha 'n Domhnullach fìnealt'
'Na shìneadh 'san luachair.

Bha a cheann am preas aitinn,
'S a chasan 'san fhuaran.

'S luchd nam biodagan croma
'Gearradh connaidh mu'n cuairt dha.

Ach 's truagh nach mise chaidh seachad
Mu 'n do mheilich am fuachd thu.

Le mo bhreacan dlùth, tioram,
Dheanainn 'thilleadh mu'n cuairt dhuit.

'S cuach mhòr uisge-bheatha
'Chuireadh rugha 'nad ghruaidhean.

Uisge-beatha nam feadan,
Air a tharruing tri uairean.

'S gràinne beaga de 'n chanal,
Mu 'n deach d'anail am fuairead.

Agus bothan math, cluthaicht',
An déigh a thughadh le luachair.

Teine mòr air làr tighe,
'S e gun deathach gun luath dhe.

Bha do chinneadh 's do chàirdean
Ro chràiteach an uair ud,

Gun do chuir iad 'san àth thu,
Gus an d' thàinig Fear Chluainidh.

Gus an d' thàinig Clann Thamhais,
Nach sàradh an cruadal.

Gus an d' thàinig Clann Iain,
An triùir bu shine 's a b' uails' dhiù.

Gus an d' thàinig Clann Mhuirich
'S gach aon duine mar chual' e.

'S ann tha 'n éigheach 's an sgreadail,
Anns na creagan sin shuas bhuait;

Agus sliochd do dhà sheanar
A sìor thional mu 'n cuairt duit.

'Nuair a thàinig do phiuthar
Bha leann-dubh air a gruaidhean.

'Nuair a thainig do mhathair
B'i an t-àsran truagh i.

Bha a ceann air dhroch-cheangal
'S a basan 'gam bualadh.

Is cha b' fhas' e dha d' athair,
Bha e casadh a ghruaige.

'Nuair a thàin' do bhean-diolain,
Bha i splonadh a cuailein.

'S tha mi sgìth 's mi bhi siubhal,
Monaidh dhubha Dhrumuachdair.

How vividly is the wild scene of sorrow and lamentation brought before us! In a few simple touches, what a powerful picture is presented of the herd lying dead by the bush and well, while deer, gathering around, nibbled the bark off the branches! Principal Shairp was much interested in this ballad; and he composed an English version of its thrilling tale, in verses which I hope may yet be published.

T. S.

CELTS AND GERMANS.

[By M. H. D'Arbois de Jubainville 1).]

The Celtic race, the most western branch of the Indo-European stock, touches on two powerful neighbours, over which it had one time a glorious superiority and which afterwards crushed it: they are the Germanic and the Italic races. The Italic race comprises, as we know, the Umbrians, the Oscans, and the Latins. The comparison of the Celtic languages with the Germanic languages on one side, and with the Italic languages on the other side, is a very interesting subject of study for the historian. The result of it firstly is that there is between the Celtic and the Italic languages, especially the Latin, the best known and the most illustrious of these languages, an intimate relationship. This relationship can be explained by a kind of primitive unity which we will call *Italo-Celtic*, and which goes back to a date anterior to all the historical records preserved until our time.

On the other side, the Celtic and the Germanic vocabularies possess in common a certain number of words unknown to the other Indo-European languages. We can prove that certain of these words are of Celtic origin. Although there may be some more of them, the list as a whole forms a part of the monuments which preserve to us the remembrance of the Celtic Empire. This empire, the Charlemagne or Alexander of which was called Ambigatos,2) appears to have comprised, from the end of the 5th to the 3rd century before our era, almost the whole of Germany. The other monuments which attest the existence of this empire consist: 1st, in historical texts of different ages, some of them from the 5th and the 4th centures B.C., others more recent; 2ndly, in geographical works of the time of the Roman Empire, notably in the chapters which Ptolemaeus dedicated to Germany; 3rdly, in coins, in tombs, and in different inscriptions which belong to the domain of archaeology, and which our learned *confrères*, MM. Robert and Bertrand, study with special competence.

1) Translated from the French.

2) Livy V, 34: "Celtarum . . . penes Bituriges summa imperii fuit; ii regem Celtico dabant. Ambigatus is fuit."

I will begin by showing how the relationship of the Celtic with the Italic languages is proved, and especially with Latin, for of these the Latin is the language whose grammar we know best.

The passive and the deponent in *r* present a formation peculiar to the Celtic and the languages of Italy. In Old Irish and in Latin this form offers a particularity which attests the community of origin: that is that the second person of the plural is wanting. The Latin supplies the want of this person by the nominative plural of the present participle passive, which has scarcely any further use in Latin: *legimini.* The Irish has recourse to the corresponding person of the active to complete the deponent verb; it makes use of a periphrasis; that is to say, of the 3rd person singular passive of the verb joined to the second person plural of the pronoun to create a second plural to the passive verb.

The suffix *-tso* is special to Celtic and Latin: the other Indo-European languages do not know it. In Celtic and in Latin it is used to form nouns derived from verbs, which nouns remain in intimate connection with these verbs. These derived nouns in Irish perform the function of the infinitive. In the archaic Latin of Plautus the nouns in *-tio* play the same part; they have their determinative complement in the accusative as if it were the complement of a verb, contrary to the rule which exacts that the determinative complement must be in the genitive.3)

The Latin and the Old Irish agree in giving a future in *b* to their derivative verbs.

The Latin and the Old Irish shorten the long vowel which precedes the final nasal of the desinence of the genitive plural. This desinence *-ām* in Sanskrit *-ōn* in Greek; *ē* for *-ēn*, *-ō* for *-ōn* in Gothic, becomes *-ŏm*, *-um* in Latin; **-ŏn* in Celtic.

The Latin and the Celtic agree in assimilating the first explosive to the second in the name of the Indo-European number **penque* "five," and in the Indo-European root PEQU "to cook.' At the remote epoch when the Celts and the Italians formed only one people, they changed **penque* into **quenque* and PEQU into QUEQU. Hence in the Classical Latin *quinque* and in Irish *cōic*; hence in Latin *coquere* for **queque-se*, the root of which is

3) See Bopp's *Comparative Grammar*, sect. 867.

again found in Celtic, but has had a singular fate there; when, at a very ancient date, all the initial *p*s and the greater part of the medial *p*s fell out in Celtic, and by their absence gave to this language its characteristic appearance, the initial *p* of the root PEQU was already changed into *qu*, and this *qu* kept its ground; but when, later on, in Gaulish, *qu*s were changed into *p*, this *qu* became *p*, hence the Breton *poaz-coetus*.4) In the same way *quenque* "five" became *pempe* in Gaulish, *pemp* in Breton.

The Latin and the Celtic lost the genitive singular of the stems in *-o* and replaced it by the locative: in Latin *viri* "of the man," in Old Irish *maicc* "of the son," more anciently *maqui*, in Gaulish *cni* "of the son;" the desinence of the genitive of these stems is, as we know, in Sanskrit *-asya*; and we recognise it in that of the Greek *-ou*, at first *oio* for *-osio*; in that of the Gothic *-is=asya*, *-es* or *-s* in Modern German.

From these phenomena, common to Celtic and to Italian, it is right to conclude that there was quite an intimate relationship between the two races who spoke those languages. We can believe that at a remote period these two races formed only one; and this race was very clearly separated from the Germanic group.

The Germanic languages know neither the passive in *-r* nor the deponent in *-r*, nor verbal substantives in *-tio*, nor the future in *-b*. The Gothic of the 4th century, the Old German, and the Old Saxon of the 9th still preserve the long vowel of the desinence of the genitive plural. The Germanic languages did not substitute the locative for the genitive of stems in *-o*.

Here are some other points of dissimilarity between the Germanic and the Celtic; these points are caused by grammatical phenomena whose geographical domain extends beyond the frontiers of the Italo-Celtic group.

The Greek, the Latin, the Slave, and the Celtic languages have *i* as termination of the nominative plural of nouns and of adjectives in *-o*, while the primitive desinence of this, *-ôs*, *-âs*, persists in Germanic and becomes *-er* in German.

Latin, Greek, and Celtic suppress, in the dative sing. masc. of the demonstrative *to-*, the suffix pronoun *sma*. Sanscrit has *ta-*

4) Cf. Windisch in Kuhn's *Beiträge VIII.*, p. 22 et seq.

sma-i, but Greek *tō*, Latin *ti* in *is-ti*, Old Irish **du* in **sindu*. To these Greek, Latin, and Irish forms is opposed in Gothic *thamma*, in German *dem*, the final *m* of which is the remains of the suffix pronoun *-sma*. The Germanic, as well as the Slave and Lithuanian, is not content with preserving this old *debris* of the Indo-European pronominal declension; it extends the use of it to adjectives. *Blind-s* (blind) has in Gothic the dat. masculine *blind-amma*, in modern German *blind-em*, a phenomenon unknown to Celtic as to Greek and to Latin, which decline adjectives like nouns.

The Celtic does not possess the dat. plural in *m* of the Slavo-Germanic, which has become the dat. plural in *-en* of modern German.

In spite of these fundamental differences, the Celtic and the German possess in common a certain number of words which are wanting in the other Indo-European languages, or which have penetrated there only by borrowing. These names recall the remembrance of the powerful civilisation which reunited the two races, and which distinguished them from the neighbouring civilisations at the epoch of the great development of the Celtic Empire, in the 4th century before our era and during at least a part of the 3rd, when the Gauls, dominating in the upper basin of the Danube, in the whole of the Rhine basin, even on the right bank and as far as the mouth, were also masters of Bohemia and of regions situated to the north-east of Bohemia, and founded the Celtic towns of *Melio-dunum*, *Budo-rigum*, *Lugi-dunum*, in the basin of the Oder, and of *Carro-dunum*, which is generally believed to have been in that of the Vistula.

These common names are divided into three categories: the first concerns social organisation and law; the second, war; the third, various other subjects.5)

To the first category belong:

1. The Gaulish *-rix* (king), Gothic *reik-s*, from which comes the old German *rihhi* "kingdom," and "rich," in modern German *reich*, *reiche*.

2nd. The Gaulish *ambactos* (follower), which has become in Welsh *amaeth*

5) In this work I have found of much service the works of two learned scientists: Oskar Schade's *Altdeutschen Wörterbuch*, 2nd ed.; and Kluge's *Etymologisches Wört. der Deutschen Sprache*, 3rd ed. A portion of the points discussed by me have been considered in the remarkable work which R. Thurneysen has published under the title *Keltoromanisches*.

(labourer), and which has given the Frankish derivative **ambacthia*, pronounced by the Gallo-Romans *ambaxia*, whence the French "ambassadeur." The correspondent of the Frankish *ambacthia* is in old German *ambahti*, whence modern German *amt* (functionary, function).

3rd. The old Irish *arbe* (heritage)=**ar-bio-n* which is opposed to *dibe* (succession), to *sube* (well-being), to *dube* (uneasiness), to *torbe* (profit); this in Gothic is *arbi*, in German *erbe*.

4th. The Old Irish *oeth*=**oito-* (oath), in Gothic *áith-s*, in German *eid*, in English *oath*.

5th. The Old Irish compound *for-band* (order, prescription), of which the simple *band* is found in all the Germanic languages, with the exception of the Gothic.

6th. The Old Irish *giall* (hostage), which is explained by a primitive **gêstlo-s*, in Old German *gisal*, modern *geisel*.

7th. The theme *dlgo-* (debt), which has given to Old Irish the verb *dligim* (I have a right to), to the Breton the verb *dleann* (I owe), to the Gothic the substantive *dulg-s* (debt)—passing from this meaning in the other Germanic dialects to that of "blow" and "combat" from the system of pecuniary indemnities imposed for wounds and blows.

8th. The old Irish *air-licim* (I lend), a compound verb of which the second portion is taken from the root which gave to the German the modern verb *leihen*, Gothic *leihvan*, of like sense, to the Eng. the substantive *loan*.

9th. The stem *veico-*, in Old Irish *fiach* (debt), which is found in the Germanic adjective theme *vîha-* (sacred), because the Irish word must have originally, without doubt, meant the debts consecrated by religion.

10th. The Middle Breton *as-rec* (to repent), Cornish *edrec*, Old Irish *aith-rech* (repentant) imply a compound theme **ate-reco-*, whence the Gothic substantive *id-reiga* and the Old Norse *idh-ran* (penitence).

11th. The Old Irish *mug* (slave)=**magu-s*, which is found in Gothic *magu-s* (*puer*, *servus*), in Old Norse *moeg-r*.

12th. The Old Irish *scoloc* (colonus), which comes from *scal*, used in the feminine with the sense of female servant in a text of the 9th century, and which appears nearly identical with the Gothic *scalk-s*, and the Old German *scalc* (a domestic).

13th. The Old Irish *fine* (family), from the stem *vinio-*, which cannot be separated from Old German *wini* (friend, lover, spouse).

14th. The Old Breton *wert* (worth, price), modern *gwerz*, in Welsh *gwerth*, the antiquity of which is established by the old compound *enepwert*, common to the two dialects, Modern Breton *enebarz* (dowry) and which is found in the Gothic *vairth-s* and in the German *werd*, *wert*, noun and adjective "worth," "which is worth."

15th. The Old Irish *la*, genitive *land* (land kept for a certain use), a word which seems to be the origin of the Gothic *land*, Old German *lant*, stem *landa-*.

16th. The Old Irish *liaig* (doctor), stem *lêgi-*, a word identical with Gothic lêkeis and Old German *lâchi*.

17th. The Breton *treb* (village), Irish *trebaim* (I inhabit, cultivate), which are explained by a stem *trba-*, to which must be traced the Gothic *thaurp* (cultivated field), German *dorf* (village).

The following words refer to war:—

18th. The Gaulish *catu-* (battle), in Merovingian Frankish *chadu-*.

19th. The Old Irish *bâg* (battle), whence *bâigim* (I quarrel), in Old German *bâg* (quarrel), *bâgen* (to quarrel).

20th. The Old Irish *nith* (battle), Anglo-Saxon *nith* with the same sense, Modern German *neid* (envy).

21st. The Old Irish *fechta* (fought) and *du-ficim* (I fight) which supposes a stem *vîco-* (to fight) identical to that of the Germanic *vthan*, *vaih*, *vigum*, of like sense.

22nd. The Gaulish *rêda* (chariot), whence the compound *epo-rêdios* (tamer of horses, first yoked then mounted). With these two words, the English *to ride*, and the Old German *rîtan*, modern *reiten* (to go by horse), *rîtar*, modern *reiter* (cavalier), are closely related.

23rd. The Gaulish *marca* (war horse), preserved in the Neo-Celtic dialects, and identical with Old German *marah*, which has the same sense.

24th. The Gaulish *gaiso-* (lance), whence the derivative *gaisatos*, the name of soldiers armed with lances, and which is the same word as the Old German *gêr*.

25th. The Gaulish *briga* (fortress), which implies a feminine theme *brga*, as against the German *burg* (castle) explained by a feminine theme *brgi-*, a variant of *brga*.

26th. The Gallo-Latin *dûnum* (fortress), stem *dûnes*, identical with Old Norse and Old Saxon *tûn* (enclosure) and with Old German *zûn*, modern *zaun* (hedge), theme *dûno-*, *dûni-*.

We will finish by some words which do not come within the two preceding categories:

27th. The Old Irish *lôid* (chant, poem), stem *leudi-*, German *lied*, older *liud*, stem *leuda-*, whence Fortunatus' accusative plural *leudos* (the songs)6)

28th. The Old Irish *iarn* (iron), Breton *houarn*, stem *tsarno-*, *tsarno-*, Gothic *eisarn*, Modern German *eisen*.

29th. The Gaulish *bulga* (sack), Old Irish *bolg*, Gothic *balg-s*, German *balg*.

Several of these words are certainly of Celtic origin. Such is *rîx* (king). If it were of German origin, the vowel would be an *â* and not an *î*. Such is *amb-acto-s*, in which must be recognised the Celtic prefix *ambi* and a past participle of the root AG (to thrust, to conduct, to lead), in Latin *ag-ere*. This root exists in the Celtic languages. *Ambacto-s* cannot be explained by the Germanic languages.

We shall quote again *arbe=ar-bio-n* (heritage), composed of the prefix *ar* and of a stem *bio-* which is found in other Irish words: this word is not at all explained by the Germanic languages. However, it is found in Old Norse, where it is written *arf-r*, where it is used side by side with *rik-r*, in German *reich* (rich), like it of Celtic origin. The greater part of these words

6) "Nos tibi versiculos, dant barbara carmina *leudos*": Bk. VIII., poem 7th line 69. Compare Old Irish "Fo-m-chain *lôid* luin lúad, nad cél," St. Gall MS. 904 of 9th Century, p. 203.

which we have just quoted exist in Old Norse as in German. We may, for a certain number of them, discuss the question, who, Germans or Celts, did the borrowing; but, in general, the dominating civilisation lends to the inferior civilisation and receives from it little of anything.

At the period when the German languages did the greater part of these borrowings from the Celtic, the Celtic still possessed the primitive aspirates,7) and the German had not yet undergone the first permutation of the consonants.

Strange to say, some of the German words introduced by the Frankish conquest into the Latin dialect which the French now speak belong to the group of names which the Celtic and German possess in common. The words *riche, ambassadeur, maréchal, ban, bannir*, are of Celto-Germanic origin. They recall to us at the same time the period when, from the coasts which the North Sea washes on the north-east of the Rhine, the Celtic Empire extended to the banks of the Oder, and the period when, by a complete change of fortune, the Franks, former subjects of the Gauls, conquered the greatest part of the domain of their ancient masters. In the ranks of the Gaulish army, which took and pillaged Delphi in the year 279 B.C., there must have been German soldiers obeying the Gaulish *rîges*, of whom they were the *ambactoi* and *marcoscaloi*, and to whose *ban* they were submissive. The Roman conquest had expelled from Gaul these Celtic expressions: they were brought back into this country by the Franks, masters in their turn, whose ancestors, however, eight centuries before Clovis, lived under the sway of the Gauls.8)

7) *Thaurp* from *trbo-* forms an exception to the rule. When it was borrowed by the Germans from the Celts, they had already changed IE. *bh* into *b*. Compare Greek *trephō*.

8) In this study I have left aside the Irish *as* (shoes), in German *hose*, stem *husan*. In the néo-Celtic languages this word is of Germanic importation, otherwise it would have had an initial *c*. Elsewhere, shoes are, in Ireland, like the word, a foreign importation comparatively recent, although there may be a reference to the word as early as the 9th century. I have no decided opinion on the Irish word *rún*, in Welsh *rhin*, in Breton *rin* "secret," and in Gothic, in Old Saxon, in Old German *rûna*; but I am inclined to believe it is of German origin.

GLASGOW STUDENTS.

[By W. J. Douglas.]

(*Conclusion.*)

In these articles I have striven after two things, and it may be have attained unto neither. I have endeavoured to give a picture of college life in Scotland for those who, standing without that life, wonder what it is, and who and what manner of men are those who live it, and I have sought to express what many who have been and are Scottish students eloquently feel but have not the time, the patience, or it may be the audacity to set forth in printed pages.

And what is the sum of the whole matter—for being a Scotchman, I must needs have some conclusion and deduction, and by hook or crook a moral to my tale. Therefore, I came to the wholly unprecedented, unexpected, and original opinion that Scottish colleges are, as all things have ever been, and all things promise still to be, in spite of General Booth, dynamite and patriotism: Scottish colleges are not wholly good, and are very far from being bad. They do their work well—and might do it better.

I think that they give to the world more rather than less than their fair proportion of men. And a man any day and anywhere is better than a scholar. We miss something of that peculiar culture that is as a halo and a spell around sacred and lovely Oxford. But then we miss, too, the Oxford prig, who is the most unbearable and fearful anomaly that our modern civilisation has, up till date, been able, in spite of all its anomaly-bearing power, to produce. You must know the Oxford prig to be able to thank Heaven with all your heart and soul for the breezy, healthful life of a Scottish University. Behold him. He is a perpetual, critical frown, an acrid wrinkle on the brow of the century. His soft and measured speech, his deliberation of statement, his quietness and his imperturbable calmness are an insult to humanity. Every look in his eye, every motion of his body, every accent of his voice says, Behold, unfortunate world, that dost not know the Latin for fiddle-de-dee, and art unacquainted with the Greek

for roast goose. Here am I, a superior person, in whom all the wisdom of the ages is contained; listen to me and learn. Alas, he is but a cracked jug, into which all the wisdom of the ages may have been poured at the top, but has flowed out at the bottom. Yet, from his jackass superiority, the poor creature looks disdainfully down on all your Spurgeons and your Brights. He admits that Providence may be able to rudely make a man after His fashion. But Oxford alone can make a man complete and polished.

Now, from all this our Scottish colleges are free. Sometimes we may sigh for a little more culture, a finer polish upon learning, a subtler mastery over the beauty of life. But better than these is the stern will and the high motive that generally accompany the young Scotchman as he passes from Gilmorehill into the busy world.

I am proud to think that Scotland gives to the world a race of men that make her honoured wherever they set foot. For this our colleges are much to thank. They have a high standard of excellence, and they require that their students shall live up to it. Not in Scotland, but out of it, do men put most value on a Scottish training.

Hitherto I have sketched the Scottish student in his student days. Willingly would I paint him as he appears to me day by day doing his share in the world's work, sometimes encouraged by the applause of his fellows, often isolated, unknown with no encouragement save his own inherent sense of right. But my canvas is well nigh filled, my time is almost gone. Yet will I venture one sketch or two done if not in art at least in love.

Let the curtain rise. A burning sun, a cloudless sky, the proud towers of an ancient city, palm trees that yearn for the breeze, white clad forms with dusky faces and haughty cruel eyes. A man walks firmly and slowly amidst the glare. He is young as yet, but he stoops slightly, and his brow is furrowed with the thoughts of him who wrestles with the unseen, and forces from it the very secret of wrong. A stern face, look you, the face of one who has a will that may not bend, that will not turn aside, but will, if needful, walk to the stake and no nerve quiver. Yet a sweetness and gentle pity in that grave eye.

Severe to himself, unpitying of the weakness that lies in his own heart, but infinitely forgiving to poor humanity. Do you know the look? Have you seen it? That expression which was upon Christ's face at the supremest moment of all the world's history, when we see amidst the agony of a great agony pity for those who did the wrong shine from Him who felt it, like a sun to lighten aright all the ages of humanity. Such a look is in this man's eyes. He has been a famous student in a great university. Every profession wooed him. The logic of a mind chrystal-clear promised the riches and honours of the bar. A sweet and fluent eloquence promised him one of those churches where the wealthiest and the fairest load a preacher with their homage. His friends spoke with enthusiasm of what he was to be, and all the burden of their eloquence was to show how quickly and how completely he would certainly attain ease with honour. And he answered them never a word, but as the years went on grew more silent—thoughtful. At last he spoke. He would give himself to a missionary's life. In vain his friends protested. Missions, those good folk said, were excellent things, to which we should contribute blankets and tracts and spare coppers, and "stickit ministers," but to throw away upon them the ability and the zeal of *this*, why it was absurd, as absurd say as asking the great merchant to interpret the Bible literally and apply to himself its remarkably socialistic teachings. For what would become of the Stock Exchange if the Bible were kept for Monday practising and not for Sunday reading? Opposition made no imprint upon his resolution. Mildly and firmly—for gentleness covered his stern nature as the green turf sometimes covers the iron rock—he put all objections aside, and took his course well knowing whither and into what toilsome perils it would lead him.

As sternly as he resolved so sternly did. Between his purpose and its execution he allowed nothing to come. The wearisome task of acquiring difficult and intricate languages did not daunt him, and persecution will not shake his resolve to preach the whole and pure Gospel. He is a type of many a Scottish student.

One more, one last picture. A small house in a great city, and in a part of that city where genteel poverty holds its frigid sway. A house as neat and clean as a daisy, newly dry after its

bath of dew. But ah, how bare! A woman young, and with those lines of care upon her brow that should not come at fifty. Delicate, too, perhaps. This is the house of a young Scottish physician. He is what is comprehended in that phrase so easily used and often used alas!—a struggling man. Yes, struggling is the word. He has for these ten years been rowing his boat against the stream, and is no higher up than the day he started. Yet his city contains no abler man. He left his college with prizes enough to have stocked a library, and a reputation enough to have lived upon with moderate comfort for the next hundred years. Foolish fellow that he was, he had only to have sat still and the world would have come and built guinea-fee pyramids in his honour. And what think you he did? *He set up for a reformer.* The lunatic, he might as well have gone and hired himself out to the nearest army corps as a target. He wanted to reform medical practice, and his professional brethren denounced him as a charlatan; he wanted to redress the world-old wrong of the rich against the poor, and he was called by as many evil names as were ever applied to Socrates or Christ; he wanted to restore the Church to the lines laid down by the Church's founder, and the clergy said that he was worse than Judas and infinitely worse than Barabbas. A man may be a reformer in one thing and prosper, but if he is a reformer all round he is doomed. Let him attack the Church and the world will chuckle as it gives him guineas; let him attack the world and the Church will bless his basket and his store; but let him attack both and both will retort in kind.

And so he works on and on. The training of the Scotch home and the old Scotch college stand him in good stead. He will battle to the end, and none or few will know all that he has dared or done.

And so I close. Thoughts of many heroic men who have received their training to do the world's work crowd upon me. Therefore all of us can and do honestly say that we are proud to have been Glasgow students, prouder far than if we had belonged to Universities, older, richer, wealthier. We learned something more than Greek and Latin, we learned the secret of Greece and Rome—to admire and worship true and noble manliness.

HILL'S COLLECTION OF OSSIANIC POETRY.

IN one of Mr. Gomme's excellent and useful volumes of extracts and gleanings from the *Gentleman's Magazine*,* that which deals with "English Traditional Lore," there are two series of extracts of especial interest to Gaelic readers. The first comprises the contributions of "Ossian" Macpherson to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1760; the second series of these extracted articles is the Ossianic Collection of Mr. Thomas Ford Hill, contributed in 1782-3. It was in the *Gentleman's Magazine* that Macpherson first published any of his "Ossianic" poetry. He contributed to it in June, 1760, two pieces with the general title, "Two Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gallic or Erse Language." There is no mention of Ossian as their author, nor does the "translator" reveal his name here any more than he does in his book, "The Fragments of Ancient Poetry," published a month or two later. The first fragment concerns the loves of Connal and Crimora, wherein Crimora follows her lover to the war, dressed, as usual with the heroines of these Macphersonic times, in the armour of a man. She tries to help Connal against Dargo. "She drew the string on Dargo, but erring, pierced her Connal." He dies and "all the night long she cries and all the day, O Connal, my love and my friend! With grief the sad mourner died." This poem appears as an episode in Carric-thura, beginning at "Autumn is dark in the mountains," and extending as far as "in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone." The second fragment introduces us to two bards, Ryno and Alpin, conversing. Alpin tells Ryno of the bravery and virtue of Morar, who fell on the field of his renown. This is an episode in the "Songs of Selma." Such are the first two Ossianic poems of Macpherson that were published. The very next month a correspondent sent to the *Magazine* a rhymned version of the poems, confessing by word and deed his

* *The Gentleman's Magazine Library.* Edited by George Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A. *English Traditional Lore and Foreign Customs.* London; Eliot Stock, 1885. This volume also contains some excellent pages on Irish folk-lore by the Rev. John O'Hanlon.

great admiration of them, but, at the same time, scouting the idea of their being "ancient" or authentic. Mr. Gomme does not reproduce the versified form of the two poems; indeed, he makes no mention of the matter, though it is important as showing how early suspicion lighted on Macpherson's work. But Mr. Gomme gives the *Magazine's* criticism of the book of "Fragments" and the two poems quoted from it—the "Death of Ullin" and the "Death of Oscar." He also reproduces the following letter which appeared in support of the authenticity, dated at Edinburgh Sept. 11, 1760, and signed "Caledonius":—"As many doubts have been started concerning the Erse odes printed in your magazine, p. 287, be pleased to assure the public that their originality and authenticity may be fully proved; that the piper of the Argyleshire Militia can repeat all those that are translated and published, and many more; and that several other persons can do the same in the Highlands, where they are traditionally remembered."

The chief interest of Mr. Gomme's book, however, lies in the republication of honest T. F. Hill's collection. His is the first collection ever published of any Ossianic ballads, and it may be owing to his initiative or example that the Perth bookseller, Gillies, published his invaluable collection in 1786. At any rate, more interest and activity were displayed ever after in collecting and preserving the current ballads, for there can be little doubt that Macpherson in dubbing them "Irish" and non-Ossianic had considerably retarded the good work of collection, and had, moreover, spread the idea that the ballads were corrupt copies, mediæval or modern, compared to his genuine Ossian. The next twenty years was a period of great activity in the collection of ballads, and nearly all our best MS. collections must be referred to this period. Hill did not know a word of Gaelic, although he was bold enough to undertake the work of collecting poetry in a language he did not know. He made his tours in 1780: in these tours he visited all the Highlands south of Inverness and the Caledonian Canal, especially the shires of Perth and Argyle. All the Gaelic he has given us he got from one individual—Alexander MacNab, blacksmith at Dalmally, a man who could boast that his ancestors had lived there as blacksmiths for the previous four

hundred years. MacNab had "made it his business to collect and copy many of the songs attributed to Ossian," and he had supplied Dr. Smith with some Ossianic poetry, for he is one of the authorities the worthy Doctor quotes in support of his elaborate forgeries of ancient Gaelic poetry.

The poems in Hill's collection are these: (1) "Ossian agus an Clerich"—Ossian and the Clerk or Cleric. This is merely the ballad of "Manus" with a prologue containing a conversation between Ossian and St. Patrick, after which Ossian tells the story of the invasion of Manus. It is a very complete copy. (2) "Mar Mharbh Diarmid an Torc Nimhe"—How Dermid killed the Poisonous Boar. This is the story of the death of Diarmid, also a good copy of fair fullness. So, too, is (3) "Mur Mharbhadh Bran"—How Bran was Killed. Bran was the favourite dog of Fionn, and because he killed Gaul's dog, Fionn killed him and then lamented for him. A short version of the (4) "Muileartach" follows. The Muileartach was a monster of an old woman who attacked the Feinne and did immense damage, but was finally overcome. His ballad, (5) "Cubha Fhinn do Riogh Lochlin"—The Terms of Fionn to the King of Lochlin—which belongs either to the "Manus" ballad or that of "Earragon," is a good version of the story. Fionn offers terms which are refused. In the same piece Hill includes the ballad of the banners, which is generally attached to this same ballad of the Terms or Cumha. Lastly (6), there is a very good copy of the justly celebrated poem called Ossian's Prayer. In it Ossian and Patrick dispute throughout as to the place and lot of the Feinne in the next world. Patrick assures Ossian that the Feinne are in Hell, but the latter cannot believe it, for the Feinne are too brave to stop in such a place; they would not even allow God have sovereignty over them. If the Feinne and deer and hounds were in Hell, why, Ossian would much prefer to be there than in Heaven! So disputed the old heathen with great spirit and grave unconscious humour. A translation—brief and incomplete—is given of the death of Oscar, but no Gaelic original. Hill got this from the Macleanes of Drumnan in Morven.

The spelling of the manuscript which Hill got was fairly good, considering the state of Gaelic scholarship at the time and the

education of the collector, but the English printers made sad mistakes in the reading of the MS. No Gaelic-speaking person ever saw a proof of it before it was printed off, and hence the oddest errors are committed. MacNab's unstroked *t* is continually apt to appear as *l* in print, and other times several words are run together, and it requires care and tact to break these conglomerations into their component parts. In Mr. Gomme's text an attempt is made to do the proof-reading that should have been done 105 years ago, so that the text in this latest edition may be taken as representing with fair accuracy the MS. of MacNab. Mr. Gomme was lucky enough to get the services of the Rev. Dr. Masson, of Edinburgh, for this work of correcting the proofs, and for adding some notes on the text. Dr. Masson has done his delicate and difficult task with admirable judgment and success. There is only one point, indeed, in which we should differ with the Doctor, and that is in his amendment of verse 18 on page 145. Hill's original text runs thus :—

"O Rioghachd Lochlan nan colg scann."

The Doctor, without altering the spelling, writes "scann" above the first two words of the next line as an alternative reading. A glance, however, at the other versions of the ballad will at once reveal the true reading: it is the common expression "nan colg sean," found all along from the Dean of Lismore to Macpherson.

Hill published his work in separate pamphlet form in 1784, with a few alterations but no corrections. He left out the headings and the endings of the original letters. This pamphlet became so scarce that in 1872 Mr. Campbell of Islay could not procure a copy. It was, however, published in the *Gael* in 1877, and thereafter in 1878 reprinted in pamphlet form and issued by Messrs. Maclachlan & Stewart.

Hill was first in the field, and it is interesting to compare his collection with the MS. and published collections made then and afterwards. For there is evidence that Gaelic collectors doctored their own versions by comparison with those of their predecessors. None of the printed collections seem to have lighted their torches at Hill's fire, but the most famous of the MS. collections, the MacNicol MSS., either transferred Hill's printed work from

the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or received similar copies direct from the blacksmith of Dalmally. The latter suggestion is perhaps the most likely, though the former is probable enough. MacNicol, we know, either transferred from Shaw or Gillies or got more directly from Macpherson, a copy of Malvina's Dream; a case which is exactly similar to the one we are considering. MacNicol's "Ossian agus an Cleirich" is a *verbatim* and *literatim* copy of Hill's version; even the errors Hill or MacNab made are reproduced; such as *prop* for *prob*, *dharamh* for *gharbh*, and *Draoiseach* for either *craoiseach* or *toiseach*. The continuations of the same ballad called "Cubha Fhinn" (Fionn's Terms) and the Flags are exactly the same even to the various readings proposed. Almost precisely the same has to be said of MacNicol's copy of the "Muileartach"—nearly a letter for letter transcription with the same various readings suggested as Hill's. The Death of Diarmad is a verbatim copy of Hill's or MacNab's but with the addition of two lines between lines 32 and 33 in Hill, a circumstance which completes the stanzas properly in MacNicol, while Hill fails in completing the proper quatrains by the omission of two lines. The death of Bran is the same line for line and almost word for word as Hill's, only Hill has a better spelling of the individual words. The one where MacNicol shows most independence is "Uirnigh Ossian" (Ossian's Prayer). Here he revises, in a way, though with somewhat worse spelling, the copy of Hill. But we know that MacNicol got this ballad from Duncan MacNicol of Glenorchay, a neighbour of MacNab's. This MacNicol was also one of Dr. Smith's contributors and authorities. MacNicol's version and that of MacNab are scarcely independent of each other. At any rate the other five ballads mentioned are from the same source, be it MacNab or MacNicol, and even the "Prayer," though differing much more than any of the rest, must be claimed for the same source. MacNicol, as his varied spelling shows, did not take down the ballads, at least many of them, from oral recitation; his work is, to a considerable extent at least, transcribed from the work of other collectors.

We shall end with two quotations from Hill's very acute remarks on the Ossianic question. "Yet it is remarkable," he says, in relation to his fruitless attempt to get Macpherson's poetry in

Gaelic among the people, "that I never could meet with Mr. Macpherson's work in any part of the Highlands; and many of his defenders confessed that they had never seen it. The only book I meet with, which had any immediate connection with it, was Mr. Hole's poetic version of Fingal, which I saw at Mr. Macleane's of Drumnan, in Morven. I do not mean, however, to tax any of Ossian's Highland partizans with direct falsehood; they have all heard that the stories of Mr. Macpherson relate to Fingal and his heroes; they themselves have also often heard songs relating to the same people and ascribed them to Ossian. On this loose basis, I fear, their testimonies often rest." His summing up is as follows: "From these considerations we seem authorised finally to conclude that the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith is a mutilated compilation from Highland songs, ascribed indeed to that bard, yet very little likely to be his composition. Out of these they selected the best parts and rejected such as they thought might discredit the character of Highland antiquity; attributing them to later times and the ignorant bards of the fifteenth century."

GEORGE, FOURTH EARL OF CAITHNESS OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By George M. Sutherland, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

George, the fourth Earl, was the son of John, who was killed at Summerdale. He succeeded his father in 1529, and held the Earldom for the long period of fifty-four years. He was a nobleman of great ability and force of character, and played, not only a very active part in the internal affairs of the County of Caithness, but he also took a conspicuous interest in the national affairs of Scotland. Indeed, it may be stated that he was the most distinguished Earl of the family who ever took up his residence in Caithness.

George was the second son, his elder brother, William, having died in the year 1527. The relationship is particularly described in a Retour of the Service of George as Heir to his brother, William, of date 8th February, 1543. An extract of this retour was produced

on 12th April, 1791, in the contest then taking place about the Earldom. It is mentioned in the retour that "Et q' dictus Georgius est legitimus et propinquior heres prefati quondam. Will 'mi sui fratris de dictis terris et comitatu, cum tenentibus," etc.

The fourth Earl was married to Elizabeth Graham, a daughter of William, Earl of Montrose. Mr. Calder, in his *History of Caithness*, states that "in Barrogill Castle, the seat of the present Earl of Caithness, there is a wood carving of Caithness and Montrose. At the upper side are the initials G. S. and E. G. One supporter is a crane, the other a griffin, with the mottoes 'Commit thy wish to God,' and 'Ne oublie' (Don't forget), and the arms of Montrose are impaled on the escutcheon with those of Caithness."

The family born of the marriage consisted of:—

1. John, Master of Caithness, who was starved in Girnigoe, and who was buried in the Church-yard of Wick.
2. William, the first Earl of Mey, and the ancestor of the Sinclairs of Ulbster.
3. George Sinclair of Mey, the Chancellor of Caithness.
4. Barbara. She was married to the Earl of Sutherland, but was divorced by him in 1573.
5. Elizabeth married twice—first to Alexander Sutherland of Duffus, and afterwards to Hutcheon Mackay of Farr, the ancestor of the Lords Reay.
6. Another daughter was married to Alexander Innes of Innes.
7. Janet. This daughter is mentioned by Douglas. She was the third wife of Robert Munro of Foulis, and is believed to have died without issue. The existence of this daughter is scarcely to be doubted from the circumstance that in 1582 that Lady Foulis received a tack of the parsonage of Spittal, which at the time belonged to the Earls of Caithness.

George, the fourth Earl, sat in the old Scottish Parliaments in the following years:—1542, 1543, 1545, 1546, 1560, 1566, 1567, 1577, and 1578. In 1571 he was on the Privy Council of Scotland: and in 1581 he was appointed Justice for the Rivers in

Caithness and Strathnaver. He was also a Commissioner for holding Parliament in 1567. He held the office of Heritable Justiciar over the counties of Sutherland and Caithness, and this office almost conferred on him absolute power at the time. He was very often involved in intrigues of one kind or other—for which the long time he held the Earldom gave him ample scope. Sir Robert Gordon, in his *History of the Earldom of Sutherland*, refers to the fact of the Earl of Caithness having been the Justiciar over the two Northern Counties as follows:—"The Earl of Catteynes did obtane" (in the year 1566) "ane heritable Commission of Justiciarie, from Port-ne-couter to Dongesby, contayning a power to banish and kill such as he should think expedient; with power also to give pardons for any manner of cryme, except treason. This charter wes obtayned by the credit and meanes of the Earl of Bothwell." Sir Robert assigns as a reason for the Earl of Bothwell's assistance in the matter that the Earl of Caithness was a party, along with Bothwell, to the death of King Henry—not only to the plotting of the death, but also to the execution thereof.

The Earl of Caithness devoted a considerable portion of his time to the management of his affairs in the county and to the interests of his clan generally. But he lived in very turbulent times, and not being over-scrupulous himself, he was continually in broils in his own county as well as in the adjoining county of Sutherland, while he was very often mixed up in affairs at the Scottish Court. In short, his life was one continual scene of diplomatic dealing to promote his own ends—to accomplish which he was not very particular as to his treatment of the members even of his own family, if they stood in his way.

About the year 1561, the Sutherlands of Berriedale (William and Angus), who were protected by the Sutherland family, had behaved in a very cruel and reckless manner in killing several men of the name of Clyne, and in appropriating their property. As the Clynes acknowledged the Earl of Caithness as their chief, the Earl banished the Sutherlands of Berriedale out of Caithness, and took possession of the Castle of Berriedale. Through the assistance of the Murrays, the Sutherlands retook their castle, and, as narrated by Sir Robert Gordon, "burnt and

wasted all the country next adjacent, and molested Cattayness. with divers incursions"—apparently at the time the Earl of Sutherland was in Flanders, but, on his return, he obtained from the Queen a free pardon for William and Angus Sutherland, and all their confederates, for their crimes and offences. This exasperated the Earl of Caithness to such an extent that he never forgave the Earl of Sutherland for what he had done, and evidently was the real cause of the animosity which continued to exist between the two families for generations. Sir Robert Gordon evidently recognised this, for he set forth that the incident in question was the cause why "George, Earl of Cattyness, did ever from thenceforth bear ane immortal hatred, not onlie to Earle John, and to the Morrayes, bot also to all the inhabitants of Southerland." Certainly, as subsequent events showed, much harmony did not exist between the Earls of Caithness and Sutherland.

(To be continued.)

PHANTOMS OF THE LIVING.

IT is not the dead alone that have ghosts, the living too may appear in spirit form. Indeed, those scientists of the Psychical Research Society would perhaps say that only the living can have ghosts. These phantoms of the living—the Scottish "wraiths"—have received from the Psychical Society a scientific or quasi-scientific explanation by the invention of the word "telepathy." Its etymological force is "feeling at a distance," and it is intended to denote the mysterious influences and impressions which one mind is able, apparently without the usual means of sensuous communication and even at a far distance, to exercise upon another mind. Mr. Myers thus puts the main theses: "(1.) Experiment proves that telepathy—the supersensory transference of thoughts and feelings from one mind to another—is a fact in nature, supersensory being defined to mean independent of the recognised channels of sense. (2.) Testimony proves that phantasms (impressions, voices, or figures) of persons undergoing some crisis—especially death—are perceived by their

friends and relatives with a frequency which mere chance cannot explain. (3.) These phantasms, then, whatever else they may be, are instances of the supersensory action of one mind upon another."

The Highlands are full of stories about phantoms of the living; but the Highlanders would not by any means restrict these phantoms to mere cases of impending death or present crisis. Stories, for instance, of young men seeing their actual or future sweethearts are quite common, nor is it implied that any disaster ever followed in such cases. Nevertheless, the most numerous class of the wraith stories concerns people undergoing a crisis—nearly all the crisis of death. Usually these phantoms and portents present themselves to only one sense at a time; at one time a person is seen; another time the person's voice is heard, or a death-warning is heard—an unearthly cry of some kind; at another time a man gets entangled in a funeral, and he is forced by the crush to turn aside. The senses of seeing, hearing, and touch may thus be, and usually are, independently acted upon. We might, indeed, classify our material under these headings, but, to avoid any cross divisions, we shall present our examples under the following heads: (1) Ghosts of living persons; (2) Phantom funerals and coffin-making; and (3) Death portents and other forewarnings, such as noises, cries, and corpse candles.

GHOSTS OF THE LIVING.

Such ghosts and phantoms are of two classes: first, phantoms of people not undergoing a crisis nor either near nor at death; secondly, the phantoms of those that are undergoing or are to undergo some crisis. The commonest stories under the first class are those relating to the seeing of sweethearts. "It is quite common for young men," says our excellent Sutherlandshire informant, "to see the ghosts of their sweethearts. A young man went fifteen miles to see his loved one, and while returning home about midnight he saw her sliding on the ice before him. He never went to see her again. Another man saw his lady-love standing beside his bedside, though her bodily presence must have been far away, and still another used to see the girl walking before him, and at times physically annoying him. Some of

these incidents took place a few years ago, and I knew the men." The following is another story he tells, adding that he knows the lady well. A sailor once in the East Indies used every day to see a young woman in the forecastle-head, and one day she called out: "Cum do ghreim, Aindrea, 's chan eagal duit" (Keep your hold, Andrew, and there is no fear of you). He never saw the woman before, but as soon as he came to Wick he knew her in the street. They came to Farr and got married. The same woman, we are informed, was seen by other young men. Evidently some people have the power of thus casting off *idola* which are seen by friends and others. That would seem to be the theory implied in such stories and beliefs.

The individual does not apparently know in these cases that he is haunting another. A man went to America and there he was constantly bothered by the ghost of an acquaintance of his in the old country. By-and-bye the acquaintance also emigrated, and one of his first impulses was to go and see this friend. The latter was cutting fire-wood when he came upon him, and as soon as he caught sight of his unwitting persecutor, he rushed upon him with his axe, and would have killed him on the spot had not some friends interfered. Again, some people have seen the ghosts of strangers who afterwards came to the country, as a young man from Eigg assures us.

"Wishing of the night is not good," old people say, and the following story from Eigg will illustrate the matter. A young man belonging to Eigg had occasion to visit the neighbouring island of Rum. One night, as he felt very lonely, he expressed the wish that he were with his sweetheart in Eigg: "O nach robh mise comhla ri Caitriona an Eige!" At this very moment Catherine, who happened to be out on some business or other, saw him coming to meet her. She was very much surprised at this, for she knew that he was from home. But on her sweetheart's ghost came, and unceremoniously dragged her to her father's house, almost out of her senses. It is safe to conclude that our hero never again expressed such a wish.

These ghosts are seen either by day or by night. In this respect they differ much from the ghosts of the dead which appear only at night. A young man on Loch Tayside was sent

out by his mother to look after some cattle on an upland away from the little village. But as a sale was going on in a farmyard adjoining, he slipped away from his post to see it. Great was his horror, after joining the throng, to see his mother standing at the gate. He hid himself as well as he could. When he came home, he not merely learned that he was not seen, but that his mother was never near the sale! We had this story direct from the person to whom it happened, and he told more of the same kind as personal experiences. We shall close this phase of the subject with a curious case of a somewhat similar kind. A housewife paused in her occupation, and mid the wonderment of the household began to address the vacant armchair as if a gentleman of her acquaintance—naming him—were there. An hour or so afterwards the gentleman was seated in that chair!

There are many stories relating to the seeing of the ghosts of those undergoing a crisis—such as are near death or actually in the act of dying. We may first instance the wraith-seeing powers of a woman of Glenmoriston, because the features of the story are similar to the foregoing narratives. A middle-aged woman, strong and healthy, was one day moving about the village, and, when turning the corner of a hillock, she saw a neighbouring woman coming directly towards her. She was just about to address her, when lo! the woman had disappeared. On another occasion, the same woman was on her way home from the woods, where she had been looking after the cattle. When approaching the house of one of the villagers, she saw the "guidman" before her dressed in his Sunday clothes, noting especially a red vest which he wore. Just as she was trying to think where he was going to in this array, he disappeared: the man was not there at all. Both these cases of ghost-seeing occurred in broad daylight, and both parties whose wraiths were seen died soon after. There is here no indication that the person whose ghost is seen was unwell or anyways undergoing a crisis, but death soon overtakes him. Here is a similar story. Donald Maclean, in Lochcarron, had occasion one time to go over to Courthill, where the proprietor, Sir John Stuart, had his house. He stayed till after dark and then started for home. He had left Sir John in the house. He did not go far, however,

when, opposite a gravel pit there, he saw Sir John coming to meet him. Feeling not quite certain whether he left Sir John in the house or not, he returned to make sure. He found that Sir John had never left the house. He then made his way home in safety and saw nothing more. Two or three days after this Sir John had to go to London, and in about a week afterwards he died in London. His body was taken to Courthill, where it was buried, and, in the process, some gravel from the pit at which Donald met his ghost was made use of. Donald afterwards remembered that the phantom made no noise in walking.

A man left his home in one of the glens on Loch-Ness side telling his sister that if he did not return by a certain hour she must fetch him his dinner to a certain place. He did not return, and the sister began to pack up the dinner ready for starting when she saw her brother pass the window. "I need not go," she said to her mother, "E—— has come." But the poor man was meanwhile drowned in a pool into which he happened to fall, horse and all. Mr. Macdonald, who is already favourably known by his papers in Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions on "Celtic Poetry" and the "Glenmoriston Bard," tells the above story, and relates a remarkable personal experience. He and a young man were passing a small stream in their native hamlet when his companion whispered in his ear that he saw the ghost of R——, who was then known to be very low in health. Mr. Macdonald neither saw nor heard anything, a circumstance which greatly surprised his friend. It was afterwards ascertained that R—— died about these very minutes. This is another of Mr. Macdonald's stories. A farm grieve was going from his father's house one night on his way to the farm where he served. When about half-way he felt some mysterious awe take possession of him. He could not at first decide whether the feeling was internal or external to his person, but soon the figure of a woman presented itself and he then recognised who was moving beside him. The woman was ill at the time and died soon after.

Can a man see his own ghost? The general belief is against it, but Mr. Macdonald gives us a case where it seems to be true. It was on a Hallowe'en night, and a man went out to a stack to perform the ceremony whereby the figure of his future bride

should appear. Instead of a young lady's form, he met his own phantom appearance. This unusual event was followed by the young fellow's death soon after. A young married woman in Strathspey, then in fair health, dreamt that a coffin, minutely described, was brought to the house and placed in a certain way on certain chairs. This she related to a neighbour. In a day or two the woman herself died suddenly, and, as the neighbour avers, everything occurred as she had seen in the dream. No ghost was seen by her. The woman that died was of a family famous for their powers in the matter of seeing wraiths and hearing and seeing death portents.

PHANTOM FUNERALS.

The phantom funeral is one of the commonest forms of the phantasmal apparitions of living people. Stories of meeting these funerals are endless. Of course, only those who have the special gift or aptitude for these things can see or feel them. Two men may be walking by night along the road when suddenly one of them commences to gasp and labour as if he were struggling through something. The other feels nothing. Or it may happen that suddenly the one pulls the other from the middle of the road to the side on account of the crowd that he sees approaching. Yet the other man sees nothing. A rule is laid down for all Highlanders travelling by night along any road: Never walk in the middle of the road, for fear you may find yourself in the midst of a phantom funeral. This is a rule which the present writer, as a youth, usually observed in going along the roads at night through the eerie woods of Alvie. Usually these funerals are seen by night, but they can also be seen by day as well. For instance, a man gifted with the power of "second sight," as they call extremely great powers of seeing things supernatural and thereby knowing the future, was at a funeral one day. He was observed by his companions suddenly to go to one side of the road, and, when asked the reason for his action, he said that they were a numerous company themselves, but they were few in number compared with the funeral he saw passing.

A man was coming home one night, and nearing his home, our Sutherlandshire informant says, when he began to wonder that he was not reaching his house, for he had been so long on

the way. But to his surprise he found himself at length in the church-yard, far away from his home, and he could distinctly hear the noise of the spade working among stones, gravel, and soil. He then knew that he must have been brought back by the ghost of a funeral. This man did not see the funeral, nor, apparently, did he feel it, but a woman of the place saw the same funeral that very night, so that there was here proof positive of his having been carried off from near his own house to the church-yard. Mr. Macdonald writes us: "But we find that ghosts are more or less gregarious like their prototype man. Battles have been seen in several places fought at dusk of evening by intangible armies, and crowds of people have been met or seen where none existed. Not long ago a blacksmith found it necessary to go aside for a funeral procession which met him on his way through the village, and he thought that he knew some of those who formed the multitude. Strange to say, a funeral did pass that way soon after."

Phantom coffin-making is quite as commonly seen, heard, and felt as phantom funerals. Scarcely a carpenter's shop exists in the Highlands but has its record of sights and sounds seen and heard immediately before a coffin is made. This phantom coffin-making takes place only by night, so far as we know, thus differing from the habits of the phantom funeral. The carpenter himself, or one of his men or his family, is usually the person who sees or hears this. He may be passing the workshop when he sees it full of light; he looks and sees the shadows of men hard at work. He may possibly hear hammers and planes working, nails driving, and saws making their way through wood. He goes in: "darkness there and nothing more!" Sometimes the hammers and planes are working and nothing is seen. Wood for coffins, also is troublesome about a house; indeed, anything connected with a coffin is apt to get noisy and restless. You may hear the wood dashed to the ground or on to some other wood; you may hear it sawed for more easy transport or to suit a certain length. Wherever the coffin rests, or is left on its way to the house where the dead is, its phantom may be heard, so to speak, beforehand. A relative assures me that, three days before her grandmother's death, she was at midnight in an outhouse and heard the noise of a box as it was laid down, the swishing sound of something, and the thud

of a heavy bag. The coffin was brought into that house for a momentary resting-place, the shavings were spread under it, and a bag full of bread and other things was laid down there with a thud, all exactly as she previously heard it.

DEATH PORTENTS.

Over and above the foregoing death portents—the phantom wraith of a dying person and the funeral and coffin phantoms of all kinds—there are two others much believed in among Highlanders. These are the *tach'ran*, or ghost yelling, and the corpse candle or lights. The tachran is a cry which is heard at intervals proceeding to the church-yard; it is usually a most unearthly cry in every sense of the term. The relative already mentioned was in a dying neighbour's house three nights before death occurred. She and another person heard a yell at the door, which she graphically compares to the cry of an old sheep in process of being choked. It was heard three times, and each time it went further away towards the church-yard. The dying man himself was famous for his powers of seeing and hearing death portents; in fact, he was the grandfather of the young woman who, as already told, saw her own coffin. We have found these powers inherited in a family, but we also noticed, as Mr. Macdonald has also observed, that persons in weak health, like the relative already twice cited, are apt to see and hear such supernatural things. The corpse candles are the counterpart, by the sense of sight, to the tachran, which is heard. The candle or light is seen flickering or "bobbing" along on its way to the church-yard. We are told that, if it is near the ground, the funeral will be soon; if it is rather high in air, the funeral will not happen immediately. Corpse candles may be seen as long before a funeral as three months. The candle and the tachran are independent of each other; but certain families may have both tachran and candles premonitory to the death of one of them, like an old family of Shaws that lived in Badenoch.

Forewarnings of another kind than those of death may occur. A man in Assynt long ago, we are told, was one night going along a lonely road when he heard a sound as of a great quantity of wood falling. (There was a church built there afterwards.)

Further along he heard a sound as if iron was let fall. (There is a smithy there now.) Thereafter he saw a tall man coming up to him and passing him, and when he looked it was a plough and then a horse; and all at once he was surrounded by sheep, with his Satanic Majesty roving among them in the shape of a dog, but the sheep protected the man from the attacks of the dog. The portent of the sheep explains itself by the after history of Sutherlandshire. [For interesting Welsh counterparts of these stories of phantoms of men and funerals, and the other phantasms, see Wirt Sykes' "British Goblins," especially pp. 225-37.]

REVIEWS.

SONGS OF THE GAEL; a Collection of Gaelic Songs, with Translations. By L. Macbean. Part II. Music in both Notations. Edinburgh: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

WE have here a fresh instalment of the intelligent and valuable work which is being carried on by Mr. Macbean by way of preserving the popular lyrics of the Highlanders with their appropriate music, and by means of translations bringing our pure and simple tunes under the notice of Lowlanders, whose appreciation of them cannot be complete without some idea of the sentiments to which they were wedded in their native dress. Scotland as a whole is a land of poetry and song. There is therefore a fine quarry, in which Mr. Macbean is one of the most diligent and successful workers. Part II. of Mr. Macbean's collection contains about 16 pieces, some of them popular and well-known north and south, others less known and more liable to be lost sight of. The music is very carefully noted in both the old and the new notations, while the Gaelic words which are given are well selected and correctly edited. The translations by Mr. Macbean are really admirable. The success with which he mastered the somewhat intricate rhymes of Dugald Buchanan in a former effort would lead us to expect similar success here, and certainly he has more than achieved it. With regard to the versions of the tunes chosen, we do not desire to speak dogmatically, as each district has its own differences in musical dialect, but

there is, we believe, one general canon in Highland music which Mr. Macbean has violated in several instances, that is, the absence of semitones. Those who profess to know most of the subject say that wherever one meets a *fe* or a *se* or a *de*, or any other note of the kind in a Highland tune, it is not pure. Much harm has been done to our melodies in this respect by violinist collectors and manipulators like Fraser of Knockie and others. The time over which the melodies range is very wide, the last being an attempt at a Jubilee song, fairly successful as such things go, while another—"Oisean is Malmhine"—professes to be by the Bard of Cona. We surmise, however, that this melody, which Mr. Macbean found in Captain Fraser's Collection of Highland Music, will also be found substantially in "Green Grow the Rashes, O." This, however, does not prove that it is not Highland, for it is notorious that many of the most popular Lowland songs are wedded to tunes of undoubtedly Highland origin. We cordially commend Mr. Macbean's work to all lovers of Highland music, and further, now that the sol-fa music-master is abroad everywhere, we would strongly urge upon all who can do so—and they are many—to note down the songs of their respective districts, and send them to Mr. Macbean, who knows so well how to make good use of them. They are the only music we Highlanders have, our sacred tunes, if we ever had any, being crushed out by the introduction of Psalms in a foreign metre with foreign tunes which have never been really popular.

DEATH OF MR. P. C. MACFARLANE.—It is with much regret that we announce the death of Mr. P. C. Macfarlane, which took place at his father's house in Glenquaich, Perthshire, on the 13th of April. In our last number he had an article on the "Possessive Pronoun in Gaelic," and, although we knew he was low in health, we had not anticipated that his end was near. Mr. Macfarlane was a divinity student of much promise, and a Gaelic scholar of great attainments and success. He passed his Arts' course in Glasgow, and went to Edinburgh for Divinity, where, in the 1883-84 session, he won the medal in the Celtic Class, in the first year of its existence. In a letter of a few days ago to "Fionn," Professor Mackinnon says:—"In Gaelic scholarship he really had no competitor in my class. His enthusiasm for Gaelic and Celtic matters was unbounded, while his common sense and humour kept his imagination in due restraint. But rarely was such an example found of one whose passion was so strong for Gaelic. I do not know that such a promising Gaelic scholar has passed away since Pattison died."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DISGRUNTLED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

Sir,—It is not often that I lend my pen to philology, but my attention has been called by a friend to a paragraph in the issue of the London *Globe* of the 27th November last (1886), relative to what is termed "Yankee inventiveness in coining new words." It is no question of "pushbuggy" or "scattergun," but the *Globe* takes exception to the word "disgruntled," which occurs in a phrase used by Patrick Ford —"disgruntled machine politicians." I append the paragraph in question, and have only to say that had it not been for some of the *Globe's* remarks I should not have troubled you with this paper. The *Globe* says as follows :—

"DISGRUNTLED."

"The English language is once more enriched by Yankee inventiveness in coining new words. On this occasion it is Mr. Patrick Ford to whom the Britisher is indebted. In a recent issue of his explosive paper, an article on the municipal election at New York is headed "Disgruntled machine politicians." It is not our usual custom to read Mr. Ford's effusions, having a dislike to the smell of dynamite by which they are generally pervaded. In this instance, however, we departed from that rule, in the hope of discovering the meaning of "disgruntled." The search was somewhat disappointing; no exact definition is given throughout. From the context, however, it appears open to conjecture that to "disgruntle" a person signifies to baffle and thwart his purposes. The etymological derivation of the word is equally hazy. We can only surmise that Mr. Ford had it in his mind to coin a term expressing the condition of a man deprived of his last "grunt" in the sense of "argument." The fact that the inventor is of Irish descent and so probably accustomed during his earlier years to the sweet music of disputing pigs, affords some colour for this theory."

Now in the above the *Globe* is partly right and partly wrong. The word is neither Yankee coined nor new, except as far as the addition of the negative prefix "dis" is concerned. The etymology is very plain, though strangely the word "grunt" has been overlooked by Dr. Charles Mackay in his well-known *Gaelic Etymology*. The *Globe* has nearly grasped the right meaning, though it has sought the goal by the wrong route.

The word is undoubtedly of Celtic origin. The immediate root is "gronnsal—a grunt" (*Armstrong's Gael. Dict., Lond.*, 825), "grùnsgul—a grunting," (*Highland Society's Gael, Dict., Edin.*, 1828.) Now, as "muc" is the Gaelic for a sow, and "torc" for a boar, neither primarily allied to the words quoted above, it stands to reason that these were originally and solely intended to imitate and represent the grunting noise made by some animal. It is thus from sounds that the earliest roots are formed. From the sound itself, the word, in process of time, came to signify the organ producing the sound, and, finally, the animal possessing that organ. Numerous are the words derived from this old Celtic root, pervading, as they do, most of the languages of Modern Europe. Thus we have in English "a grunt, to grunt," old Eng., "to gruntle, to groin," the latter used by Chaucer and Spencer (*Webster's Eng. Dict.*). "To groin" is allied to "groan, grin, grumble, growl," etc. Groyne, (1), v., to lament, (2), pret. t. grinned." (*Wright's Provincial Dict.*)

In Scotch, "to grumph or gruntle, to grunt; grumph or grunyie, a grunt," (*Jamieson's Scot. Dict.*). In French, "grogner, to grunt." Old Fr., "groncer, grondre." Norman Fr., "gronder." Provencal, "grondir." Ital., "gruguire." Span., "grunir." Ang.-Sax., "grunan." Germ., "grunzen." Dan., "grynte." Swed., "grymta." Swedo-Gothic, "grynta," etc. Most of these Webster would apparently wish to deduce from the Latin "grundire, grunnire," overlooking the fact that the Latin root itself is deduced from the Celtic. From the original meaning of a grunting noise, the term came to apply to the organ producing that noise, viz., the nose. One of the earliest departures that I can find is in the case of the Icelandic or Old Norse, "graun, os et nasus, boum proprie," (*Jamieson.*) From this language it probably passed, through the kindred Norman-French, into English. "Groin, the snout of a swine," used by Chaucer, (*Webster.*) "Groyne, a swine's snout," (*Grose's Provincial Glossary.*) "Groyn, a swine's snout," (*Bamford's South Lanc., Dialect.*) "Grunny, the snout of a hog; gruntle, a muzzle, grun, the upper lip," (*Wright's Provin. Dict.*) French, "groin;" Provenç., "gronh;" Ital., "gruguo;" Old Portuguese, "gruin, snout," (*Webster.*) Welsh, "gron, groin, a beak or snout;" North of Eng., "groyne, a swine's snout," (*Jamieson.*) Our Scotch words I believe to have been derived more directly, with the Welsh, from the Gaelic. "Gruntill, gruntle, grunkle, a snout. Grune, grunyie, the mouth, etc.," (*Jamieson.*) Thus Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, (1490-1555), the bitter satirist of the Scottish Catholics, writes:—

"Heir is a rellik—
The gruntill of Santt Antonis sow
Quhilk bare his haly bell."*

The last phase reserved for the word was its application to the animal making the grunting, viz., a hog. Thus we have in English, "gruntling, a young hog," (*Webster*). "Grunter, gruntling, a pig, gruntling cheat, an old cant term for a pig," (*Wright*). In Scotch, "grumph, grumphie, gruntillot, a sow," (*Jamieson*).

So far the etymology of "disgruntled" is pretty plain. Now as to its meaning.

Jamieson informs us that eventually the word "graun" came to be "used with great latitude; for the chin, the beard, the nose, and even the whole face." Thus, "gruntle, gruntill, or grunkle," which at first meant merely "a snout," came to signify "the chin and parts adjoining; for the face in general." Thus, Dunbar, the poet, has—

"The gallows gapes after thy graceles gruntle."

Thus, the Stirlingshire phrase, to "ken" a person by his "gab and grunkle," which at first might be taken to imply "to know him by his mouth and nose," in reality means "to know him by his discourse and features."

To "disgruntle," therefore, primarily means "to disfeature, to deprive

* The writer remembers seeing at the Easter Festival, held on the Place des Quinconçes in Bordeaux, more than twenty-five years ago, a puppet play representing the Temptation of Good St. Anthony. The Devil has stolen the Saint's pig, and the holy man addresses him in a plaintive song, productive of much laughter, with the refrain, "O! rendex moi mon cochon s' il vous plait." The Devil promises to fetch the pig, and eventually, amid more laughter, hands the Saint the pig's "gruntill," with the remark that Beelzebub, Lucifer, and the other fiends have eaten all the rest of it.

features." Everyone knows the nation who really did coin the word, "wire-puller." "Machine politicians" are those political nonentities who are merely so many puppets in the hands of the wire-pullers, by whom they are made to dance to this time, but who, nevertheless, have their own price at which they must be bought. The *Globe* has, therefore, something to say to the point when it remarks they are deprived of their "last grunt." But it would have been more to the point to say "deprived of their last right to grunt or gruntle." A "disgruntled politician" is, therefore, one who has no political features or head-mark—who has been practically effaced—who has fused himself into the individuality of others—and who (to go back to the intermediate meaning ascribed to the word), has had "his nose put out of joint." Apologising for occupying so much of your space, I am, sir, yours obediently,

COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A.S.,
Major.

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

SIR,—Your excellent number for April is just to hand, and in the first proverb quoted by you, under the above heading, there is a mistake that takes all the original meaning out of it. It ought to be thus:—

Tha sùilean nan gobhar an ceannaibh nam fear a' taghadh nam ban;
Tha sùilean nan seobhag an ceannaibh nam ban a' taghadh nam fear.

"The men have goats' eyes in their heads when choosing their wives.
The women have hawks' eyes in their heads when choosing their men."

This word, "taghadh," makes all the difference, and shows that women were considered more quick-sighted in choosing their matrimonial yoke-fellows.

The following are a few unpublished proverbs:—

Gheibh fear fodrach bean òir.

A man who has but straw can get a wife with gold."

Is ioma rud a bhios mu thigh nach bi mu thcine.

"Many a thing is told by the hearth that is not known throughout the house."

Latha nan cuileagan bàna 's olc am biadh nach math 's a' bhàthaich.

"Bad is the food that's not good in the byre in the day of the white flies."

'S olc an t-each nach giùlain ais-thir.

"Bad is the horse that cannot carry the food for his return journey."

Yours, etc.,
MARY MACKELLAR.

The Celtic Magazine.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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THE PICTS.

II.

[By Provost Macandrew.]

The attempt to trace the Picts all over Europe and Asia by their name of Picts always appears to me to be childish. The people of the Northern part of Britain were first called by the name of Picts by Eumenius, who was a professor of rhetoric, and a writer of panygerics in or about the year 297. Previous to that time the inhabitants of Caledonia had been known to the Romans as Caledonians, Dicaledonæ and Vecturiones, Meatae, and other names; and Ptolemy, who lived in the second century, and gives a detailed geographical account of Britain, mentions various tribes as inhabiting Scotland, but none with names in the least resembling Picts or Picti, although on the west coast of northern Argyle and Inverness he places two tribes, named respectively Creones and Cerones—names bearing some resemblance to Cruithne as it is pronounced. There is no doubt that very soon after the time of Eumenius the name became the one always used by the Roman writers for the people of Northern Britain, and in the earliest books we have by native Scottish or Irish writers it is the name which they also use when writing in Latin. The fact remains, however, that Picti was a Latin name given to the people in the end of the third century, and not sooner; while it is certain that among themselves and their neighbours, who did not speak Latin, they were known as Cruithne. To connect this people, therefore, with Pictavia and the Pictones in France, known by these names in the time

of Julius Cæsar, or with places or peoples in Europe or Asia which bore a somewhat similar name, and which could not have been colonised by Scottish Picts after they became known by that name, seems absurd.

The usual assumption is that the Picts were so called by the Romans because they painted themselves, or tattooed themselves, and that the name signified the painted people. There is no end of authority for this; but it is remarkable that, with the exception of Julius Cæsar and Herodian, all the writers who talk of the Picts painting or tattooing themselves, write after the name was given, and that for 200 years the Romans were in contact with the people without giving them any such name. Innes accounts for this by saying that all the inhabitants of Britain had at one time painted themselves, that by the end of the third century the inhabitants of the Roman province had given up the practice, and that hence the name was given to the Northern people, who still practised it. This is ingenious; but by the end of the third century the Romans were well acquainted with the Saxons, who are also said to have painted themselves, and also with the Scots from Ireland, who were at least not more civilised than the Picts, and who would probably not differ from their neighbours in a practice of this kind, so that even at that time the peculiarity would not have been confined to the Caledonians. On the other hand, it is said that the name which the people gave themselves in their own language means the same or nearly the same as the Latin word, and if this is so we must assume either that the people had named themselves from a practice which was not peculiar to them in early times, if we are to accept the statements of historians on the point, or that they adopted a Roman nick-name, translated it into their own language, and invented an eponym bearing the name for themselves. Neither of these assumptions is probable; and for myself I cannot help entertaining a suspicion that the Romans translated the word Cruithne into Picti, and that all the stories about painting and tattooing mainly arose round that word. This is clear, that no trace of such a custom remained to historic times, or has left any trace of its existence in native legend or literature; that Tacitus, who had his information from Agricola, does not mention any such custom; and that the writers

who tell us about the tattooing also tell us many things which cannot be other than travellers' tales, such as that our mountains were waterless, that our ancestors went about naked, that they passed days in wading up to their waists in rivers and arms of the sea, or immersed in bogs; and even Tacitus tells us that the water of our seas was thick and sluggish, and difficult for the rower, and that it was never disturbed by storms.

Beyond establishing that the name of Picts can give us no assistance in tracing the history or migrations of the people, we must leave the question of the name in an unsatisfactory condition. If any information is to be derived from the name it must be from the name Cruithne which the people called themselves, and as yet philologists are not agreed on the meaning of this name—some deriving it from a root which means form, and others from a root which means wheat. It would be interesting if we could establish that our ancestors were the first who introduced the cultivation of wheat into Britain.

As to the language, the first question to be settled—and it is yet very far from settlement—is whether the Picts spoke a separate language or not. The case of those who assert that they did rests mainly on the authority of Bede and of Adamnan. The former says:—"This island at present, following the number of the Books in which the Divine law was written, contains five nations, the English, Britons, Scots, Picts, and Latins, each in its own peculiar dialect cultivating the sublime study of Divine truth. The Latin tongue is by the study of the Scriptures become common to all the rest." Now, Bede was a monk, and not free from the conceits and fancies of monkish writers. In this passage he wishes to make the nationalities and languages or dialects in which Divine truth was studied equal to the number of the books of Moses, and to do so he drags in a nationality which did not exist in Britain in his time—viz., the Latin. To make up five languages he required the Pictish, and looking to the object he had in making up the number five, I think it may very safely be held that the passage does not necessarily imply more than that the Picts spoke a dialect different from that of the Britons and the Scots. The authority of Adamnan is not so easily disposed of. He mentions two instances in which St. Columba

had to use an interpreter in explaining the word to inhabitants of Albyn. On one occasion the Saint was in Skye, and an old man, named Artbranan, the chief of the Geona Cohors, arrived in a boat, and, being carried to his feet, was instructed by him through an interpreter and was baptised. The river in which he was baptised was called after him "Dobur Artbranan." There is nothing in the passage to indicate where Artbranan came from, but it can only be assumed, as he was in a dying condition, that he came from some neighbouring part of Skye or the Mainland, and these at the time were undoubtedly inhabited by Picts. In the other instance Columba is said to have been tarrying for some days in the Province of the Picts, when a certain peasant, who, with his whole family, listened to and learned through an interpreter the word of life, was baptised. These passages seem to imply that talking to Picts Columba required an interpreter, but it is argued that, even if he did, a different language is not necessarily implied, and that a different dialect of the same language would equally account for the necessity. On the other hand there are numerous instances mentioned of conversations between Columba and Picts, and of discussions between him and the Pictish Druids without any mention of an interpreter. So far, therefore, as historic authority goes, it does not necessarily or even probably establish a distinct language. And certainly not a non-Celtic language.

The remains of what is said to be the Pictish language are sufficiently meagre. Bede mentions one word, "Peanfahel," the head or end of the wall. O'Curry says there is only one word of the language remaining, viz., "Cartit"—a pin, which is given in Cormac's Glossary. One of the monastic registers gives us "Scollofthes," given in Latin as "Scolasticus," but meaning some inferior monastic grade of persons who devoted themselves to the cultivation of land, and from other sources we have "Ur" and "Diuperr," the latter meaning a rich man. These, and the names of the Pictish kings and a few names of places, are all that remain. As to what these words prove, philologists are not agreed, and the question must be left with them, and I would merely remark that the manner in which some of them dibble Celtic Picts, non-Aryan Picts, Goidels, and Brythons all over the country, on the authority of a chance word or name, appears utterly rash and unscientific.

If anything is to be established on philological grounds, every word said on any ground to be Pictish, and every place name in the district inhabited by the people, should be distinctly and separately analysed, and when this is done we shall know whether philology can tell us anything on the subject or not.

To me it always appears that it is vain to contend that the Picts spoke a non-Gaelic language. They composed a separate and organised kingdom from the time of Columba (565) to the time of Kenneth Macalpin (850) at least, and, giving all possible effect to the fact that during that time they had a clergy mainly Scottish, who used the Scottish language as the language of culture and literature, it cannot be supposed that, if in Columba's time they spoke a language of a different family from the Gaelic, it would not have left broad and unmistakable marks in the topography of the country, and in the Gaelic language which they adopted.

The physical characteristics have given also much ground for controversy. The question of broad and long skulls may be dismissed on the ground that, even if this peculiarity indicated a distinction of race—and this is not now held to be entirely established—it proves nothing about the Picts. The authority of Tacitus has been much relied on as proving that the Caledonians who are assumed—and, I think, justly assumed—to be the same as the people afterwards called Picts—were Teutonic. In discussing the question of the origin of the inhabitants of Britain, he says that the temperament of body is various "whence deductions are formed of their different origin"; and thus he says the large limbs and red hair of the Caledonians point to a German origin. This is, however, a mere inference, and in a general survey he says that the probability is that Britain was peopled from Gaul—that the sacred rites and superstitions were similar, and that the language of the two peoples did not greatly differ. We know now that large limbs and red or fair hair were as much characteristics of Celts as of Germans, and we are as well able to draw inferences from the possession of them as Tacitus. In a poem, said to be very ancient, and describing events in the reign of Conaire Mor, who was king of Ireland, and died about the year 30 B.C., three exiles from Cruithentuath are described as great brown men, with round heads of hair of equal length at poll and forehead. These,

so far as I have seen, are the only descriptions of the physical characteristics of Picts, and they really prove nothing.

When we come to the customs of the Picts we get on a subject of great interest and difficulty. I dismiss the stories of Roman writers about cannibalism, community of women, children belonging to the tribe and not to the parents, and the pauper King, who was not allowed to have either wife or property, as mere travellers' tales. Tacitus says nothing of any such customs, and in the speech which he puts into the mouth of Galgacus he treats the family relations as thoroughly well established among the Caledonians. In Adamnan there is abundant evidence that marriage was thoroughly recognised among the Picts in Columba's time, and there are frequent mention of wife and family, and of wives as possessing an influential position in the family. And courtesans are frequently mentioned as a disgraceful class. So far there is nothing to show that the Picts were in a different stage of civilisation from the rest of the inhabitants of Britain. They had, however, one custom, the evidence of which is distinct, and which is very singular. Bede gives the legend about the Picts having arrived in Britain without wives, and applying to the Scots for them, who gave them on condition, "that when any difficulty should arise they should choose a king from the female royal race rather than from the male, which custom, as is well known, has been observed among the Picts to this day." And here Bede is corroborated by the lists of Pictish kings in all the chronicles in which a list is given. In no case does a son succeed a father, and in no case does a father of any king himself appear in the list of kings; and yet there is no mention of a female sovereign. In later times we know that foreigners were the fathers of the Scottish kings. Bile, the King of Alclyde, was father of one of the Brudes. Maelchon, a Welsh leader, was father of another Brude. A brother of one of the kings of Northumberland was father of another Pictish king; and on one occasion two brothers were kings of the Picts and of Dalriada respectively at the same time. There can be little doubt that Kenneth MacAlpin or his father claimed the Pictish throne, in right of succession to a mother of the royal race. It will be seen that this custom is very peculiar. It is not a case of the right of women to succeed and

reign, but of men succeeding and reigning in virtue of their being sons of their mother and not of their father. It is supposed that this custom pointed to a state of society in which there was promiscuous intercourse between the sexes, and there was therefore no certain paternity, and our distinguished townsman, Mr. J. F. Maclennan, has shown in his book on primitive marriage that probably all races passed through such a stage. But it is well established that the Aryan races had passed through this stage and established the institution of marriage before they left their original home in Central Asia. And it is contended therefore that this custom indicated a non-Aryan origin of the Picts. It is to be observed, however, that among them the custom seems to have been confined to the Royal family and to succession to the throne, and that it did not, so far as the list of kings show, or so far as Bede indicates, show any uncertainty as to the paternity of the kings—the names of the fathers are always given and not the names of the mothers. Except on the supposition that it was a survival from a time when intercourse was promiscuous and paternity uncertain, it is difficult to account for such a custom, and there is no doubt that it constitutes a difficulty, and the main difficulty in the way of belief in the Picts as an Aryan people. No explanation has yet been given of it.

On the whole, then, and although the question is not free from doubt, it will be seen that the great weight of evidence goes to show the Picts were a Celtic Gaelic-speaking people, and it is probable that they were the earliest immigration of that people into Britain, and came, as their own legends tell, from Scythia, that is North-Germany, which undoubtedly was peopled by Celts before it was peopled by Germans.

MACDONALD AND MACLEOD OF THE '45.

[By C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.]

Some years ago, in course of casual conversation with a Skyeman, intelligent beyond his position in life, the subject of the conduct in 1745 of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, and Norman Macleod of Macleod came up, when he stated that ill-fortune from that time followed them, and that it would have been well for their posterity had they risen for Prince Charles. Circumstances have occurred and papers fallen in my way since that meeting, which have given a point to the last statement, which at the moment I looked upon as so idle and without significance, that I did not pursue the subject.

Lord Mahon in his "Forty-Five" says of these two chiefs that "their object being to wait for events, and to side with the victorious, they professed zeal to both parties."

Macleod attended a meeting in Stratherrick of the Prince's friends, and concurred in what was resolved upon; and although Sir Alexander Macdonald is not recorded as having taken any overt step, his views were well known. They kept quiet, answered no letters, and so much disappointed the Highland Chiefs in arms, that those gentlemen, the day after the unfurling of the Standard at Glenfinnan, addressed them in the following memorable words (see State Papers, Domestic, 174 $\frac{6}{7}$, No. 93):—"We cannot but express the greatest surprise, as well as concern, at your manner of acting on the present occasion, than which no two subjects ever had a greater, to deserve eternal honour, or eternal infamy. The King's restoration or the ruin of his family: the liberty or destruction of your country will lie chiefly at your door. Consider how often you have expressed your readiness to join the Prince, though he should come alone to deliver his country from the oppression it has so long groaned under. Consider how much the influence of men of your figure have drawn others in to think you were in earnest, and resolved to do the same. The case has now happened. The Prince, upon the repeated assurance of the disposition of his faithful Highlanders, has thrown himself into our arms, with a

firm resolution never to abandon us. He has been received by us, and others whom we expect to-day or to-morrow, with the greatest joy, and we have with the greatest alacrity undertaken his cause. We have already drawn the sword, and are resolved not to sheath it till death or victory shall free us from a foreign yoke. You may easily foresee the consequences of the one or the other. And it would be very extraordinary in men of your judgment to imagine that you alone could be safe, when the rest of us are rooted out. We desire you to think seriously of this, as well as of the assurances you have lately given to some of us who have spoken to you. The Prince has written to you twice, and received no answer. Should we meet with the same usage, we should think it, however, very extraordinary. But we still hope for better things."

From this scathing indictment it is obvious that Macdonald and Macleod, had over and over again pledged their support.

Norman Macleod was a spendthrift, and grievously wasted his substance, consisting of no less than six baronies—Minginish, Duirinish, Dunvegan, Waternish, Harris, and Glenelg—dying at an advanced age, so enormously in debt that three of the baronies disappeared within a period of less than fifty years after his death. Supposing he had gone out in the '45, and his estates been forfeited, the result would have been a nursing and careful administration of the estates by the Forfeited Estates Commissioners, for a period of 30 to 40 years, to be restored to his grandson, like the Lovat, Lochiel, Drummond, and other estates, with the most of their encumbrances purged.

The Skyeman was thus not so far wrong when he said it would be well for his posterity had Macleod gone out in 1745. His picture, that of a well-formed man, but sinister expression, taken in what looks like a Highland dress in Rob Roy tartan, hangs on the wall of the dining-hall at Dunvegan Castle, as also those of his two wives. No one can look at the sweet face of the first without commisserating her unhappy fate. So much for the Macleods on the present occasion.

Next as to the Macdonalds. Their decadence arose from another cause, but which also might have been avoided by their forfeiture and sticking up for their principles to their "eternal

honour," according to the words of the letter before quoted. Ambition caused the fall of the Macdonalds.

Sir Alexander Macdonald possessed the twenty pounds land of old extent of Slate, the forty pound lands of old extent of North Uist, the eighty merk lands of Trotternish, and various other lands in Skye and Uist; with the superiority over Clanranald's lands of Skirrheugh, Benbecula, Gergriminish, and others, as also the superiority of Macneill of Barra's lands, and a valuable tenement in the Canongate of Edinburgh, which let as high as ten pounds sterling per month to the Earl of Glencairn. He had also large sums of money owing to him by John Macdonell of Glengarry; by Robert Murray of Glencarnoch; and Evan his brother; the notorious Allan Macdonald of Knock, the young Raasay, Donald Macleod of Unish; Roderick Macdonald of Bornaskittaig; Archibald Macdonald of Tarskavaig; Mr. John Macpherson, minister of Slate; James Macdonald of Dalveill; John Macdonald of Kinlochdale; Ronald MacAllister in Kingsburgh; Donald Macdonald of Castleton; Ranald Macdonald of Clanranald; Duncan Campbell, drover in Ardkinglass; Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh; John Macdonald of Kirkibost; and Evan Macdonald of Vallay. Among Sir Alexander Macdonald's assets at his death were the following:—£300 stg., reimbursement for levying the companies of James Macdonald of Aird and John Macdonald of Kirkibost, raised at the expense of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who had been instrumental in procuring the command of them for these two persons. At his death there were upwards of one hundred head of black cattle on his farm of Mugstot, and cash about his residence and in his repositories at his death, towards the end of 1746, of the great value in those days of £522 9s. sterling. In passing, it may be mentioned that of this money £20 belonged to Clanranald, £50 to Clanranald's brother, and £15 to the Laird of Barra, all at the time prisoners in London, and given by their friends to Sir Alexander Macdonald, to be conveyed to them as opportunities offered.

With this great estate, heritable and moveable, the Macdonalds were not satisfied. True they had Trotternish at the north and Slate at the south, but nothing would satisfy except they possessed the whole east coast of Skye, from north to south, necessitating

the expropriation of Mackinnon and of Raasay from the east coast of Skye.

This fatal course was adopted. Sir Alexander Macdonald at his death had acquired right to the following debts due by The Mackinnons. £1574 17s. 2d. Scots by bond by John Mackinnons, elder and younger of Mackinnon, and Neil Mackinnon, son to the deceased Lachlan Mackinnon of Corrychatachan, dated 26th February, and 18th March, 1729; £2000 merks Scots, due by young Mackinnon, by bond, 22nd Sept., 1736, to Archibald Macdonald of Ostavaig, assigned to Sir Alexander Macdonald £1000 Scots, due by young Mackinnon, by bond dated 17th July 1733, to Roderick Macleod of Ulinish, assigned to Sir Alexander; 1000 merks, by bond, by young Mackinnon, dated 7th December, 1736, to Mr. Alexander Nicolson, minister of the Gospel, assigned to Sir Alexander; 1000 merks, by bond, by young Mackinnon and Neill Mackinnon, son to Corrychatachan, to the said Mr. Alexander Nicolson, dated 12th August, 1729, assigned to Sir Alexander; 5000 merks, in heritable bond, by young Mackinnon, to the said Mr. Alexander Nicolson, dated 25th Sept., 1733; £4415, due by young Mackinnon to John Macleod, by bill dated 1st October, 1741, endorsed to Sir Alexander; also tack of the five-penny land of Kinlochindale, part of the Barony of Mackinnon, by the said Mackinnon, younger, to the said Alexander Nicolson for 38 years, from Whitsunday, 1734, assigned to Sir Alexander.

It is curious that Sir Alexander was so pleased with his tack of Kinlochindale that he lived there, as is shown by the circumstance of his being at that place when young Barisdale made his submission in the month of June, 1746, as narrated in his defence. All these accumulations of debts were too much for the ancient Mackinnons, who had to dispose the bulk of their estate to Sir Jas. Macdonald, Sir Alexander's eldest son and successor. Charles Mackinnon of Mackinnon, who sold the remainder of the estate to the Macallisters, fell into such poverty that he committed suicide from sheer want about the end of last century.

It may be noted that, with regard to these debts, Sir Alexander Macdonald intended putting them into the hands of his Edinburgh agent, John Mackenzie of Delvin, to be operated upon,

but as it happened and is recorded they "were in the year 1745 lodged by the said Sir Alexander Macdonald in the hands of Mr. Macdonell of Glengarry, who had been casually in the Isle of Skye, and was then intending a journey to Edinburgh, to be delivered to the said John Mackenzie, but the rebellion and confusions coming on stopt Glengarry's journey, who, being soon thereafter made prisoner himself, these writts were only lately recovered out of his possession." (April, 1752.)

Next, as to the Macleods of Raasay—Sir Alexander Macdonald had acquired the following debts:—£350 12s. Scots, due by young Raasay; By Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, by bill dated 21st Sept., 1742, £40 stg.; By another bill of same date, £8 6s. 8d. stg.; By another, dated 11th January, 1744, £1 6s. 1½d. stg.; By bill, dated 13th April, 1745, 18s. stg.; By bill, dated 24th June, £2 15s., to Roderick Macdonald, and endorsed to Sir Alexander.

The Raasay Skye estate fell to the Macdonalds, but they over-reached themselves. Debts sprang up and accumulated, an Irish Peerage had to be transacted for, and elections cost untold sums, so that North Uist and Trotternish had to be disposed of. As in the case of the Macleods, their forfeiture through adherence to the Stuarts might have been their salvation

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Chan fhaiceadh duine air muin eich agus e teicheadh le bheatha e.
A man on horseback fleeing for his life would not observe it.

Cha robh naigheachd mhor riamh gun chall do chuideigin.
Great news never was without loss to some one.

Cha toir bean-an-tighe nuas an rud nach bi shuas.
The house-wife cannot bring down what is not up. *Ex* nihil nihil.

Chuir e an car-geal dheth.
He turned up his white side; in other words, he died. A fish after being played out turns up his white side.

NOTES ON SUPERSTITIONS AS TO BURYING SUICIDES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[By Alex. Ross, F.G.S., F.S.A. Scot.]

Some time ago my attention was called to the grave of a suicide in the district of Torridon, and, after some manœuvring, I managed to visit it.

The story, as told to me, was that a woman, who had committed suicide many years ago, was buried in a lonely dell, and that the grave was still visited by people suffering from epilepsy.

They are in the habit of visiting it and drinking out of the skull, which had been converted into a drinking cup for the purpose. I desired much to visit the spot to judge for myself, and, after some hesitation, a workman, who had been let into the secret, offered to guide me to the spot, for, he said, "the people disliked strangers visiting it, and were extremely shy of referring to the custom, though many of the people from Lochcarron and the surrounding district often come from long distances to be cured." Starting off the high road at the head of the Loch, we wandered round the shoulder of the hill a few hundred yards and came to a sequestered dell, and in a hollow, out of sight of the sea, we found the spot. The belief is that the body must be buried in a spot out of the sight of the water. Otherwise, if in sight of the sea, the fish would desert the loch and never re-enter it.

My guide, though generally acquainted with the district, had only once before visited the grave, and had some difficulty, and almost failed, in leading me to the exact spot. Judging from the nature of the case, and from a habit of hunting for such things, I was able, after a short survey of the lay of the ground, to form my conclusions, and, after a short hunt, came on what seemed to me a likely spot. And my idea was confirmed by observing some broken bottles near by, and in which the water used had been carried up to the grave, for there was no well nor water close to it. The grave was covered by a broken slab. It had originally been some four or five feet long and six inches thick, but had been broken across; on turning over the smaller fragment at the west end, I found the portion of the roof of a human skull

about 5 or 6 inches in diameter and just sufficient to form a saucer-like vessel. It was in a small cavity under the stone, and, judging by the surroundings, must have been recently used. On further enquiry, I found that, all along the West Coast, suicide is regarded with special horror, and even the friends of an unfortunate, who "Thainig-è-ris fhein"—"That came to himself," are regarded with more than ordinary awe and avoided.

I noticed an article in the *Scotsman* the other day which gives a very good account of a case which occurred at Lochbroom, and it is a very good illustration of the superstition. I give it in full:—

"EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITION.—An occurrence took place in Ullapool on Saturday which illustrates the strong hold that old superstitions still retain among the people of the Highlands. A woman of weak intellect named Ann Macrae, about 70 years of age, who resided with a sister and nephew at Moss Cottages, scarcely half a mile from the village, committed suicide by drowning herself in the Ullapool river. On Friday evening she went to bed about seven o'clock, and in two hours afterwards she was missed. Nothing more was seen of her till next morning, when her body was observed in a pool in the river not far from her house. No one, however, seemed to care to have the body recovered until the police got notice of the affair, and two constables were dispatched to the place. Notwithstanding the difficulty experienced in bringing the body ashore, owing to the depth at which it lay and the rocky surroundings of the place, not a soul in the crowd which began to gather would render the slightest assistance, though repeatedly asked to do so. The police, however, ultimately managed to recover the body, and as the deceased was a pauper, the inspector of poor and the medical officer of the parish were sent for. After the latter had examined the body and certified that there were no external marks of violence, it was removed to an outhouse, the use of which was granted by Mr. K. Mackenzie of Moorfields, as neither friend nor neighbour of the deceased would give the corpse admission upon any account. A coffin was at once got, and a horse and cart procured to convey the body to the village burying-ground. By this time a crowd of about sixty men had collected. They deforced the authorities, and peremptorily refused to allow the remains of a suicide to be taken to any burying-ground which was within sight of the sea or of cultivated land, as such a step would prove disastrous both to fishing and to agriculture, or, in the words of the almost universal

belief of the crofting-fishing community of the North-West, it would cause *famine (or dearth) on sea and land.* Some of those in the crowd found great fault with the police for taking the body out on the wrong side of the river! The police, of course, were powerless against such numbers, and the result was that the horse was unyoked and the cart on which the remains lay was wheeled about and conveyed for several miles over the hills, where, beyond sight of sea and cultivated land, the body was unceremoniously deposited in mother earth. The police, who followed at a respectable distance, noted that the remains were buried about three miles from Ullapool, on the way to Rhidorroch Forest. The Fiscal at Dingwall has been communicated with, and it is expected that investigations will be made into the affair. This belief regarding suicides is deeply rooted, and the custom has generally been to inter them in out-of-the-way places among the lonely solitudes of the mountains, and such burials are not by any means uncommon. A few years ago the body of a man who had committed suicide was washed ashore on Little Loch Broom. A rough deal box was hastily made, into which the corpse was put, after which all the tools used were sunk in the sea. The box with its ghastly cargo was then towed by ropes across the Loch, thence dragged up the hillsides to a lonely nook behind that range of mountains which stretches to the west of Dundonnell, where the box, ropes and all, was hastily buried. According to the popular belief, had the body been left in the loch or on shore within sight of it, not a single herring would have ventured near it."

A similar case occurred at Loch Inver. The man was a shepherd, and committed suicide four or five years ago. A coffin was required to be made. For some time nobody would undertake the job, but at last a carpenter was found. He made a rough deal box, and all the spare tools and the remainder of the nails used in making the coffin were deposited in it and buried. The hammer and those articles remaining after were thrown into the sea.

"Nether-Lochaber," with his wonted kindness, has sent me a contribution from his locality. He says:—"There is close by the shore at North Ballachulish a level spot, green and grassy, round which black thorn bushes grow in something like parallelgram form as if they had been planted, and this spot has long been held in superstitious horror by the people, it being alleged that blue flame lights are seen about it, and weird, wild sobs and

early morning." "Nether-Lochaber" suspected that this may have been the site of a chapel in old Catholic times. After much inquiry, however, he found, through the late Bishop Murdoch, that there never was a chapel here, but that the spot had been set aside in Catholic times as a place of burial for unbaptised infants and *suicides*. Dr. Stewart could find no trace of such a tradition amongst the people. They simply viewed it as a ghost-haunted and uncanny spot. Why they could not tell. It was only by applying to Bishop Murdoch that the fact of its having been a place of burial for unbaptised infants and suicides was discovered. He gives another instance of the horror of anything connected with suicides, which occurred in Lochaber also. "The bed, to the posts of which a woman hanged herself, was broken to pieces and thrown into the sea at the beginning of ebb."

In Kintail similar cases have occurred, and in one case the late Mr. Morrison, the minister of Kintail, insisted on giving the suicide's body Christian burial amongst his friends. It was long resisted, a dire loss to the district from the frightening away of the herring likely to result, if the body was buried within sight of the sea. The minister prevailed, and the next three years were the best fishing years that had been for a long time.

Regarding the cure of epilepsy, a curious practice is still continued on the West Coast; it is of making the epileptic drink of the water in which a corpse has been washed, and the idea is some way allied to that of drinking out of the skull. One naturally wonders what can have been the origin of these superstitious practices which have lingered so long in the Highlands. That they are of very ancient date there can be no doubt, for the horror of the suicide was widespread, and it is often referred to by ancient writers, as also is the idea that spectres and ghosts came out of their graves and haunted the places wherein the remains lay buried, and even the belief was that some had the power to call the ghosts out of their sepulchres. The disposal of the bodies of murderers, suicides, and unbaptised children or excommunicated persons seems to have long exercised the minds of Churchmen. And we have the practice of burying at cross roads or the back of churches, and out-of-the-way places.

It is said that St. Cuthbert, in the sixth century, first obtained

leave to have church-yards made round the churches "proper for the reception of the dead." Previous to this the practice was to bury in the fields and outside of the towns; and it may be that this association of church-yards with churches may have given at any rate strength to the strong feeling of aversion towards suicides, for as the nearer the alter, from a Christian point of view, the more honourable and sacred; the chancel and choir less so, the nave still less, and the church-yard was for the common people. This would naturally lead to the putting away of the out-casts out of sight, and in the least desirable parts, and the singular superstition regarding the part of the church-yard which lies north of the church, and the dislike to it, a writer suggests that it may "have partly arisen from the custom of praying for the dead. For, as the usual approach to this, and in most country churches, is from the south, it was natural for burials to be on that side, that those who were going to divine service might in their way be put in mind to offer up a prayer for the welfare of their souls. The natural result would be the putting away out of sight unholy things, such as suicides and the remains of unchristened bairns." It was also customary in some parts to bury suicides north and south instead of east and west, as all good Christians are. Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, was so correct in his notion that he had his grave made east and west by compass, and consequently awry to all else in the church-yard. And in Hamlet we have the grave-diggers discussing the subject:—

"1st Digger—'Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?'

"2nd Digger—'I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight; the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.'

"2nd Digger—'But is this law?'

"1st Digger—'Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.'

"2nd Digger—'Will you na' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentle woman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.'"

The Priest in the 5th Act says:—

"Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise; her death was doubtful,
And but the great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayer,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants."

Other parts of Scotland felt strongly on the subject of suicides as well as the Highlands, for in the *Diary of Birrel* the following account is given of the treatment of a suicide in Edinburgh in 1598, viz., "that her drowned body was harled through the town backwards, and thereafter hanged on the gallows."

I had not intended to say so much on this subject, but merely to refer to the case immediately under notice, but, as no doubt many of you have come across cases in your own observation, I have referred in a general way to the subject, and suggested a few instances.

What may be the origin of the superstition as to the driving away of the herrings I cannot tell, but it seems inconsistent with the carrying out of the furniture and tools and throwing them into the sea and the experience of the people of Kintail.

The study of the causes and localisation of suicide is curious and interesting. The subject has been gone into with great care, and it is found that suicide prevails more in flat countries than in mountainous ones. Thus in Switzerland and Scotland the averages are low, and Ireland lowest of all, while the flat plains of England and the plains of Central Europe rise highest. Brain culture has a marked influence, and where education and keen competition comes in the averages rise. The former countries average 25 to 50 per million, whilst the latter runs up from 100 to 250 per million, and it may be the infrequency of the crime which renders it so startling and abhorrent to the Highlander.

I heard a curious story of a case at Bonar Bridge, in Sutherlandshire, where no one would undertake to make a coffin for the deceased. After a long discussion, all the villagers were called upon each to drive a nail. The coffin being made and all things prepared, no place could be found to bury the body. At last an old veteran offered a corner of his garden, and there under an old apple tree the body was interred, and the old soldier used to boast that after this he never missed an apple from his tree.

THE RELIGION OF THE GAULS.

[By M. H. Gaidoz.*]

The religion of the Gauls is at once little known and ill known. It is little known because the documents which concern it are far from having been gathered together and classified; it is ill known because on *a priori* grounds and without proof it was for a long time considered a philosophic system. This system, and, as a consequence, the religion of the Gauls, was called by the name of *Druidism*, a word formed during this century from the name which the Gauls gave to their priests; this word consequently corresponds to no historic reality. This erroneous representation of the Gaulish religion finds explanation in the theories which at the beginning of the century guided the study of ancient religions. Under the influence of Creuzer's system, these religions were regarded as vast symbolic constructions, inspiring grand moral ideas and conveying them in brilliant and poetic myths to the ignorant crowd. The authority of some ancient writers, perhaps badly informed, the prestige which attaches to an obscure antiquity, and a patriotic enthusiasm for our national origin, all these contributed to raise the Druids and their religion beyond reality and history.

Though comparative mythology is not yet a science, and though systems succeed each other without a true theory being yet founded, nevertheless we know enough of it to form a more correct and at the same time more simple idea of ancient religions, and there is at the present time no authority for making the religion of the Gauls a primitive philosophy, still less a second revealed religion. We now know that these ancient religions are the unconscious personification of the great forces of nature, the beliefs, the desires, and the hopes of ignorant and feeble man. It is also known that besides the great myths, and besides the famous gods who ruled so to speak over the great provinces of nature, man respected and feared the living and feeling spirits throughout all nature which surrounded him, woods, meadows,

[* Translated from the French by A. M., from a pamphlet issue of an article in the *Encyclopédie des Sciences Religieuses* (date, 1879), and revised and corrected to the present time by the author.]

mountains, rivers, and fountains, and that each day of his life led to practices of devotion or incantation by which he sought to render the invisible world of spirits small or great favourable to him. This is what is now called the *lower mythology*, an element of which scientists have hitherto taken too little notice in the study of ancient religions. In the study of the religious system of the Gauls, it is necessary to distinguish two things, (1) the religion, and (2), the political and social rôle which the priestly class played in the affairs of Gaul.

I.

RELIGION.

It is too soon as yet to trace in a complete fashion the *tableau* of the Gaulish religion. The elements of the study are very varied, and the materials indispensable to these researches have not yet been brought together. The sources are in short of various kinds: there are first the testimonies of ancient writers, but these testimonies are rare, and they are the productions of men who, with the exception of Cæsar, had only a superficial knowledge of Gaul, and who often spoke of it from hearsay. There are in the second place the votive inscriptions and figured monuments.* It seldom happens that these are quite Gaulish monuments; they are works dating from the Gallo-Roman epoch, that is to say, from a time when the Gaulish mythology was already mixed with that of the conquerors. But the names of the gods of the two countries are often joined to each other, the name of the Gaulish god becoming the epithet of the corresponding Roman god; and the Gallo-Roman art, on the faces of its votive altars, often represented subjects and symbols which are not those of the Roman religion. There are then these authentic and direct testimonies, but the documents of this class, the most important perhaps, are not yet classified and described; the monuments are dispersed throughout the museums of France, and if, in default of a Corpus of the inscriptions of Gaul, the votive inscriptions have in great part been published here and there, it is not the case yet with the figured monuments. A third class of sources, lastly, are the popular traditions of France compared to those of the countries re-

* [These "figured monuments" comprise statues, sculptures, and pictorial representations. Trans.]

maining Celtic (Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Brittany). These traditions have been as yet but imperfectly collected, merely because regard has not been had to the importance of the lower mythology. A scientific study of the Gaulish mythology ought to take account of these various elements; it ought to take account at the same time of the etymology of the god names, when this etymology is at once conformable to the laws of philology and in accord with the other data of the subject.

The general character of the Gaulish religion is concisely given by Cæsar, and Cæsar is the best authority of the ancient world for all that concerns Gaul—we should even say the only authority, had we not Strabo after him. Of course, Cæsar was not capable of understanding the nature and essence of the myths and of explaining their origin, as a student of mythology would do in our day. But his judgment is that of a man who lived a long time in Gaul and with the Gauls, who was a good observer, and who, in religious matters, although Pontiff at Rome, had one of the most free-thinking minds of his time. "The Gaulish race is all much given to practices of devotion; and on that account those who are struck with diseases of a rather serious character and those who are involved in the dangers of war, either sacrifice men by way of victims, or vow so to sacrifice, and they employ the Druids to assist them in these sacrifices. They think, in fact, that unless a man's life is rendered up for a man's life, the will of the immortal gods cannot be satisfied, and they have sacrifices of this kind as national institutions. There are some who have images of immense size; their limbs are made of wicker-work, and these they fill with living men; they are set on fire, and the men perish amid the flames. The execution of those who are caught in theft, or in pillage, or in some crime or other, they consider to be more acceptable to the immortal gods; but when the supply of such fails they have recourse even to the execution of the innocent. The god they most worship is Mercury. Of him there are very many statues; they consider him the inventor of arts, the patron of roads and journeys, and they think that he possesses the greatest influence in the pursuits of wealth and in commerce. After him they worship Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva. About these gods they have on the whole the same belief as other

nations—that Apollo drives off diseases, that Minerva teaches the elements of trades and arts, that Jupiter holds the sway of the heavens, and that Mars presides over wars. When they resolve on engaging in fight they, as a rule, vow to him what they shall capture in war; when they are victorious they sacrifice the captured animals, and the rest of the booty they bring into one place. In a great number of *cities* there can be seen mounds of these things piled up in consecrated places; and it has not often happened that any one, to the neglect of religious duty, dared to appropriate the booty or to steal the offerings, and for this offence the severest punishment with torture is by law established. The Gauls declare themselves sprung from *Dis Pater* (Pluto), and they say that this is a doctrine taught by the Druids. For this reason, they measure every space of time by the number of nights and not by the number of days. Birthday anniversaries and the beginnings of months and years they count in such a way that the day follows the night. . . . The funerals of the Gauls are magnificent and expensive, considering their social condition; everything which they think was dear to them in life they put into the fire, even animals, and a little before our day the slaves and dependents who were known to have been loved by them were burnt along with them in the regular performance of the funeral rites."

An incontrovertible fact stands forth in this picture, and that is that the Gaulish religion was a polytheism analogous to that of the Romans and the Greeks, and that it was surrounded by a great number of *religiones* or practices of devotion. Unfortunately for us, Cæsar, in writing for the Roman people, deemed it useless to tell them the barbarian names of the Gaulish gods, and he designated them by the names of the corresponding Roman gods. We are the less able to reproach him from the fact that we ourselves, for example, often call the Greek gods by Roman names, and speak of Juno for Here and Jupiter for Zeus. He could speak in so short a notice only of the principal gods of the Gauls. The identification is difficult, and is probable only for some of the gods named by the Latin writer.

Cæsar has defined for us the genius of the Gaulish religion; the Gallo-Roman inscriptions make us acquainted with the gods, at least by their names. These divinities may be divided into two

classes. I., The great gods, or gods common to the whole of Gaul, or at least to one region. II., The topical gods, that is to say, the gods peculiar to one locality or the places themselves (towns, rivers, mountains, and fountains) personified and deified. This division itself is not absolute; a great god can become a topical or local god by the celebrity of one of his sanctuaries.

The Roman Mercury gave his name to his Gaulish fellow-god so quickly that the name of the latter has disappeared. What we can prove is the importance and universality of his worship. The votive inscriptions to MERCURY * and the statuettes of this god, often precious (one in massive silver was found in the garden of Luxemburg), are very numerous. It seems that these sanctuaries were more particularly reared in high places; that is to say, he had temples on the summit of Puy de Dôme, on the summit of the Donon, on Mount Sene, and probably at Montmartre. It has been observed that a great number of place-names have preserved for us the remembrance of the worship of Mercury: Montmercure, Mercœur, Mercoiray, Mercoire, Mercoiset, Mercuer, Mercurette, Mercurey, Mercurie, Mercurot, and Mercury. The celebrity of the Mercury of Puy de Dôme, MERCVRIVS DVMIAS, or ARVERNVS, extended over all Gaul. Mercury does not always figure alone; he is often accompanied by another divinity. There is a feminine divinity, who appears only with him as his associate; this is ROSMERTA. Sometimes the name of Mercury is accompanied by native epithets more or less obscure.

APOLLO is met with having attached to his name several Gaulish epithets, for instance, BORVO, MAPONVS, COBLEDVLITAVVS, GRANNVS, LIVIVS, etc., of which some, like BORVO and GRANNVS, are met with also alone, as the full name of the divinity. The votive inscriptions to these gods are found especially at the thermal stations† then made use of by the Gallo-Romans. BORVO has left his name at three of these stations —Bourbon-l'Archambault, Bourbon-Lancy, and Bourbonne-les-Bains—and the first of these localities gave its name to the great French dynasty. GRANNVS was the patron of the waters of

* We write in CAPITALS the names which are met with on the Gallo-Roman inscriptions.

† [The Gallo-Roman Spas. Tr.]

Aix-la-Chapelle, as the ancient name *Aquae Granni* fully testifies. BORVO has often for associate the goddes DAMONA, and APOLLO the goddess SIRONA, who also appears alone in certain inscriptions. They are likewise goddesses of health.

MARS appears with epithets like SEGOMO, CAMVLVS, TOVTATES, CATVRIX, ALBIORIX, COCOSVS, etc. SEGOMO and CAMVLVS are also met with alone as separate gods. NEMETONA appears as companion to MARS. NEMETONA is met with in Ireland under the form of NEMON, the Irish Goddess of War, and CAMVLVS under the form of CUMHAL, father of Finn in the Ossianic tales. Mars also bears at times some local epithets which indicate a local worship of some celebrity, MARTI RANDOSATI at Randan (Puy de Dôme), MARTI VINTIO at Vence (county of Nice), SEGOMONI CVNCTINIO at Contes (county of Nice), etc., or else he is associated with the genius of a town, MARTI ET VASIONI at Vaison.

BELISAMA was probably the name of the Gaulish Minerva, if we believe a solitary inscription of it, MINERVÆ BELISAMÆ, and *Taranis* that of the Gaulish Jupiter. But it is necessary to note that the name of *Taranis*, given by ancient writers, is not found among the inscriptions, where we have IOVI TARANVCO, and elsewhere, DEO TARANVCNO, and in a third place I(ovi) O(ptimo) M(aximo) TANARO.* These different names seem to contain as radical the Celtic name of thunder. It is without doubt this god that we must see in certain statuettes representing a person holding a hammer; because the hammer is in mythology the well-known symbol of the thunder-bolt. This figure has been identified by M. A. de Barthélemy with the Dis Pater of Cæsar, but the symbolic meaning of the hammer seems to us to indicate in preference a god of the ether. Probably these two mythologic personages are often confounded.

The introduction of Roman divinities into Gaul has in fact brought the greatest confusion into the Gaulish Pantheon. Not only have the Roman names been given to the Gaulish divinities but divinities truly Roman have taken their place beside the

* Since the above was written in 1879, it has recently (1886) been found in an inscription of the South of France under the form TARANOOV, (in the dative case and in Greek characters.)

native gods. The most striking example of it is furnished us by the altars erected in the reign of Tiberius by the bargemen of Paris, and discovered in 1711 in the excavations made under the choir of Notre-Dame. Above the much-defaced bas-reliefs are seen VOLCANVS, IOVIS, ESVS, TARVOS TRIGARANVS, CASTOR, and CERNVNNOS, that is to say, a mixture of native gods and stranger gods. The translation of TARVOS TRIGARANVS is rendered easy by the bas-relief which is under and which represents a bull on whose back are perched three birds; it is "the bull with the three cranes;" but this name does not carry with it the explanation of the myth it expresses. From this time forward there are met with in Gaul all the gods of Rome—HERCVLES, NEPTVNVS, DIANA, VVLCAN, the LARES GODS, and a little later the oriental gods, MITHRA, SERAPIS, ISIS, CYBELE, the SUN and the MOON.

Our undertaking not being to restore the Gaulish Pantheon but to give a general idea of the religion of the Gauls, we shall confine ourselves to naming some of the other divinities which are met with in the inscriptions after those which we have just quoted. The goddess EPONA (whose name is formed from the Gaulish word *epos* "horse") is figured on a great number of monuments and generally in the form of a woman seated on a mare of mettlesome action. One of these statuettes is found in the Cabinet des Medailles of Paris, and the pedestal is provided with an opening forming a box intended to receive the offerings of the faithful. The Gauls were great horse rearers; and Epona presided over this occupation, and doubtless over horsemanship in general. [C]ATHVBODVA, known only by an inscription of Savoy, was a goddess of war, as M. Pictet has shown, and corresponds to the Irish goddess Badhbh, which has a like sense. The mother-goddesses (*matres* or *matræ* or *matronæ* with epithets generally local), for instance MATREBO NAMAVSICABO, "to the mothers of Nimes," and MATRIBVS TREVERIS, "to the mothers of Trèves," seem to have been the "good Ladies" or the "white Ladies" of the place, and are probably the prototype of our fairies. They are generally represented seated holding one or more infants on their knees. Several of them have the same attitude as later on the Virgin holding the child Jesus, and the wonderful statues of

the Virgin Mary found in the earth at different periods (such is in more than one case the origin of what is called the "Black Virgins") were doubtless statues of Gaulish or Gallo-Roman mother-goddesses.

The forests were adored. The Black Forest was the DEA ABNOBA; the Ardenne the DEA ARDVINNA; the inscriptions SEX ARBORIBVS and FATIS DERVONIBVS "to the genii of the oaks" again testify to this. The dedication VOSEGO is addressed to the Vosges, mountain or forest, we do not know which. The CAMPESTRES were, as their name indicates, gods of the fields, for although the name is Latin, they are nevertheless Gaulish divinities. Perhaps it is another name for mother-goddesses. Rivers were also objects of worship, as is testified by the inscriptions, DEÆ SEQVANÆ (the Seine), DEÆ ICAUNI (the Yonne). The worship of fountains, which was very powerful since it has been kept up even to our time, has left few inscriptions because it was more humble; it seems, however, that some divinities as the DEA CLUTONDA and the DEA ACIONNA were sacred springs. The lakes were also sacred, for in the time of Gregory of Tours offerings were still brought to them, but no inscription refers to this worship. The towns further were divinities, that is, their patron deities bore their name in the worship; we have quoted the dedication VASIONI (to Vaison); also there are these, NEMAVSO (to Nîmes), LUXOVIO (to Luxeuil), DEÆ BIBRACTI (to Bibracte), etc. The local divinities themselves, that is, the divinities of whom one particular sanctuary acquired a special reputation, as the "Mercury of Puy de Dôme," MERCVRIVS DVMIAS or ARVERNVS, and others mentioned above, could form a separate class, for the celebrity of their sanctuaries made new gods of them. We have left out some divinities known by the inscriptions of the Rhine Valley, which, like NEHALENNIA, were probably German. The worship of the mother-goddesses, to which certain epithets point, seems to have been common to the Germans who inhabited with the Gauls the Valley of the Rhine.

We have spoken only of the principal divinities named in the inscriptions; the figured monuments acquaint us with other gods, but often without naming them, which renders identification

difficult. This is how we find in various places figures of a three-headed god, elsewhere the image of a god seated, the legs crossed in oriental fashion. Science is not yet sufficiently advanced to say anything of these gods. There are, on the other hand, divinities mentioned by classical writers which appear rarely in inscriptions, or which are absent altogether from them. Thus Lucan mentions *Taranis*, *Esus*, and *Teutates*, as the three great divinities of the Gauls; now, Taranis is met with in a slightly different form and in only three inscriptions,* ESVS in one only, and TOVTATES appears only as an epithet of Mars (and in Great Britain also). Lucian describes the Gaulish Hercules as god of eloquence, and calls him *Ogmios;* this name is not known elsewhere in Gaul, but is met with in Irish traditions; the ancient Irish gave to their writing the name of Ogam, and said it was invented by *Ogma.*—The *Dusii*, described as existent in Gaul by Saint Augustine (*De Civ. Dei.* xv., 23), were a kind of elves or gnomes.

* Now *four* inscription.

(To be continued.)

AN TIGH A THOG TORCUL.

So an coileach a ghoir anns a' mhadainn gu cruaidh,
'Dhuisg an sagairt lom, maol,—araon ceann agus gruaidh,
A rinn posadh an duine bha luideagach, truagh,
'Phog a' bhanarach og a bu ghlas-neulach snuadh,
A bhleoghainn gu deas am mart croganach, ruadh,

A thug purradh do 'n chu,
A rinn ablach d' an chat,
A mharbh an radan,
A ghoid a' bhraich,
A bha taisgte 's an tigh a thog Torcul

—*Eadar le* I. B.O.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

(Continued.)

The Macleods of Lewis.

In the *Celtic Magazine* for April we completed the history of the main branch of the Macleods of Skye to date. It was intended before dealing with the other leading family of the name—the Macleods of Lewis—to give the history and genealogies of the principal branches of the house of Dunvegan, such as the Macleods of Talisker, Bernera, Gesto, Drynoch, and others, as well as an account and description of the famous Fairy Flag and Rory Mor's capacious drinking horn, both of which are carefully preserved in Dunvegan Castle. This plan has, however, been departed from for various reasons, the chief of which is that the author expects to obtain more valuable and extensive information concerning these important branches and ancient family relics than he now possesses. And he would take this opportunity of appealing to all the members of the clan, whatever branch of it they may belong to, to aid him by supplying such information, or directing him to the sources of such as will enable him to make the History of the Macleods—like his previous works on the Mackenzies, Macdonalds, and Camerons—worthy of that ancient Highland family.

The origin of the clan and the respective claims of the two leading families of Harris and the Lewis to seniority of descent and the chiefship were pretty fully discussed at the commencement of the work, in the November number of this magazine for 1885, and it is therefore unnecessary to reproduce the same facts and arguments here. It is admitted by both the leading families that

Olave the Black, son of Godfred the Black, King of Man, who died about 1187, received the Island of Lewis for his heritage at the age of ten years, and that he afterwards succeeded, by the aid of Paul, Sheriff of Skye, about 1226, in repossessing himself of the then Sovereign Kingdom of Man and the Isles. He died about 1237, leaving, by his first wife, a daughter of one of the leading families of Kintyre, three sons—Harold, Reginald, and

Magnus, all of whom ruled in succession as Kings of Man and the Isles. Magnus died at the Castle of Ross in 1265, without issue, and the Island Kingdom came to an end in the following year, Man and the Isles having been surrendered by the King of Norway to Alexander the Third of Scotland, in terms of a treaty dated 1266.

Olave the Black had no issue by his second marriage, but by his third wife, Christina, daughter of Farquhar, Earl of Ross, he had three sons, the eldest of whom—

I. LEOD, LEODUS, or LLOYD became the progenitor of the Macleods of Harris and Lewis. A minor when his father died, he was brought up and fostered in the family of Paul, Son of Boke, Sheriff of Skye, who had been a supporter of his father, Olave the Black, and one of the most powerful men of his time in the Western Isles. Leod, already possessed of what we now know as the Island of Lewis, was presented by his foster-father, the Sheriff of Skye, with the lands of Harris, while his grandfather, the Earl of Ross, made over to him a part of the Barony of Glenelg, both of which afterwards became the heritage of his son Norman, progenitor of the Macleods of Dunvegan. Leod, who flourished in the reign of Alexander III. [1249-1285], acquired other vast possessions by his marriage to the only daughter and heiress of Macraild Armuinn, a Danish knight, who owned, and left to Leod's wife and to himself, the lands of Dunvegan, Minginish, Bracadale, Duirinish, Lyndale, and part of Troternish, in the Isle of Skye. By his marriage with the heiress of Dunvegan Leod had issue—TORMOD, progenitor of the Macleods of Harris, Glenelg, and Dunvegan, already dealt with at length in these articles, and TORQUIL, from whom descended the Macleods of Lewis, Waternish, Assynt, Coigeach, Gairloch, and Raasay. There would appear to be no doubt that the name Island of Lewis is simply the modern form of the "Island of Leodus"—in Gaelic, "Eilean Leodhais"—which originally included Harris, corroborating the unbroken tradition that this larger Lewis was the original heritage of Leod or Leodus, the common progenitor of both the leading families of the clan. And this is one of the main arguments used by the Macleods of Lewis and their branches in support of their claim to be the oldest

family and representing the ancient chiefs of their house. We have already given the reasons which have induced us to come to a different conclusion, but we shall here state the arguments used by the Macleods of Lewis and their descendants in support of their claim to the chiefship of the whole clan. They maintain, first, that their progenitor, Torquil, succeeded his father, Leod, in the Island of Lewis, which was the original and paternal estate of the family; secondly, that the descendants of Torquil always carried in their armorial bearings the arms of the Kings of Man and the Isles, their paternal ancestors; and, thirdly, that it has been the unvaried tradition in the family that Torquil was the eldest brother, and this is confirmed, they say, by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, and by Buchanan's History of the Origin of the Clans, published in 1723. He did not, however, succeed to the whole of the Lewis of that date, which included Harris, and which was, as we have seen, presented to him afterwards by the Sheriff of Skye, who then owned it.

The island of Lewis, which with Harris formed the "Llodthus" of the Sagas, and the residence of whose lords was the Castle of Stornoway, appears on record in 1263, in which year Haco, King of Norway, came thither and met Earl Birger, and afterwards touched at it on his expedition in that year against Scotland. In 1292 the lands of "Lodoux" (Lewis) were included in the Sheriffdom of Skye, erected by King John Balliol. In 1335 Edward Balliol granted in heritage to John, first Lord of the Isles, for his allegiance, the isle of "Lewethy" (Lewis), and other lands, and in 1336 Edward III. of England confirmed the grant. In 1344 King David II. of Scotland granted the same lands to the same John, and they remained in his hands in 1367. In 1382 or 1383 King Robert II. granted to his own son, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan, and Lady Euphemia, Countess of Ross, the baronies and Lordship of Skye and of the Lewis, which Lady Euphemia had previously resigned. Lewis and the other isles were forfeited by John, fourth Lord of the Isles, in 1475, to whom they were restored in 1476, confirmed to him by James III. in 1478, and in 1493 they were again forfeited by the same Lord of the Isles.* From these facts it appears conclusive that

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, p. 382.

the Lewis must have been held for several generations from the Lords of the Isles, who were the immediate Superiors under the Crown. According to Skene, the first charter on record from the Crown in favour of the Macleods of Lewis is one by David II. to Torquil Macleod, of the barony of Assynt, and in that charter he is not designated "of the Lewis" or of anywhere else. A charter by Donald of the Isles, grandson of Somerled, Thane of Argyle, and in which he styles himself King of the Isles, to Lord John Bisset, dated at his Castle of Dingwall, on the 19th of January, 1245, is, however, witnessed by his "beloved cousines and councillors," Macleod of Lewis and Macleod of Harris.

It will be observed that Harris was a portion of the "Llodthus," or Lewis, of those days, which appears to have been divided between the two sons of Leod, Norman and Torquil, thus very much weakening the argument on which the descendants of the latter base their claim to the chiefship—upon his having succeeded to what is known in modern times as the Lewis, but which only formed a portion of it in those days.

Leod was succeeded in the Lewis by his second son—

II. TORQUIL MAC LEOD, second of Lewis, of whose history nothing is known. From him the Macleods of Lewis derive their Gaelic patronymic of *Siol Thorcuil*, or Torquil's descendants. Born in the reign of Alexander the Third, he died in that of King Robert the Bruce.—[1306-1329]. He married Dorothea, daughter of his Superior in the lands of Lewis, William, Earl of Ross, with issue—

1. Norman, his heir, and successor,
2. Finguala, who married Kenneth Mackenzie, III. of Kintail, with issue, Murdoch, who carried on the succession and died in 1375.

Torquil was succeeded by his only son,

III. NORMAN MACLEOD, third of the Lewis, who did not long survive his father. He married and left one son, who succeeded him—

IV. TORQUIL MACLEOD, fourth of Lewis. Douglas says that he was granted a charter by King David II.—*Torquilo Macleod de Lewis, terrarum baronie de Assynt cum fortalicio*, etc., etc., giving as his authority the "Index to King David's Book of

Charters, in the Public Archives." Skene, however, states [*Highlanders of Scotland*, Vol. II., p. 247] that Macleod is not designated "de Lewis" in this charter, "nor has he any designation whatever" in it. From 1344, Gregory informs us "the Siol Torquil held Lewis as vassals of the house of Isla," and that in the same reign [David the Second's] Torquil Macleod, chief of the tribe, had a royal grant of the lands of Assint in Sutherland."* This extensive barony he obtained by marriage with Margaret MacNicol, heiress of the lands in question, which afterwards, early in the fifteenth century, were given in vassalage by Roderick Macleod, V. of Lewis, to his younger son, Tormod, progenitor of the later Macleods of Assynt, Geanies, and Cadboll.

Torquil died in the reign of Robert II.—[1371-1390]—when he was succeeded by his only son by his wife, Margaret MacNicol of Assynt,

V. RODERICK MACLEOD, fifth of Lewis. "In 1449 a charter of John of Yle is witnessed by Roderick Macleoid of Leoghuis."† He married Margaret, daughter of the Lord of the Isles, with issue—

1. Torquil, his heir and successor.
2. Tormod, to whom his father gave the barony of Assynt, and who became progenitor of the Macleods of that extensive district and other places on the Mainland, and of whom hereafter.
3. Margaret, who, as his second wife, married William Mackintosh VII. of Mackintosh with issue; among others, Malcolm Beg, who succeeded his nephew, Ferquhard, as X. of Mackintosh, and carried on the succession, though his uncle Ferquhard left three sons, the eldest of whom was the legal heir.‡

Roderick died at an advanced age, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

* *History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland*, p.p. 72-73.

† *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, p. 382; and Register of the Great Seal, XIII., No. 186.

‡ According to the *History of the Mackintoshes and Clanchattan* by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, 1880, Ferquhard the IXth chief "gave up a position which he had neither the ability to fill, nor the wish to retain," his three sons at the same time being cut off from the succession. It would thus appear that the subsequent *de facto* heads of the Mackintoshes are not the legitimate chiefs of their own clan, to say nothing of their claim to be the chiefs of Clanchattan. All Ferquhard's sons had issue, and they are said to have several descendants now living.

VI.—TORQUIL MACLEOD, sixth of Lewis. He is said to have made "a great figure" in the reign of James II. [1437-1460.] In 1461 a charter of the same John of Yle, whose charter was witnessed by Roderick Macleod in 1449, was "witnessed by Torquell Macleoid of Leoghos."* He married with issue, his heir and successor.

VII.—RODERICK MACLEOD, seventh of Lewis, who is on record in 1476; also in 1478, 1493, and 1494. In the latter year, Roderick Macleod of the Lewis and John Macian of Ardnamurchan made their submission to King James IV.† Gregory says, p. 73, that this Roderick was grandson of a former chief of the same name. In a Latin charter, under the Great Seal, dated 10th November, 1495, in favour of Hugh Macdonald, first of the family of Sleat, we find him designated "Roderico Macleod de Leoghys," and Gregory says that this Roderick was "the head of the Siol Torquil" in 1493. He appears to have been a most cruel monster. This is placed beyond question by the cold-blooded assassination of his own relatives in the following horrible manner:—Allan Macleod of Gairloch had married as his second wife a daughter of this Roderick, by whom he had one son. Roderick determined to murder all the male issue of Macleod of Raasay, and those of Macleod of Gairloch by Mackenzie's daughter, that his own grandson, by Allan Macleod's second marriage, might succeed. With this view he invited all the members of the two families—with whom he was connected by marriage with the widow of Mackay of Reay, a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail—to the Island of Isay, in Lochbay, Waternish, pretending that he had matters of great consequence to communicate to them. All the members of both families accepted the invitation. Roderick feasted them sumptuously, on their arrival, at a great banquet. In the middle of the festivities he informed them of his desire to have each man's advice separately, saying that he would afterwards make known to them the momentous business to be considered, and which closely concerned each of them. He then retired into a separate apartment, calling them in one by one, when each, as he entered, was stabbed with a dirk through the body

* Argyll Charters.

† Register of the Great Seal, June, 1494, VIII., 128, 123.

by a set of murderous villains whom Roderick had appointed for the purpose. Not one of the family of Raasay was left alive except a boy nine years of age, who was being fostered from home, and who had been sent privately, when the news of the massacre had gone abroad, to the Laird of Calder, who kept him in safety during his minority. Macleod of Gairloch's sons, by Hector Roy's sister, were all murdered. Roderick took his own grandson into an inner room, where the boy heard one of his brothers cry on being stabbed by the assassins, and said to his brutal grandfather, "Yon's my brother's cry." "Hold your peace," old Rory replied, "yonder cry is to make you laird of Gairloch; he is the son of one of Mackenzie's daughters." The boy, dreading that his own life might be sacrificed, held his tongue, "but afterwards he did what in him lay in revenging the cruel death of his brothers and kinsmen on the murtherers." Our informant says that this was the first step that Hector Roy Mackenzie gote to Garloch. "Allan Macleod (Hector's brother-in-law) gave him the custody of their rights, but when he (Hector) found his nephews were murdered, he took a new gift of it (Gairloch) to himself, and, going to Garloch with a number of Kintail men and others, he took a heirschip with him, but such as were alive of the Shiol 'ille Challum of Garloch, followed him and fought him at a place called Glasleoid, but they being beat, Hector carried away the heirschip. After this and several other skirmishes they were content to allow him the two-thirds of Garloch, providing he would let themselves possess the other third in peace, which he did, and they kept possession till Hector's great-grandchild put them from it." The Earl of Cromarty, and the other MS. historians of the family, corroborate this. The Earl says that Hector, "incited to revenge" by the foul murder of his nephews, made some attempt to oust the Macleods from Gairloch during John of Killin's minority, but was unwilling to engage in a war with such a powerful chief as Macleod of Lews, while he considered himself insecure in his other possessions, but after arranging matters amicably with his nephew of Kintail, and being now master of a fortune and possessions suitable to his mind and quality, he resolved to avenge the murder and to "make it productive of his own advantage." He summoned all those who were accessory to the assassination of his sister's

children before the Chief Justice. Their well-grounded fears made them absent themselves from Court. According to another authority, Hector produced the bloody shirts of the murdered boys, whereupon the murderers were declared fugitives and outlaws, and a commission granted in his favour for their pursuit, "which he did so resolitly manadge that in a short tyme he kiled many, preserved some to justice, and forced the remainder to a compositione advantagious to himselfe."

Roderick married Agnes, eldest daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, "a Bhlair," IX. of Kintail, by Agnes Fraser, daughter of Hugh, third Lord Lovat, with issue—

1. Torquil, his heir.
2. Malcolm, who, in 1511, succeeded his brother, Torquil, forfeited a few years before.

He died in 1498, when he was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

THE SUPPOSED DRUID PROVERBS.

SOME of our proverbs that purport to bear on religious customs and especially on Druidic matters require very careful handling. We had occasion ourselves to be puzzled over a proverb which seemed so authentic as "Edir da hin Veaul or Bel" (Martin), "Edir da theine Bheil" (Shaw), etc.; we found it in Toland, of course, "Ittir dha theine Bheil," and he explained it by reference to the Phenirian god Bel or Baal. Though we rejected this, yet we knew that Apollo was known in Gaul as Belinus, and might this not be a form of that god's name? It was not until we found the correct form of the proverb in honest Dr. Macqueen's words (Pennant, III., 435), "He is betwixt two Beltein fires," that we thoroughly understood it. For Cormac explains that two fires were lighted on Beltane to which they used to bring their cattle and drive them through between as preventative against disease. Another Druidic proverb is clearly a similar perversion; it is—

"Ge fagus clach do làr
'S faigse na sin cabhair *Choibhi.*" (Smith)

[Not nearer the stone to earth then Coifi's aid.]

This Coibhi, we are told, was the official name of the Gaelic arch-Druid; the authority for this statement is Bede, who makes Coifi the name of the chief priest of King Edwin of Northumbria; that is Coifi was an individual's name and that individual was an Anglian! This is the pseudo-learning of Dr. Macpherson and Dr. Smith and what it lands them in. We believe that *Choibhi* of the proverb is the old name of the Deity in his providential aspect *Comdiu* (Book of Deer, etc.), and now obsolete in common speech, but known lexically as *Coimhdhe.*

GEORGE, FOURTH EARL OF CAITHNESS OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By George M. Sutherland, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

In the month of July, 1567, the Earl and Countess of Sutherland were poisoned at Helmsdale. Sir Robert Gordon alleges that the poisoning took place at the instrumentality of the Earl of Caithness, but of this there was not the slightest evidence. Sir Robert is too keen a partisan, and as his History of the House and Clan of Sutherland was written with a most malignant and one-sided bias against the Sinclairs, many of his statements are not to be relied on in any way. The poison on the occasion in question was prepared and administered at supper at Helmsdale Castle by, as Sir Robert Gordon informs us, "Issobel Sinclar (the wyff of Gilbert Gordoun of Gartay, and the sister of William Sinclair, laird of Dunbeath), at the instigation of George Sinclair, Earle of Catteynes." It has been said that her name was Elizabeth, and not Issobel. Alexander, the son of the Earl of Sutherland, also narrowly escaped being poisoned. He had been away hunting in Kildonan, and before his return the father was aware that he himself had been poisoned, and that he had only a short time to live. He therefore sent the son, without supper, to Dunrobin Castle, and from thence to Skibo Castle. The following morning the Earl of Sutherland and his Countess were carried to Dunrobin, where they both died about five days thereafter, and were "buried in the Cathedrall Church at Dornogh."

Assuming that the Earl of Caithness had some part in the poisoning of the Earl of Sutherland, it is not easy to trace his reason for so doing. On the other hand, the motive of the wife of Gilbert Gordon is quite apparent, for if she had contrived to get the Earl and Countess of Sutherland and their son, Alexander, out of the way by poisoning, then her own eldest son would have succeeded to the Earldom of Sutherland. Her husband was the fourth son of Adam Gordon, the previous Earl. Unfortunately for her a servant gave to her own son a draught of the deadly poison unintentionally, and in the course of two days he died. Sir Robert Gordon states that it was the sudden death of Issobel

Sinclair's own son, and the manner thereof, "together with the tokens which were found and remarked upon his bodie, in the Church of Golspie, at his buriall," that led to the discovery that she had caused Earl John's death. She was taken to Edinburgh, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. She however, died on the morning fixed for her execution. It is alleged that after her sentence she blamed the Earl of Caithness for having induced her to commit the crime. But of this there was no proof in writing, or even personally, that he had by himself or through others got her to commit the deed with which she had been charged. The Earl of Caithness, as the Heritable Justiciar of the County, punished those whom he considered were engaged in the plot, while Sir Robert contends that he condemned those who were faithful to the Earl of Sutherland, and that he spared the guilty.

It appears that territorial possessions engaged the attention of the Earl, and from time to time there were transfers of property to and from members even of his own family. There are many deeds and other writings relative to family transactions during the period in which he held the Earldom in the charter chest of the present Earl of Caithness. In 1580 there is a renunciation by John Keith, Captain of Ackergill, to George, Earl of Caithness, of a wadset of Scatland in Reiss, of date 30th September, 1580. On 7th May, 1550, Lawrence, Lord Oliphant of Auldwick Castle, disponed the Mill of Gillock to the Earl of Caithness. In 1539 there is a sasine in favour of Elizabeth Sutherland, Countess of Caithness, of the lands of Canisbay, etc. In the month of March, 1545, the Countess and her son John, the Master of Caithness, who subsequently died in the dungeon at Girnigoe, got into trouble, for in that year she raised a summons against the Master of Caithness, in the Sheriff Court of Inverness, to compel him to account for certain rents which he had intromitted with belonging to her. On 10th February, 1573, Lady Barbara Sinclair, daughter of George, Earl of Caithness, granted a renunciation to her father of various lands in Sutherland and Caithness. She was life-rentrix of the lands of Brims, Lythmore, Forse, and others. This deed was signed at Keiss Castle. In August, 1567, a discharge was granted by William, Earl Marischall, and Margaret Keith, his

Countess, of their intromissions at Ackergill. The Earl of Caithness, while he did all in his power to strengthen his hold over the neighbouring County of Sutherland, also directed his attention to the Orkney Islands, for on the 17th day of July, 1560, he entered into a contract of mutual help and assistance with Magnus Halcro of Brugh, Orkney.

On the death of the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Caithness became the guardian of the young Earl of Sutherland, then only fifteen years of age. From this connection, as well as from the office of Justiciar, the Earl of Caithness acquired almost royal power in the County of Sutherland, but on account of his overbearing disposition, and his indifference to the welfare of others, he was thoroughly hated by the people of Sutherland. He forthwith took the young Earl as his ward to Girnigoe, where he treated him very kindly, and got him to marry his eldest daughter, Lady Barbara Sinclair, who was about thirty years of age at the time. There was evidently very little grief over the death of the Earl of Sutherland, and little time elapsed between the date of death and the date of marriage—the death having taken place in the month of July and the marriage in the following month of August. On this point there is in the charter chest of the Earldom a notarial instrument following on a contract of marriage between Alexander Gordon, Earl of Sutherland, and Barbara Sinclair, eldest daughter of George, Earl of Caithness. It is dated at Girnigoe Castle, on 9th August, 1567. There is also in existence the draft inventory of the goods and effects of the Earl of Sutherland, taken in 1567, when the Earl of Caithness took the guardianship of the young Earl of Sutherland.

King James the V. of Scotland, when at Rouen in 1537, issued a revocation of all lands which had been granted during his minority, and annexed them to the Crown. This applied to the Hebrides, and Tytler, in his *History of Scotland*, narrates—"To these also were added the Orkney and Shetland Islands, the seat of the rebellion of the Earl of Caithness."

In March, 1542, a Crown gift of non-entry of the Earldom of Caithness was granted in favour of George, Earl of Caithness, the grandson of William, Earl of Caithness.

The Earl of Caithness resided occasionally in Edinburgh, and

took a keen interest in political affairs, more especially in the time of Queen Mary. He was on all occasions fully alive to his own interests, and by natural parts and long experience was able to maintain his position and skilfully to wriggle out of any troubles into which the vicissitudes of the times might have led him into. In 1542 he voted for the appointment of the Earl of Arran as Governor of the Realm; and, 1554, he signed the bond to the Duke of Chatelherault warranting him against any action for his intromissions with the Queen's money, jewels, etc.

It cannot be said that the Earl troubled himself much about religion, and although the Lord James received certain instructions from the Scottish Parliament in May, 1560, anent a mission to the young Queen as to mass and other matters, a secret convention was entered into by the Roman Catholic party to send Lesley of Aberdeen to the French Court with "offers of service and expressions of devoted attachment." The Earl of Caithness was one of the secret convention, along with the Earls of Huntly, Athole, Sutherland, and others. The Earl of Caithness was also present at the meeting of the nobility which Queen Mary summoned to attend at Stirling on the 15th of May, 1565, to deliberate upon her proposed marriage with Lord Darnley. At the convention no one opposed the Queen's wish in the matter.

There is little doubt that shortly thereafter the Earl of Caithness was an assenting party to the murder of Darnley. It is considered by some that he had no hand whatever in the proceedings—that he was shrewd enough to take care of himself by keeping in the back ground. Tytler states that the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, and Caithness, and others had engaged in the conspiracy. At that period all the nobles were partisans on certain sides, and the Earl of Caithness certainly sympathised at heart with the views of those who were engaged in the plot, if not, as Tytler writes, engaged directly in the conspiracy. At any rate he would have very little conscientious scruples at being engaged in such a transaction.

(To be continued.)

MACCUIL GLENFHIODHAG.

[By Dr. Corbet.]

During the period of Rob Roy's celebrated career, and for some time thereafter, there lived in Glenfhiodhag, Argyleshire, a cateran, whose name was MacCuil. He was tenant of a scion of the Argyll family, and besides farming the whole glen, increased his wealth as a well-known and successful freebooter, making many raids throughout the length and breadth of the land. His pretensions were great; he fed sumptuously, arrogated a style and assumed an air of consequential self-importance second to none. I never heard his name in an English form, but probably it was Macdougal.

But, poor man, notwithstanding his greatness, he was a bachelor, a fault he much wished to remedy. Over and above trusting to his own keen eye in choosing a lady likely to meet his views, he made inquiries and took the advice of a number of acquaintances. At last he made up his mind to take a *Beantigh* to himself from the Lovat country. Of all the young ladies brought under his notice, a daughter of MacThomais's was the one who took his fancy the most, and of these there were three of good family, accomplished, handsome, beautiful, and young.

There is a Gaelic cognomen for the various chief families of the Fraser clan. The chief is MacShimie, another family is that of MacHuistean, another MacRobbie, and so on. The MacThomais's were the old Frasers of Belladrum, now extinct. They were descended from a second son of Culbokie (MacHuistean), who was a second son of Lovat.

Tall, handsome, and powerfully built, MacCuil dressed himself out in his best as a Highland chief of the day. He was armed to the teeth, with his musket, pistols, broadsword and daggers; and his good and faithful dog was by his side. Starting, as he did, at the break of day for the Aird, it could not be said of him that he rode all unarmed, or that he rode all alone, for, besides his good broadsword, he had weapons enough, and he walked on foot. Not knowing his way, he made the sun his only guide for the way to Belladrum House. At the end of his first

day's journey he came upon a solitary cottage in an out-of-the-way place, and entered it with unceremonious swagger and spirit. Its sole occupant was an old bachelor, a weaver, who was busily plying his shuttle across his loom. Interrupted by the appearance of such a heroic stranger, he gazed at him in silent amazement. MacCuil said (the conversation took place in Gaelic), "I came here to make my stay for the night." The weaver replied, "I never allow any person to stay under my roof without first asking leave." MacCuil answered, "I am to remain whether you will allow me or not." The weaver got up from his loom and said, "We will see." He at once set about expelling the intruder. The tussle was long and strong. At one time MacCuil would be near the door, at another time the weaver would be sent back to the far-off end of his house near the loom. The weaver was lithe and powerful. In this affair honour was concerned and his rage aroused. He set to with might and main to eject the bold, unmannerly bully from out his house. At last he sent him reeling out to a considerable distance. MacCuil, seeing that he was not quite a match for the weaver, begged to be allowed to have a night's lodgings, feeling crestfallen enough, no doubt. His request was at once generously granted. He got the best fare the house could provide, and he and the weaver became the best of friends.

We hear no more of MacCuil nor of his adventures by the way until we find him arrived a stranger at the Mill of Belladrum, where at once his appearance attracted considerable attention. It was an important day for the Belladrum tenantry. Many of them congregated along with Belladrum himself to see a new millstone placed in the mill. The stone was heavy, and tried the strength and skill of all those who could get about it to raise it to its place. MacCuil came up and told the whole set *(graisg)* of them to be out of his way, and that he would alone put the stone into the right place. They made way for him, he at once set the stone standing on edge, crouched at the back of it, made it rest on his back, and then put his hands under it backways. He then rose up with his load and carried it to its place, astonishing the natives by his strength. Mr. Fraser of Belladrum thanked him for his kindness, and invited him to dinner, although he was

a stranger and without introduction. He assured him that he performed a feat which took him by surprise, and further complimented him on the performance. MacCuil gladly availed himself of the offer, as meeting his desires in every respect. As they sat at dinner word came to Belladrum that the stranger's dog was ill, and refusing to take any meat. MacCuil asked what kind of meat was set before the dog, and he was told. He explained that his dog would not take ordinary dog's meat, being accustomed to the best of food. "Chan e cu cladaich tha agamsa," says he, "ach cuilean monaidh; thoiribh feol dha agus ithidh e gu leoir dheth." "Feumaidh e bhith," said MacThomais to his servants, "gur e duine cothramach tha so; thoiribh feol dha' chu." MacCuil was kept all night. Before retiring for the night, like Eliezer of Damascus, he told the object of his journey to the Laird of Belladrum and his lady, who, after consultation, told him that they would leave the damsels to decide for themselves, that next day he would get opportunity to speak to them while they both would be from home, and that if he found one of them willing to become his wife, they would offer no objection. The proffered opportunity came. MacCuil made the first offer to Miss Fraser, by asking "Am pos thu mi?" (Will you marry me?) She at once answered, "Cha phos" (No). "Mar pos thu mi cha phos mi thu" (If you won't, then I won't marry you), said MacCuil. The same process was gone through with the second daughter, the questions and answers being in every respect the same. The third daughter was then approached; MacCuil put the question, "Am pos thu mi." "Posaidh" (Yes), she replied. MacCuil said, "Ma phosas thu mi, posaidh mi thu" (If you will marry me, I will marry you). In due time MacCuil got married to the youngest Miss Fraser of Belladrum, and then came home in safety to his own house in Glenfhiodhag. Mrs. MacCuil intended to keep up the same style of living that she had ever seen kept up at Belladrum. The style of spooning out the butter was not at all agreeable to Mr. MacCuil's taste. One morning after breakfast he took Mrs. MacCuil out to see the larder. It was a shed full of butter dishes, called in Gaelic *meadar*, each containing a Highland stone of butter, and there was one for every day of the year. He took one of them and opened it up;

then taking his dagger out of its sheath from his hose he quartered the butter and asked Mrs. MacCuil to put a quarter on the table every morning to breakfast, and what they did not consume themselves to give to the servants and the dogs.

Matters went on smoothly in this manner for a number of years. It appears, however, that in these days as now there were factors and landowners who desired a rise in the rent roll. With others MacCuil got notice that his rent next term was to be raised to a certain sum named which he would have to pay at all future terms. To this intimation MacCuil lent a deaf ear. He was determined that he would never pay more than the old rent. For a series of years he called on rent day with the old rent and laid it on the table. The factor refused it on all occasions, and expostulated with MacCuil, who at once replaced it in his sporran, and took it back home with him, nor had he any scruples of conscience. At last the laird was determined not to be done out of his rents, and he made up his mind to put the law in full force. He got warrants and constables to get the warrants executed. They decided to come on MacCuil unawares; and, thinking there would be good fun over the matter, the laird and lady of the estate accompanied them. MacCuil was not found sleeping. He moved about on one of his best horses and saw the expedition making for his place, and at once understood what they were about. The river at this time was in full flood after a great "spate" of rain. This brought the expedition to a halt, as it could not cross without boats. This was MacCuil's opportunity. He spurred his horse forward and dashed unhesitatingly through the surging stream. He gained the bank on the other side of the river, seized Mrs. Campbell, the proprietor's lady, and placed her on the saddle before him. He then dashed back through the river, and brought the lady in safety to his house, and none dared to follow him.

Mrs. MacCuil, seeing the proprietor's lady in her own house, made her heartily welcome, and, after salutations and explanations of the circumstances of the case, Mrs. Campbell had a table set before her with all the dainties of the season, as far as these were procurable at the time and place. She had all the comforts of a respectable home, and the attentions of a lady of the same station,

birth, and education as herself. Mrs. Campbell felt as much at home as could be expected in the circumstances, for she was to get home as soon as the weather cleared up and the river was fit for crossing. She remained in the house for about six weeks, when a friendship and intimacy sprung up between the ladies that was never forgotten. On getting home, Mrs. Campbell influenced her husband so much by telling of his tenant's lady and her kindness to her, that MacCuil was left in the farm unmolested at the old rent, and the legal proceedings were abandoned.

Mr. Campbell, the proprietor of the Glen, formed the happy idea that MacCuil was the right and proper person for executing the designs of Government at this time. They were resolved to put down freebooting, and were determined to make the power of the law be felt in the remotest corners of the land. MacCuil was one of these very freebooters himself, and MacThearlich was at Inverlochy, and Rob Roy in Perthshire. So Campbell thought that to set a thief to catch a thief was the best plan. He took MacCuil into his secrets, and offered a price for the life of the Highland robbers. MacCuil had none of the finer and more honourable feelings for which Highlanders as a rule are so much distinguished ; for £30,000 he would at once betray Bonnie Prince Charlie. He listened to these offers, and in a manner repugnant at once to the rights of hospitality and the duties of friendship, compassed the death of MacThearlich. For he visited Macthearlich at Inverlochy, and was received most hospitably by the old man. While they were conversing amicably together, MacCuil suddenly drew his dagger, stabbed his friend to death, and escaped unscathed. As a consequence, MacCuil was execrated by the country at large, and he gradually sunk into obscurity and poverty. His sons and daughters fell into beggary and destitution. They were of great strength. It is related of one of his daughters that she would catch a large species of serpent, now extinct, by the tail and shake it until its inward parts were cast out of its mouth. MacCuil's descendants were, as my information goes, not more honest than they should be, and put the Government to some expense to provide rope in the days when sheep-stealing was an offence that brought a man to the end of his tether in that way.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"OSSIAN" MACPHERSON AND THE LAUREATESHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

Sir,—Since you sat in the editorial chair you are said to have crowned a new bard of the Gaelic tongue and race. I never could understand Ossian very much, and all my life I cried *mea culpa* in regard to my obtuseness, and yet I grudge to see the wreath of white heather taken off the marble brow of the blind grandson of Cumhal. To have it placed on the head even of another of our language and race does not seem compensation enough. Let us hope that the royal bard composed a thousand poems and songs, which, although they may be now lost to us, may have helped towards the education and enlightenment of our race. The ideal Ossian—if you insist upon the term—was an apostle, and even if you slay him, Mr. Editor, his ghost will unfold itself upon the mists of the past, and even of the future, and he will whisper to generations unborn of the beauty of the women, whose love was the reward of the heroes, who after war and chase feasted joyously in the hall of spears.

However, Mr. Editor, I find that Mr. James Macpherson declared himself a great poet long ago. In the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1785, his name appears in the list of candidates for the office of Poet Laureate. The following is from the above, and is given as his probationary poem :—

DUAN.

In the True Ossian Sublimity.

BY MR. MACPHERSON.

Does the wind touch thee, oh Harp,
Or is it some passing ghost?
Is it thy hand,
Spirit of the departed *scrutiny*?
Bring me the harp, pride of Chatham!
Snow is on thy bosom,
Maid of the modest eye!
A song shall rise!

Every soul shall depart at the sound!!!
The withered thistle shall crown my head!!!!
I behold thee, oh King!
I behold thee sitting on mist.
Thy form is like a watery cloud
Singing in the deep like an oyster!!!!
Thy face is like the beams of the setting moon.

Thy eyes are of two decaying flames!
Thy nose is like the spear of Rollo!!!
Thy ears are like three bossy shields.
Strangers shall rejoice at thy chin.
The ghosts of dead Tories shall hear me in their airy hall!
The withered thistle shall crown my head!
Bring me the harp,
Son of Chatham!
But thou, oh King, give me the launce!

There was a mistake in one of the proverbs I sent you. It ought to have been thus—"'S ioma rud a bhios mu thigh nach bi mu theine, agus s' ioma rud a bhios mu theine nach bi mu thigh."

The first part refers to the petty annoyances that may be in the outer circle of home, but which will not be repeated at the hearth; and the second part refers to the private matters discussed by the inner circle around the hearth, but which will not be carried beyond it.

MARY MACKELLAR.

Edinburgh, May 11th, 1887.

SONGS OF THE SHEALING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR,—I am sure I only express the sentiments of many readers of your journal when I say that the "Snatches of Song" sent you by your correspondent "T. S." must prove of intense interest to all Highlanders. His contributions to your issue for May are more than ordinarily captivating. The subject with which they principally deal—life on the *airidh*—is altogether a most suggestive one; and when looked at from our time presents Highland character to us in some of its most pleasing aspects. While I earnestly hope that "T. S." has not exhausted his store of ballads and songs, I must state that much work yet remains to be done in collecting those poetical effusions of our forefathers which sprang from that old Highland institution, the *airidh*. Nearly half their time was passed in that rather primitive but happy state, and it can be no mere assertion to say that much of their history must be associated with it. Some of the finest and most delightful productions in Highland poetry have come down to us from those truly pastoral times.

Among the many pieces which I was in the habit of hearing in my youth is the following:—

Air bhi dhomhsa gu ciuin riut
'S mi bhi 'tionndadh gu dlu riut
Bha t' fhuil chraobhach a' bruchdadh
Tromh d' leine.

Bha t' fhuil chraobhach a' sileadh
'Si gun doigh air a pilleadh
'S tu bhi marbh ann an innis
Na spreidhe.

Gur i 'bhiodag a chiùrr thu—
'Thainig ort air do chulaobh—
'S thainig teachdair do t' ionnsuidh
Nach treig thu.

'S gur i Mairi nigh'n Iain
A dh'fhag am bròn -s' air mo chridhe,
'S cha dean plasda no lighich
Bonn feum dhomh.

'S tu an leine chaol anairt
Gun bhann-duirn oir' no bannan,
Righ ! Righ ! nach bu mhath
'Bhi le 'cheil ann.

Tha mo chairdean am barail
Bho 'n 's e 'm bas rinn ar sgaradh
Gu faigh iadsa te fhathasd
'Ni feum dhomh.

Ach chan'eil i air thalamh
'S cha d' rugadh i fhathasd,
Aon te eile 'gheibh brath
Air mo reusan.

I do not know to what particular county the above belongs. Perhaps "T. S." will throw some light on its nativity. It is beautifully pathetic, and, though extremely simple, tells its sad tale in the most effective manner.—I am, yours, etc.,

A. MACDONALD.

Inverness, 9th May.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SUCCESS of a most gratifying kind attends the Gaelic services in the Crown Court Church, London. These services, which are monthly, were started last year under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of London. Some of our most eminent Gaelic preachers and scholars have preached there before the London Gael—the latest being no other than Dr. Stewart of "Nether-Lochaber" fame.

THE London Gaelic Society is also active in another direction. Their proposed Gaelic Conference has been well received. They have received replies—favourable to the proposal—from the leading men of the Gaelic movement in Scotland. These replies the Society intends to publish at an early date.

THE redoubtable Mr. Hector Maclean of Islay is at present giving his views in the *Oban Times* on Ossian and Macpherson. He is a well-known upholder of the view that Macpherson's Ossian is just Macpherson's own work, more or less—less than more—founded on the old ballads and traditions. Mr. Maclean has attacked the problem of the Gaelic of Macpherson's Ossian, and he finds, as in the opening of the Fingal, that the Gaelic is a translation of the English, and that too an unidiomatic one. He points out that the line

"Shuidh Cuchullin aig balla Thura."

means not "Cuchulinn sat at Tura's wall," that is, "was sitting" at Tura's wall, but Cuchulinn "had sat" or "took his seat" at Tura's wall. The English requires the action to be past progressive, but the Gaelic expresses pluperfect time instead, a

time which, moreover, does not suit the meaning of the passage. In regard to Macpherson's appropriation of the heroic literature of his race and his use of it, Mr. Maclean says :—"Mostly all great and original poets have done as he has done—Shakespeare, Spenser, Byron, Tennyson—whatever their genius comes in contact with is changed as by a magic wand. I am not to be understood as putting James Macpherson in the same rank with William Shakespeare and John Milton—the distance between the former and the latter two is very great indeed—still I contend that Macpherson is both an eminent and an original poet. He has drawn altogether from nature; he sings what he had seen and the traditions which he has heard from living lips—the heath-covered moors, the steep cliffs, the lofty mountains, the roaring torrents, the wild storms, the moon and clouds, the moss-covered cairns and their associations with ancient times and heroes; the hunt and the deer, and the ghosts of dead warriors. He loves dim colours, such as the scenery of his native land presented to him. His fancy brings the dusky Highland landscape with it even to Ireland. There the lovely green knolls and dales of Ullin are overlooked, and the mind of the bard dwells fondly on the heath of Lena and the lake of roes. He delights in night scenery—and those who have not travelled over heathy hills and wastes at night have no notion of what charms night, moonlight, starlight, and a sprinkling of clouds impart to the view."

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness brought, on Wednesday, 18th May, a very successful session to a close. The series of papers delivered were always of importance and interest, and the new volume may be counted on as one which will rank equal to any of its predecessors. The session began with a learned paper by Sheriff Liddall, and ended with an equally learned one by Professor Mackinnon. The Professor's subject was "Words and Phrases as Index to Character." From proverbs, idioms, and words, Professor Mackinnon illustrated phases of character peculiar to the Celts and interesting relics of customs and manners which go back to an antiquity which history cannot touch.

THE *Academy* of the 21st May contains a notice of M. D'Arbois de Jubainville's paper in our last issue. As the reviewer makes some important suggestions, we here reproduce his remarks :—"The May number of the *Celtic Magazine* contains an interesting article by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville on 'Celts and Germans.' The writer gives an excellent summary of the grounds on which the Celtic languages are known to be more nearly related to the Italic than to the Teutonic branch of the Aryan family. The special purpose of the paper, however, is to show from the nature of the Celtic loan-words found in common Teutonic that the undivided Teutonic people must at some period have been subject to Celtic rule, as the words chiefly relate to matters of civil and military administration. The epoch of Celtic ascendancy, of which the linguistic facts are the record, is identified by M. de Jubainville with that of the Gaulish empire founded by Ambigatos towards the end of the sixth century B.C. It is much to be wished that some competent scholar would thoroughly discuss the question of the probable sources of Livy's account of the conquests of Ambigatos and his nephews, and the amount of credence which may be given to it. That it is in substance historical there can be little doubt, however difficult it may be to understand through what channel it was handed down to the age of Augustus."

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EDITED BY

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THE PICTS.

[By the Editor.]

I.

THE HISTORICAL AUTHORITIES AND THEIR VALUE.

It has been truly remarked by Professor Thorold Rogers, in a review of the Duke of Argyll's late work on Scotland, that, "for some reason or the other, the beginnings of authentic Scottish history are later than those of any European nation, though the sense of Scottish nationality is as keen, as vigorous, and as healthy as that of any race in the world." Until the reign of Malcolm Canmore we are not on firm historical ground, and it is not until that time that the welding into one nationality of the Saxon and Celtic elements of the kingdom of Scotland, for previous to that it was only the kingdom of Alban or Scotland north of the Forth, properly began, a welding which was assured only on the field of Bannockburn. There is but one native document bearing on Scottish history that can claim to any antiquity beyond the 11th century, and even that document can be claimed only with hesitation. The "Pictish Chronicle," which contains, first as preface, extracts, more or less adapted, from Isidore of Seville bearing on Scyths and Scots; secondly, a bare list of kings and reigns from the mythical Cruidne to Bred, the last Pictish king, in the 9th century; and thirdly, a chronicle of the Scottish kings of Alban from Kenneth MacAlpin to Kenneth, son of Malcolm (reigned 977-995), where it closes with a blank space left for the number of years

that Kenneth reigned. The MS. (Colbertine, Paris), belongs to the 14th century, and was probably transcribed at York from some other earlier MS. or MSS. The earliest document may have been written at Brechin, which is mentioned in it as having been dedicated to the Lord by Kenneth, son of Malcolm, and, as the number of years he reigned is left blank, it is inferred that the document was written in Kenneth's reign. An anonymous document which "may" or "might" have been written in the 10th century in Scotland, but which is really found in a MS. written in England and preserved in Paris, is our earliest native chronicle for the history of Scotland! True, we might claim Adamnan, whose life of Columba was written in the beginning of the 8th century, and which contains important facts in Scottish history: though he was an Irishman, yet he was a Scotch ecclesiastic. The Book of Deer was doubtless written in the 12th century, when other documents are also forthcoming, but its references to historic facts for a generation or two previously make it a native document of especial value.

We have, however, to trust to outsiders for the most important facts in our meagre early history. Gildas, the Welshman, in the 6th century, makes scathing reference to the Picts and Scots who burst on the Romanised Britons, "the Scots from the north-west and the Picts from the north," landing from "their *curachs*, in which they crossed the Tithica valley, differing somewhat in manners, but inspired with the same avidity for blood, preferably shrouding their villainous faces with hair rather than clothing the parts of their bodies requiring it (furciferos magis vultus pilis quam corporum pudenda pudendisque proxima vestibus tegentes)." Bede, the priest of Jarrow, in the early part of the 8th century, has much to tell us about Iona and the conversion of the Picts, and his authority is unimpeachable in regard to the facts he records. Later, in the 9th century, we have Nennius and "the stuff that goes by the name of Nennius," as Professor Rhys, in a moment of well-justified irritation, calls the work; for it is a collection of fact and fable of a most tantalising description. Additions were made to it by Saxons, Welsh, and Irish, and these contain considerable information, though requiring careful handling. The Irish annalists are of extremely high value for the

intricacies of Pictish and Scottish history before the 11th century—Tigernach and Flann Mainstrech in the 11th century, the Annals of Innisfallen in the 13th century, and those of Ulster in the 15th; but, as Sheriff Mackay says in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "this source of information has to be used with caution." The Colbertine MS. contains a later chronicle besides the Pictish one, dealing with the Scots, and belonging to the 12th century, and also a description of Scotland of the same period. The *Albanic Duan* is ascribed to the 11th century, but the earliest form of it is late Middle Irish; it gives a brief chronicle of the Scottish Kings from the eponymic "Briutus" to Malcolm Canmore. All documents bearing on Scottish history up to the time of Malcolm Canmore will be found collected in Skene's "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots," excluding of course the classical writers, along with Gildas, Bede, Adamnan, and other outsiders who have written treatises of a similar kind. Scotland has nothing to compare with the Irish *Annals* and the Welsh *Triads*, nor has it anything equivalent to the ancient laws of the *Senchus Mor* or to the Welsh code of Howell Dda. Indeed, Scotland requires all the light it can borrow from these to illumine the darkness of its history.

So far we have been considering the post-classical writers and documents on Scottish history up to the beginning of authentic history in the 11th century. At the hands of Roman and Greek historians we shall find that Scotland has again fared badly. The classical writers refer in the most meagre and unsatisfactory terms to events and people in Scotland; none of them ever was in the country; and, besides, a great part of Scotland was never under Roman power, nor are we much better informed in regard to the portion of the country—that between the walls—which happened now and then to be part of Roman Britain. Provost Macandrew, who in our two last numbers has so admirably and concisely marshalled the arguments in favour of the Gaelic origin of the Picts, deals with the classical authorities in a way that forces to the front the question as to how far we are to trust the Roman and Greek writers. He labels a good many statements with the title of "travellers' tales"—such are the cannibalism, community of women, and even the tattooing which the classical writers assert as existing in the island in their time. In the circumstances, every

writer must be judged on his merits as a general writer of history and on his particular knowledge of Britain. The first and best is Cæsar. He was in Britain and saw the inhabitants that dwelt south of the Thames. What Cæsar saw he records faithfully; the facts which he records as matters of personal observation are to be accepted implicitly; his inferences need not be so accepted. A negro from Central Africa, though recording the sights of London as he saw them, could not describe them as they are, for he could only assimilate the information to what he already knew in his African home. The Gauls, Cæsar says, reckon time by nights and not by days, because they are descended from Dis Pater, the God of the Lower World. The inference here is quite wrong; the fact is quite right. So he states that Druidism was probably invented in Britain, because people went there to learn it thoroughly; but it will be seen how M. Gaidoz disposes of this argument on another page. Again, Cæsar describes the animals that were found in the Hercynian Forest; he evidently describes from hearsay for the most part. There are three wonderful animals; the unicorn *bos*, then the gigantic, goat-like, and branching-horned animal whose legs had no joints, and which hunters trapped by cutting the trees against which it reclined, for, when it fell, its jointless legs would not allow it to rise again, and, thirdly, the elephantine *urus*. We might dismiss this with a grin as a traveller's tale, but, yet, modern geology has shown that Cæsar had a considerable element of truth in all his descriptions. The first animal is now recognised as the *bos primogenius*, the second as the extinct Irish elk, and the third is the still extant auroch of Lithuania. We must deal with Cæsar—and so, too, in nearly like degree with Tacitus, Dio Cassius and Herodian—in a spirit of scientific patience, believing that there is some germ of truth in even the wildest statement made. It does seem absurd to assert that the people of Ireland ate human flesh, as Diodorus and Strabo say they were "reported" to do: St. Jerome repeats the same calumny about the Scottish tribe of the Atticoti, asserting next to personal observation, "I myself in my youth in Gaul saw the Atticoti, a British nation, that they feed on human flesh (Quid loquar de ceteribus nationibus quum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Atticotos, gentem

Britannican, humanis vesci carnibus)." He does not say that he saw them do it; it is the *fact* he saw. Now a quotation of Pliny, coupled with our modern knowledge of early sacrifices*—what they meant and what at times they were—should make us pause ere we reject altogether this "wild" statement. There may be a grain of truth in it. Pliny says, in dealing with Magic rites, Druidism and the Magi of Persia, "All that is due to the Romans cannot be estimated highly enough, for they have abolished atrocities, wherein it was a most religious action to kill a man, and a highly salutary one also that a man should be eaten (mandi vero etiam saluberrimum)." On certain solemn occasions, tribes who have totems assemble, and, though at all other times they strictly abstain from killing or eating the totem animal, yet then they kill and eat it, incorporating into themselves bodily and spiritually their deity. This is, doubtless, the very origin of cannibalism.

We may deal in the same way with the statement made by Cæsar and reiterated by several classical writers, that the Britons had community of wives. A little patience here may unravel the difficulty. Cæsar distinguishes between the Britons who crossed from Belgic Gaul, "who differed little from the customs of Gaul," and the Britons of the interior. We may take it for granted that the charge of community of wives does not apply to the Gaulish Britons, nor is it a custom that Cæsar, in his brief stay, could have actual cognisance of. He could see the men in their war-paint, for they all painted, he tells us, but such a detail of family arrangement as community of wives he could not easily meet with. Tacitus does not mention any such custom either in Roman or non-Roman Britain; indeed, he rather exaggerates the virtues of the Caledonians in his attempt to decry the vices of the Romans; it is a favourite trick of his. Dio Cassius repeats the accusation in Severus' time in a very circumstantial manner, but he attributes the custom to the Caledonians. Severus enacted laws against adultery, of which no advantage was taken. "Wherefore the wife of one Argentocoxus, a Caledonian, is reported, after the treaty, to have said very facetiously to Julia Augusta, quae ei earum licenter cum maribus commercium exprobrabat: 'Multo melius nos necessitatibus naturae satisfacimus quam Romanae.

* See Prof. Robertson's Smith's article on "Sacrifice" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Nos enim aperte commercium habemus cum optimis, vos autem adulterium cum infimis committitis.'" Everything therefore points to the fact that some such marriage system did exist in Britain, and, as it was not among the Gallo-Britons, we have to fall back on the "Britons of the interior." This practically restricts the custom to the more northern parts of the island. But we are not dependent on the classical authorities alone. We have the result of the system in the Pictish law of succession, than which no fact is better estatablished in Scottish history. The law that the succession should be in the female line indicates a low idea of marriage, one where maternity alone was certain and one in which the brother and sister's son succeeded rather than a man's own son. If the Pictish succession does not go to verify the fact recorded by classical writers in regard to community of wives or whatever it was, then the guiding light of authropological science is useless in Scottish history. Such marriage systems are common among savage and barbarian tribes.

We are therefore inclined to accept the statements of the best Classical authorities—even to thankfully accept them. These best authorities are Cæsar, Tacitus, Dio Cassius, Herodian, and Ammianus Marcellinus. And we must also vindicate Bede's character as against Provost Macandrew's strictures on his monkish conceits. The Provost makes Bede speak of five nations as existing in Britain, to suit the five books of Moses; he accuses him of dragging in the Latin as a fifth nation. If Bede had done such a thing, it certainly would be blameworthy, but it is only the absurd translation of Dr. Giles that makes Bede assert such a thing. Bede actually says, and says rightly: "This [Island] at present, according to the number of books in which the divine law is written, in the languages of five nations, studies and acknowledges one and the same knowledge of divine truth and sublimity; these are the languages of the Angli, Brittones, Scotti, Picti, and Latins." He does not say there are five nations, but he does say there are five languages. In another place he speaks of the "nations and provinces of Britain which are divided into four languages, viz.:—the Britons, the Picts, the Scots, and the English." And he ends his work by saying that these four nations are at present at peace; "the Picts have a treaty with the

English, and the Scots who inhabit Britain, content with their own bounds, attempt neither ambush nor treachery against the English nation." It is quite clear that Bede considered the Pictish a language by itself, quite distinct from Scottic, English, British, and Latin. There is no use blinking that fact; it does not admit of any doubt. And Adamnan's Life of Columba gives two instances where Columba had to deal with Picts through an interpreter. The question first is, Was it a Celtic language? If so, Was it a Gaelic or was it a British (Welsh) dialect? Provost Macandrew maintains that it was Gaelic. We intend to maintain and, as far as we can, to prove that it was a Celtic dialect allied to the British.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A Sgeulachd of the Rannoch Camerons.

St. Michael's graveyard *(Cladh-Mhichael)*, with its weird surroundings of *Clach-nan-ceann* and *Tigh-na-dige*, is interesting to the antiquary as the scene of a notable tragedy that took place in the early clan history of Rannoch. It is a small square enclosure, situated on a piece of rough ground that rises slightly above the adjoining arable land, and comes in view on the right as you go up from the Black Wood through the district of Camghouran. Within that grey stone wall, in ground consecrated not by a bishop, but by the blood of three innocent children, slain before their mother's eyes by the cruel chief of the Clan Mackintosh, and whose bodies formed the first interment there, lie buried many generations of the Camerons of Rannoch. All the Camerons of Camghouran on the Croiscrag Estate, together with their relatives who reside in other districts, regard this graveyard as their proper burying-ground. They also venerate the curious old ruin of *Tigh-na-dige* as the first permanent Cameron habitation in Rannoch, and *Clach-nan-ceann* as the palladium or destiny stone of their race.

Having had occasion some time ago to accompany a funeral to *Cladh Mhichael*, I was so fortunate as to have along with me old Alastair Cameron, Kinloch-Rannoch, who was a native of Camghouran, and well skilled in all the traditions of the "Braes." When the rites of sepulture had been decently and reverently celebrated, as they invariably are by the good folks of that locality, it was quite a sight to see the tall and spare form of Alastair limping along (for he had the rheumatics in his limbs), and, like another "Old Mortality," pointing with his stick to where the various septs of the *Sliosgarbh* Camerons were sleeping beneath the sod. He said there were (1), the Camerons of *Clann-Iain-Bhioraich;* (2), the Camerons of *Clann-Ian-Cheir;* (3), the Camerons of *Sliochd-Uilleim;* (4), the Camerons of *Mac-Gillonie;* and (5), the *Eibhisich*, or the Nevis Camerons. These formed five distinct septs or sub-clans, each of which had its *Ceann-tighe*, who, on festive occasions, was supposed to take the chair at the head of the table. Alastair explained that there was another forming a sixth sept of Camerons in Rannoch, called the Mac-Martins, sprung from the House of Letterfinlay, in Lochaber; but, as these came to the country at a different period, and dwelt on the *Sliosmìn*, or north side of the loch, they did not bury their dead in *Cladh-Mhichael*.

Our guide drew our special attention to one tombstone on which the coat of arms of the Lochiel Camerons was emblazoned. Pointing to the hand holding the Lochaber axe, "This," said he, "was given to Lochiel on account of the bravery of *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe 'chuir an ruaig air Macaintoisich.* Now, it was this same Mackintosh who killed the children that were buried in this *cladh;* and it was from this very spot that *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe* set off for Badenoch to be revenged on the *Toiseach* for having done such a cruel thing in Rannoch."

Having examined the graveyard, with its rude memorials of so many byegone generations, I proceeded, under the guidance of Alastair, to see the two other curiosities of the place. They are situated about a score of yards to the west of the burying-ground, and at a somewhat higher elevation. On the right hand two rough boulders of whinstone at once claim our notice. The nearer one

is comparatively small; and so much of the top of it is flat and horizontal that it might be used as a seat. The other is very large and unshapely, and is on its north side firmly fixed in the ground. Alastair said there was a dispute as to which of these two stones was the scene of the tragedy; but he was himself inclined to think that it was against the larger stone that the heads of the little ones were dashed by the cruel Mackintosh. He pointed out that there were still marks to be seen on both stones of where the brave Camerons of Lochiel sharpened their swords and Lochaber axes at the command of *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe*, before setting off to Badenoch to avenge the blood of the children; and perhaps some of them might have been killed on the one stone and some on the other. *Tigh-na-dige*, the old fortress of the Camerons, is now a shapeless ruin lying in the centre of an oval-shaped morass thickly overgrown with willows (seilach) and stunted birches. Alastair was of opinion that it had been a sort of *Crannog*, built with wooden stakes and interlaced with wicker work, which either the three Cameron brothers themselves had constructed, or discovered and taken possession of, in the middle of that small bog. The place of entrance was from the north-east side, looking towards the boulders. There is a small patch of land south-west from *Tigh-na-dige*, which is said to have been the first spot that was tilled on the *Sliosgarbh*. The soil is very black and loamy, and bears other marks of its having been long under cultivation. Alastair, as a local antiquary, related in connection with the various relics of the past all the traditions of the place, and declared that every part of the knoll on which we were standing was closely associated with stirring events in the early history of the Camerons of Rannoch. "Some people say," said Alastair, raising his stick and pointing all round with it, "that this hill had been a place of worship long before the Camerons came to Rannoch, that the priest used to stand beside the big stone, that the small stone was the stool of repentance, and that the worshipping congregation used to sit on the terrace below; but I don't believe a word of it, although it may be all very fine to speak and write about things that never happened."

I shall now endeavour to reproduce, in continuous narrative, that strange tale of adventure, love, jealousy, and murderous re-

venge, which throws such a lurid light over the state of society in Rannoch, in the sixteenth century :—

Marsali, daughter of Macgregor of Dunan, was a young woman of great beauty and attractiveness. She was tall and comely in her person; and her countenance, which was very handsome and fair, was set off to great advantage by her pearly white teeth and a pair of large dark eyes, which had in them an expression of mingled fire and loveliness. Tradition says that she sang the Gaelic songs of Rannoch with such exquisite feeling and melodiousness that not only were all rational creatures charmed, but her father's very cows felt so soothed under the sweet influence of her musical voice that they would give more milk to her than to anybody else! But with these and other excellent endowments of body and mind, she had some of the failings and weaknesses of her race. She inherited much of the pride of the Macgregors, who boasted that they were of "royal kin,"* and she had the unpardonable sin in a young woman in those days of daring to think and act for herself. These drawbacks, however, had the effect of only enhancing her womanly attractiveness; and young men of quality came from all parts of the country to admire the charms, and, if possible, win the heart and hand of this fair maid of Dunan.

Amongst all the suitors that came for the hand of Marsali, the man that was most favourably regarded by her parents and friends was The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who was not only rich and powerful in possessions and men, but also laid claim to the proud distinction of being chief of the Clan Chattan in Badenoch. Macgregor of Ardlarich and Macgregor of Leargan warmly urged on their brother of Dunan the propriety of this match, both as desirable in itself and as a means of strengthening the position of the Macgregors on the *Sliosmìn* of Rannoch, which they felt was by no means secure. "At present," argued they, "we are new settlers in the lands of the dispossessed *Clann Iain Bhuidhe*, and our next turn may be to be ourselves dispossessed

* I was once much amused to hear an old Rannoch man of the surname of MacAlpine remark on this claim of the Macgregors: "I consider," said he warmly, "that I have a far better right to regard myself as descended from the old royal family of Scotland than the best of the Macgregors have."

by others;* but if we form a close alliance with the powerful chief of Badenoch on our north side we shall easily be able to hold our own, and perhaps in course of time extend our influence and possessions in Rannoch." This argument had a powerful effect on the minds of Dunan and his better half; but they resolved, in the meantime at least, to leave the determination of the matter to the good sense and feeling of the damsel herself, who after all was the person most deeply concerned.

At first Marsali was disposed to regard rather favourably the attentions paid to her by the Mackintosh chief. She admired his lithe and athletic figure and dignified bearing; and was captivated by his courteous manners and insinuating address; nor was she at all inclined to esteem lightly the proud position which an alliance with such a man would place her in. But, by-and-bye, she began to find out certain dark traits in his temper and disposition, which had a tendency to cool any warmth of affection that might have arisen towards him in her heart; and a strange and unnatural dream, which she dreamed in those days, had the effect of turning her completely against him. This dream was so horrible that the very thought of it makes one shudder. She dreamed that she was sitting on a green hillock beside a big grey stone; that her bowels, protruding from her body, were lying out in front of her on the grass; and that a large black cat besmeared with blood was eating away at these, and fiercely growling over them. As she was looking on in great pain and quite helplessly, she thought she saw the savage face of the cat change into that of her suitor The Mackintosh. All of a sudden there appeared a man's arm and hand with a Lochaber axe, which came down with such force and precision that it cut off the cat's tail about the middle; whereupon the creature gave an unearthly yell and snarl which awoke the terrified maiden out of her sleep. This dream, which she could not help pondering over from day to day, produced in her mind an invincible dislike to her suitor, whose advances she now treated with marked coldness, if not aversion; and she told her parents privately, in answer to their remonstrances regarding this, that she would sooner suffer herself to be torn asunder by horses than to get married to that man!

* Menzies of Weem then held a Crown charter for the Sliósmin.

Great was the disappointment of the Macgregors when they found that Marsali was so determined against a match which they considered not only eligible and honourable, but also very much to their own advantage; and they felt that something must needs be done. At a private conference held by the three brothers for discussing the situation of affairs, it was resolved, at the suggestion of Ardlarich, to recommend to the Mackintosh chief to take such measures with the refractory maiden as had been quite common in former times in the Highlands and elsewhere; and, as dark hints were muttered to her from time to time as to what might possibly happen some of those days, the poor girl was placed, in reference to the future, in a horrible state of suspense and anxiety. Her situation gave rise to the following proverb:—"Iomagain nighean Dhunain fo chronan Mhicantoisich." "The anxiety of the maid of Dunan under the purring (croonin') of The Mackintosh (cat)."

The scene is now changed to a spot near the south-west corner of Loch Ericht, where three men, after having spent the former part of the day in hunting and fishing, were in the afternoon employed before a fire in cooking some venison and fish for their evening repast. They were splendid specimens of the Highlanders of those days. Tall and broad shouldered, their finely proportioned bodies and well developed limbs were set off to great advantage by the *feilidh mòr*, which was their ordinary hunting dress; and their graceful features and bearing bespoke them to be of gentle blood. They were well armed, although their swords and bows and arrows were for the time being lying beside them on the green grass. The tartan they wore showed that they belonged to the Camerons of Lochiel.

"Do you think, Ewen," said William, addressing himself to the *Ceann-tighe*, "we shall be able to go home this evening to the *Sliosgarbh?*"

"Well," said Ewen, thoughtfully, "I don't know what may yet happen us this evening. When I shot that roe and was engaged in skinning it to-day I looked up and saw a white dove flying in great terror before a fierce hawk (*seobhag*) that pursued it; and all at once the poor persecuted bird came towards me and sought shelter in my breast. But, curiously enough, when I tried with my hand I could not find it nor see it anywhere. Such

an incident was looked on by the olden people as the sign of a sudden change of circumstances, and perhaps some change may be near us now." The following triplet alludes to this :—

Rabhadh Eoghain aig Loch Earacht,
Calaman a teich' bho'n speireag,
'S ag itealaich dh 'ionnsaidh bhroillich.

Translated—

Ewen's warning at Loch Ericht,
A dove escaping from a hawk,
And fluttering towards his breast.

William and Iaîn gazed on their brother's handsome and expressive face with a sort of awe as he was relating this incident to them. Man, more especially when placed in circumstances of outward danger, is ever ready to clutch at any clue to a knowledge of the future, and this all the more eagerly if it happen to come through superhuman agency. It is this religious instinct of striving to penetrate the mystery of the unknown lying before and around him, more than even reason itself, that places a great fixed and impassable gulf between man and the lower animals; and even what is ridiculed as superstition in him is nothing more or less than religion wrongly apprehended.

Just as the brothers were about to sit down to their repast, they cast their eyes over the dreary and desolate moor that lies on the west side of Loch Ericht, and were startled by seeing in the distant skyline a company of seven men, evidently attracted by the fire and smoke, coming rapidly in their direction. As they drew nearer their kilts shewed that they were Mackintoshes, and that they were led by a plumed and plaided chief. Ewen hastily armed himself, and, having advanced a few paces, raised his sword and gracefully saluted the approaching company. Thereupon they stood stock still, and the Mackintosh chief, having advanced a few paces in front of his men, returned the salute with equal grace. The two leaders then stepped towards each other, bowed very elaborately, and held a parley. The tall and stately form of Ewen presented a striking contrast to the slim and wiry figure of the northern chief; but each saw in the other evidence of that finished politeness so necessary to the Highland gentleman of those times. The parley ended in Ewen inviting The Mackintosh and his men to lunch, an invitation which was very cordially accepted.

(To be continued.) SIGMA.

THE RELIGION OF THE GAULS.

[By M. H. Gaidoz.]

II.

PRIESTHOOD.

Here again Caesar shall be our guide. After making us understand that among the Gauls the people were reduced almost to the condition of slavery, that they had no initiative in anything, and that their opinion was consulted on no point, the conqueror tells us that there were two classes only of any account or any position. The one class was that of the knights, and the other was that of the Druids. "The latter deal with matters of religion; they have the charge of public and private sacrifices; and they interpret the religious traditions. To them a great number of youths have recourse for the sake of instruction, and they are in great honour among them. In fact, they settle almost all their disputes, both public and private; and if any crime has been committed, if any murder has taken place, or if there is any dispute about inheritance or boundaries, it is they again that decide in respect to them and settle the awards and the penalties: if any private person or any people abide not by their decree, they excommunicate them (*sacrificiis interdicunt*). This with them is a most severe punishment. Persons so excommunicated are counted in the number of the impious and the wicked; all keep out of their way and shun their presence and conversation, for fear that they may suffer disaster from contact with them; justice is not rendered at their suit, nor is any position of honour shared with them. Now, over all these Druids there presides one who has supreme authority among them. At his death, if any one of the others excels in dignity, he succeeds him, but if several have equal pretentions, the president is elected by the votes of the Druids, sometimes even they contend about the supreme dignity by force of arms. At a certain time of the year they assemble in session in a consecrated spot in the territories of the Carnutes, which is considered the central region of the whole of Gaul. Thither all who have any disputes come together from every side, and acquiesce in their judgments and decisions. The

institution is thought to have originated in Britain, and to have been thence introduced into Gaul, and even now those who wish to become more accurately acquainted with it generally repair thither for the sake of learning it. The Druids are accustomed to take no part in war, nor do they pay taxes together with the rest; they have exemption from military service, and are free of every other charge. Attracted by such advantages, many resort to their school even of their own accord, while others are sent by their parents and relations. There they are said to learn thoroughly a great number of verses. On that account some continue at their education for twenty years. Nor do they deem it lawful to commit those things to writing; though generally in other cases, and in their public and private accounts, they use Greek letters. They appear to me to have established this custom for two reasons; because they do not wish their system published among the people, and because they do not wish learners, by trusting to letters, to neglect the exercise of memory; since it generally happens that, owing to the safeguard of letters, they relax their care in learning as well as their memory. In particular they wish to inculcate this idea, that souls do not die, but pass after death from one person to another; and they think that by this means men are very much instigated to the exercise of bravery, the fear of death being despised. They have also much discussion concerning the stars and their motion, the magnitude of the world and the earth, nature and science, the force and power of the immortal gods, and they instruct the youth in them."* This thorough organisation of priesthood is not met with among the Germans, who, according to Caesar's first contrast of the two peoples, had no Druids.

The later writers add nothing of importance to Cæsar's account, unless perhaps that this priesthood was divided into classes, and that after the Druids proper were the soothsayers and the bards. Many volumes have been written on the organisation, the character and the so-called secret doctrine of the Druids; but the most important point was neglected; no account was taken of the intellectual state and of the priestly organisation of primitive epochs, and they were judged by our ideas instead of an attempt

* Cæsar *De Bello Gallico*, VI., 13, 14.

being made to judge them from a contemporary point of view. We distinguish now-a-days the terms priest, sorcerer, and medical man, but in primitive social life (and even yet in the strata of our own social life that still remains primitive) these different conceptions are not distinguished, and they are confounded in the same name and in the same person. In fact, nature, when not understood by the light of science, is entirely the domain of the supernatural. The distinction between what belongs to nature and what belongs to the supernatural is ours, because the supernatural alone exists for primitive man. Man is surrounded by invisible powers; he is in contact with them when he is overtaken by the storm, when he is ill, and when his very cattle seem to suffer. Against them he will defend himself only by making an appeal to other supernatural forces. There are in his tribe or in his village men who understand invisible spirits, who know how to appease them or master them by their charms, by their rites, and by their talismans. These men are feared and respected; they are applied to, and their mediation is tried to conciliate the good deities and to banish the evil deities, to raise spells and to chase away spirits (for disease is a possession). *Illi rebus divinis intersunt, sacrificia publica et privata procurant, religiones interpretantur.* This is priesthood at its origin, such as we see it among primitive people, such as we find it at the present age among the savage tribes of Africa, Siberia, and America, with this exception that the priests do not everywhere form fraternities. The primitive priest is a sorcerer, half under hallucination and half charlatan, who predicts the future, who by his incantations "makes rain and fine weather" (the French proverbial expression recalls this ancient belief), who conjures and drives off the spirits, who knows the virtues of simples and gives them a new virtue by the grimaces with which he gathers them. The priest, in a word, is the "agent" of the supernatural, and as the supernatural is everywhere, the priest is at once sorcerer, herbalist, and medical man. This conception of the cosmogony is not extinct even in France; we do not speak solely of the sorcerers and the *mèges*,* who are in

[* *Mège* is a term used in many of the French provinces to designate a man who professes to have a special knowledge of maladies, and to possess the secret of their cure—a sort of "wise man." Trans.]

more than one locality the later representatives of the Druids; but we could name villages where the country people still regard their priest as a sorcerer.

That is what the Druids were; and it is thus we must explain several facts, the analogies of which are met with in all times and in all countries, facts which divers ancient writers cited as a curiosity, and which historians, ignorant of mythology, have taken for the veritable rites of the "Druidic" religion. There is, for example, the culling of the mistletoe—there are the virtues attributed to such and such a plant—the magic power of certain stones, as, for instance, the "egg of the serpent." But even now-a-days stones are likewise regarded as talismans; even now-a-days our peasants know the supernatural virtues of each plant and in several cases the magic fashion of culling them; even now-a-days many plants bear throughout the country districts the names of saints, which indicate in some sort their sacred character. To make the culling and the virtues of the mistletoe, after Pliny the Elder,* one of the principal data of the "Druidic religion," is as false and as puerile as it would be to represent Christianity by the culling and the wonderful use of "all the herbs of St. John."

But the Druids were something more, and that fact arises out of their sacred character: they were judges. They judged between individuals, and they judged between peoples, facts which show how great was their authority. The sanction of their judgment was all religious; people bowed before their award as before the utterance of gods, and he who did not give way was excommunicated. This authority of opinion which the Druids exercised in Gaul has its parallel in that which the *brehons* of independent Ireland (the Irish word *brehon* means "judge") exercised. The organisation of the brehons of Ireland, which survived also during the first centuries of the English domination to such an extent that the English left the internal organisation of the Irish clans untouched—this organisation, we say, brings in several respects to mind the organisation of the Druids of Gaul. The brehons formed a class which became hereditary, having, as office and function, from father to son, the dispensing of justice, and they had schools of law and literature. Verses were learnt there, formulæ,

* *Hist. Nat.* xvi. 95.

often scarcely intelligible, of ancient legal usages, and the commentaries which several generations of *brehons* had attached to them. Sons of chiefs often received their education with them. The difference between the brehons and the Druids is that, the brehons not being priests, their judgment had no supernatural sanction; it had only the authority of an opinion, the force of an arbitration. It seems, however, that their awards were generally accepted out of respect for their traditional authority. There is, in fact, reason to believe that they had been reduced to merely judicial functions by the conversion of Ireland to Christianity, and that before this period they had, along with their priestly functions, the full extent of their prestige. At this primitive epoch they were, under the name of *filé*, at the same time priests, poets, historians, and judges, and, like the Druids, they had a supreme head.

By Druids we must then understand a class of men, we should almost say a clergy, whose members were at the same time judges, priests, sorcerers, physicians, and medical men. These men must have been less ignorant than the people who revered and obeyed them: some of them even might have been a species of free-thinking spirits performing their sacrifices and other rites in order to edify their followers and carry on their profession. Thus at Rome the haruspices, although they had ceased to believe in the efficacy of their ceremonies,* had nevertheless not discontinued them, and Varro observed calmly that there are some things which it is good that the people should believe, although they may not be true. It is possible, then, that the Druids rose above the *religiones* which they expounded and practised, especially when civilisation commenced to spread in Gaul by contact with the Greek colonies on the Mediterranean coast. It is possible that some of them may have been initiated into the systems of Greek philosophy, and may have tried to diffuse them around them. It might thus be explained why, according to the strange statement of Caesar, they taught a sort of metempsychosis. But whatever may have been their own particular doctrine in this respect, it was certainly not the belief of the Gauls. The Gauls, like all barbarian peoples, believed in the immortality of the indi-

* Cicero, *De Nat. Deorum*, I. 71.

vidual, that is to say, in the continuation in another world of the life which had been led on earth. Two facts establish this belief in an incontrovertible fashion: the funeral rites—the dogs, horses, and slaves which were sacrificed at death in order that they might continue to serve them in the other world; and, secondly, the nature of certain contracts: money was borrowed on condition of refunding it in the other world.

Be this point of doctrine as it may, from the sole fact that the Druids formed a corporation, and a corporation superior to the people who believed and revered them, it was natural that ignorance should attribute to them mysterious and marvellous doctrines. It was so in all ages, and to quote only one example, we know all that the credulity of the Middle Ages related of the Order of Templars. It is so much the more natural that this opinion should have been held regarding the Druids, because they necessarily had craft secrets for their incantations, predictions, charms, etc., secrets which the common people must not know. The Druids might also have arrived at empiric knowledge of some natural phenomena, and added lustre to their prestige by this knowledge. "Gaul has its Druids," says Cicero,* "and I knew Divitiacus the Æduan: he professed knowledge of the system of nature which the Greeks call physiology, and he predicted the future, partly by augury and partly by conjecture." A little amusing physics, that is what the secret doctrine of the Druids probably was. That is the foundation of priesthood among all ignorant and savage peoples, among the shamans of Siberia as among the sorcerers of Central Africa, among the jugglers of the Red-Skins as among the marabouts of Algeria.

There is no need to seek for the origin of such infantile doctrines; they spring up spontaneously in a credulous medium, among men who live mid the supernatural. According to Caesar, it *was thought* that the system of the Druids came from Great Britain. But Caesar confines himself to quoting an *opinion;* it seemed to him confirmed by the fact that people went into Britain in order better to study the doctrine of the Druids. This fact might have had another cause. Great Britain, being less civilised than Gaul, remained more believing; the religion was more alive

* *De Divinatione*, I., 41.

there, the Druids more respected. It was natural that sometimes young people should be sent to perfect themselves in the school of the insular Druids. The opinion reported by Caesar is all the less probable in that Great Britain having been peopled by Gaul, the mother country should have thus received its beliefs and its religious organisation from its colony! And before this time it had then been without religion and without priesthood! That is not credible, and Caesar's authorities were probably mistaken in regard to the origin of very intimate and, doubtless, very ancient religious relations. And, besides, this hypothesis is implicitly contradicted by Tacitus, who is a very weighty authority on Great Britain, and who, on the contrary, connects the belief of the Britons with that of the Gauls. "A general survey inclines me to believe that the Gauls established themselves in an island so near to them. Their religious rites and superstitious beliefs may be found among the Britons."*

We have nothing to say of the name of the Druids, because the meaning and origin of it are unknown. It has nothing in common with the name of the oak, and this etymology was an illusion of the Greeks, who connected the name with their word *drūs* "oak." This name is met with in Irish under the form *drui* or *drai*, gen. *druad*, nom. pl. *druid*, which has the meaning of "sorcerer." The Irish sorcerers, in spite of their name of Druids, did not possess the political and social importance of the Druids of Gaul, and the high functions of judges and learned men of the latter were filled by the *filé*, reduced later on to the rank of *brehons*. The name of the Druids of Gaul is known to us only through the historians; it is not met with in the Latin inscriptions. An Irish funeral menhir (standing stone) does indeed bear the inscription IVVENE DRVVIDES, *i.e.*, "[This is the stone or the tomb] of the young Druid," but this inscription is possibly false. There was an inclination to see the feminine *druis*, "druidess," in an inscription found at Metz (Orelli, 2200); but this inscription, now lost, is only known by ancient readings that are very questionable. If there were Druidesses, this name certainly designated sorceresses or female diviners. The question is mooted only in writers of the late Latin epoch (Lampridius

* Agricola, 11.

and Vopiscus). They are said to have predicted to Diocletian his accession to the empire; the whole thing is simply the story of the witches in Macbeth: "Diocletian, thou wilt be emperor!"

The Druids disappeared almost without the notice of history. A short expression from Suetonius,* "Claudius entirely abolished the cruel and savage religion of the Druids, which, under Augustus, had already been forbidden to citizens, (that is to say, to Gauls become Roman citizens)," and another from Pliny,† "Tiberius suppressed the Druids,"—that is all we know with respect to this matter. It is probable that by that we must understand the suppression of their human sacrifices. Through the Roman conquest, the Druids certainly lost their political and social importance; they no longer enjoyed exemption from public charges and taxes, and they had ceased to dispense justice. The riches of their temples, filled with gold by the piety of the faithful, had been secularised by Cæsar for his own profit. They had no longer any authority beyond that of the prestige of an ancient religion; doubtless Gauls attached to their traditions and their beliefs still came to beg them to judge between them, just as the *brehons* still acted as judges after the English conquest, and the emperors had to prohibit the Druids from thus dispensing a justice which the parties accepted as the English Kings prohibited the *brehons*. The Gauls doubtless continued their human sacrifices. The Roman administration could not permit it any more than the English administration permits analogous sacrifices in India. But in forbidding them it no more proscribed the Druids than the English have proscribed the Brahmins in forbidding the *suttees*. That is what we must understand by the suppression of Druidism. The Druids continued to do innocent sacrifices for the pious who still came to seek them; they subsisted as sorcerers. Doubtless, like all clergy who have lost their privileges and their property, who see their importance diminishing, and the numbers of their faithful melting away, the Druids regretted the ancient regime and had not lost all hope. During the Gaulish insurrection of Civilis, they are seen to encourage the revolt by their intrigues and by their predictions. Just then a fire had destroyed the Capital of Rome. It was "a sign of the

* Claudius, Chap. 25. † *Hist., Nat.*, xxx., 4, 13.

wrath of heaven and a presage that the sovereignty of the world was passing to the nations beyond the Alps. Such were the vain and superstitious predictions of the Druids."* M. Fustel de Coulanges has very justly explained and defined the discredit of the Druids and the disappearance of their cult:† "Tacitus speaks of them under Vespasian [that is the passage we have already quoted] without saying that their existence was contrary to the law, and nothing shows that they were pursued as public enemies. There is then no proof that Druidism was entirely interdicted; what is more probable is that being lowered from its political and judicial power through the establishment of the Roman authority, deprived of the grand and terrible ceremonies of its cult, interdicted to those of the Gauls who wished to be Roman citizens, and deserted by all who formed part of the higher classes, it was reduced to be the religion of the more ignorant and vulgar, and it fell to the rank of an insignificant superstition."

It is thus that at all times religions end. The religion of the Gauls disappeared as a religion, but a number of its practices and rites were preserved and held their ground, even against Christianity and the prescriptions of Councils. The *pagani* (a word which is translated by "peasant" or by "pagan") did not stop their practices. We quote only some examples to show the indomitable persistence of tradition.—Gregory of Tours informs us that the inhabitants of Gaul represented in wood and in bronze the limbs and members in which they suffered and for which they asked cure; they placed them in a temple. There have, in fact, been found votive limbs and members in bronze within the ruins of several Gallo-Roman temples, and in other consecrated places. This usage is preserved in the sanctuaries of local saints, who have undoubtedly taken the place of the ancient gods of the country, or who, more correctly, are the ancient gods Christianised.—Another example: Cæsar spoke above of the sacrifice which consisted in burning men all alive inside human

* Tacitus, *Histories*, IV.. 54.

† *Histoire des Institutions politiques de la France*, I., 2nd Ed., p. 65 n. [See another exposition, by M. F. de Coulanges, of the disappearance of the Druids in *Revue Celtique*, IV., pp. 37-59. Trans.]

images of wickerwork. This usage has continued without interruption to our age, with the exception that, by a substitution frequent in the history of sacrifices, animals have taken the place of men. It was in many places in France the practice to throw into the fire of St. John hampers and baskets of wickerwork containing animals—cats, dogs, foxes, and wolves. Last century even in several villages it was the mayor or aldermen who caused a dozen or two cats in a basket be sent to be burnt in the fire of joy of St. John. This custom existed at Paris, and it was suppressed only at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. The feast of St. John succeeded to the place of the feast of the summer solstice. We may therefore believe that the cruel sacrifice of which Cæsar speaks took place at this date.—The worship of fountains is also a Celtic cult surviving throughout the ages. A number of Christian churches have been built near a source consecrated by the tradition of the country, and in many a place, now-a-days even, the peasants go to invoke supernatural aid beside fountains where Gaulish *ex-votos* or votive offerings have been found.

There does not exist upon the religion of the Gauls any general work that can be recommended with confidence. Persons who wish to study by themselves these questions must consult the monographs that are scattered in the following publications:—*Mémoires et Bulletin de la Société des Antiquaires de France; Revue Archéologique; Bulletin Monumental; Revue des Sociétés Savantes*; *Mémoires lus à la Sorbonne* (*Archéologie*); *Jahrbücher des Vereins von Alterthumsfreunden im Rheinlande; Revue Celtique.*

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

(Continued.)

The Macleods of Lewis.

VIII.—Torquil Macleod, eight. of Lewis, has a charter under the Great Seal—"*Torquilo Macleod de Lewes, de officio balivatus omnium terrarum regi in Troternish, jacen. infra insulam de Skye, in forisfacturam Johannis, olim domini insularum, tenend. dicto Torquilo et hæredibus fuis inter ipsum et Catharinam Campbell, fororem Archibaldi comitis de Argyll, legitime procreand quibus deficientibus, regi et hæredibus fuis revertend datum apud novum castrum de Kilkerran in Kintyre. 28vo. Junii,* 1498." Torquil Macleod, by the death of his father, now Lord of Lewis, in the summer of 1498, accompanied by Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, paid his homage to James IV. at the head of Loch Kilkerran, where the king held a Court at a castle recently erected by him. In October, 1498, Torquil has a charter under the Great Seal granting him the office of Bailliary of Trotternish, with eight merks of the land, described as being then in the hands of the Crown by the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles, though only in August, two months previously, a grant of the same Bailliary, with two unciates of the land now given to Macleod of Lewis, were made by a similar charter to Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan.*

On the liberation of Donald Dubh Macdonald of the Isles from his confinement in the Castle of Inchconnel, he repaired at once to Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, who had married Catherine, daughter of the first Earl of Argyll, and sister of Donald Dubh's mother. Macleod took him under his protection, warmly espoused his cause, and at once set about to secure for him the support of the other West Island chiefs in his efforts to establish himself as Lord of the Isles. Through the Earl of Argyll, Macian of Ardnamurchan, and Stewart of Appin, who were at the time in regular communication with the Court, the king soon heard of Donald Dubh's escape and Torquil Macleod's support

* Reg. of the Great Seal, xiii., 305 and 377.

of his claims. Determined, if possible, to put an immediate stop to the movement, Torquil was charged, under the penalty of high treason, at once to deliver up the person of Donald Dubh, described in the charge as then at Macleod's "rule and governance." No attention was paid to the Royal demands; Torquil was formally denounced as a rebel, and all his possessions were forfeited. Directions were in 1552 given in a commission to the Earl of Huntly, Lord Lovat, and William Munro of Fowlis, to expel all "broken men" from the Lewis, which meant, in the disturbed state of affairs at the time, the expulsion of the whole population of the island. Macleod's answer was at once to proclaim Donald Dubh as Lord of the Isles. In the meantime he induced most of the Highland chiefs to join in the insurrection, among others Maclean of Duart and Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, both of whom were in 1504 declared traitors and had their estates forfeited to the Crown.

In 1505 most of the leaders of the insurrection made their submission to an expedition conducted by the King in person and the confederacy of the Island chiefs was dissolved. Torquil Macleod, however, with a few others, who had no hope of the Royal pardon being extended to them, still held out, and in 1506 a second expedition was rendered necessary. The Lord of Lewis was solemnly forfeited in his life and property in Parliament, and for the purpose of carrying the sentence into execution the Earl of Huntly, in 1506, proceeded at the head of a considerable force as far as the Lewis; the Castle of Stornoway was besieged and finally taken, and the whole of the island was subdued. But whether Torquil himself was killed or effected his escape it is impossible to say; for we find no further trace of him. His lands of Assynt and Coigeach were given in life-rent to Y Mackay of Strathnaver, who took a prominent part in the expedition against him. On the 29th of April, 1508, James IV. commanded the Bishop of Caithness, Ranald Alansoun of Clanranald, and Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, to let for five years to sufficient tenants the lands of the Lewis and Waternish in Skye, which were forfeited by Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, and on June 7th they received further instructions to proceed to Lewis on the same business, taking their directions from Alexander, Earl of Huntly.

Torquil Macleod married first Catherine Campbell, daughter of the first Earl of Argyll, named as his wife in the charter granted to Macleod in 1498 above quoted, apparently without issue. He married, secondly, a daughter of John Cathanach Macdonald of Islay and the Glynns, and widow of Donald Gallach, third, and mother of Donald Gruamach, fourth of Sleat, with issue—

1. John Mac Torquil,* who was excluded from the succession on his father's forfeiture, and again when the estates were restored in 1511 to Malcolm, Torquil's brother. He, however, succeeded on the death of his uncle in getting possession, which he held during the remainder of his life, as will be seen hereafter.

In 1511, Lewis and the other estates of the family were given, to the exclusion of the direct male heir, by charter under the great seal, to

IX.—MALCOLM MACLEOD, brother of the forfeited Torquil, who is described as *Malcolmo Makloid filio et hæredi quondam Roderico M'Cloid.* He is granted "the lands and castle of Lewis, and Waternish in the Lordship of the Isles, with other lands, erected in his favour into the barony and lordship of Lewis, the place and castle of Stornochway to be the chief messuage."† In 1515, when the Regent Duke of Albany commissioned John Macian of Ardnamurchan to reduce to obedience the inhabitants of parts of the Isles who had taken part with Sir Donald of Lochalsh in his attempt to gain the Lordship of the Isles, and to promise the less violent of them the favour of the Crown and remission for their past crimes, provided they made their submission, promised obedience in future, and made restitution to those who had suffered by their conduct, Malcolm Macleod of the Lewis was one of those specially exempted from the Royal clemency. He is again on record in 1517.

* Gregory [p. 131] speaks of Donald Gruanach as uterine brother of John Mac Torquil, son of Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, forfeited in 1506, and nephew of Malcolm, the present [1528] Lord of Lewis. In a footnote he adds that Donald Gallach's "mother was first married to Torquil Macleod of the Lewis." She must, however, have been his second wife, and Donald Gallach's widow, for the latter was killed in 1506, and Catherine of Argyll is named as Macleod's wife in the charter of 1498; she lived until after 1506, the date of Donald Gallach's death.

† Reg. of the Great Seal XVII., No. 16; and Reg. of the Privy Council IV., folio 126.

In 1518-19 Sir Donald of Lochalsh, accompanied by the Macleods of Lewis and Raasay, invaded Ardnamurchan, where, by pre-concerted arrangement, they met Alexander Macdonald of Islay, united their forces, and attacked Macian, whom they overtook at Craig-an-Airgid, in Morvern, where he was defeated and slain with two of his sons, John Suaineartach and Angus, and many of his followers. Sir Donald died very soon after this raid, and we can find nothing further regarding Malcolm Macleod, who appears to have died about 1528.

From the date of the raid to Ardnamurchan till about 1532 the lands and barony of Lewis were taken possession of and held by John, son and direct male representative of Torquil Macleod forfeited in 1506, and nephew of Malcolm. On the death of his uncle, whose son Roderick was a minor, John Mac Torquil, aided by Donald Gruamach of Sleat and his followers, seized the whole Island. The vassals of the barony followed his banner, and, though excluded from the succession by his father's forfeiture, they acknowledged him as their natural leader by right of birth, and he was able to keep possession of the lands and the command of the Siol Torquil during the remainder of his life. In 1538 his name appears among nine of the Highland chiefs who made offers of submission to the King through Hector Maclean of Duart.

John left no male issue, but after his death the claims of his daughter, who afterwards married Donald Gorm Macdonald, fifth of Sleat, were supported by his kindred, and the Clan Donald of Sleat.

Writing of this John Mac-Torquil, under date of 1532-39, Gregory says, "that chief, the representative of an elder, though forfeited branch of the family of Lewis, had obtained possession of the estates and leading of his tribe; and although he did not hold these by any legal title, the claims of his daughter, after his death, were far from contemptible, especially when supported by the influence of the Clandonald. A compromise seems to have been entered into between Donald Gorme and Ruari Macleod, the legal heir of the Lewis, as formerly held by Malcolm Macleod, his father, and the last lawful possessor."*

* *Highlands and Isles*, p. 144.

Malcolm Macleod married Christian, daughter of Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, with issue—

1. Roderick, his heir.
2. Malcolm Garve, progenitor of the Macleods of Raasay.
3. Norman, from whom the Macleods of Eddrachilles.

In 1532, on the death of his nephew John MacTorquil, who had been in undisturbed possession since Malcolm's death,*

X.—RODERICK MACLEOD succeeded to the lands and command of the Macleods of Lewis, in terms of an arrangement arrived at between him and Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, who had married Margaret, daughter of John Mac Torquil. In terms of this arrangement, Roderick undertook to assist Donald Gorm in driving the Macleods of Dunvegan, who again managed to gain possession of Troternish, from that contested district. It is also alleged that Roderick became bound to support Donald Gorm in his attempts to establish himself in the Lordship of the Isles and Earldom of Ross.

In May, 1539, Macdonald, accompanied by Macleod and his followers, invaded the lands of Troternish and laid them waste, after which, taking advantage of Mackenzie of Kintail's absence from home, they, with a large body of followers, made a raid upon Kinlochewe and Kintail, and attempted to take the Castle of Eilean Donain, on which occasion Donald Gorm was killed by an arrow shot from the walls of the stronghold.

On the 2nd of April, 1538, James V. granted to Roderick Macleod, the son and heir of the deceased Malcolm Macleod of the Lewis, the nonentry and other dues of the lands and barony of the Lewis, from the 30th of June, 1511, till a year after the date of the grant.† When the King, on his famous visit to the Isles in 1540, visited the Lewis, Roderick Macleod and his principal kinsmen met him, and they were commanded to accompany him in his progress southward. In 1541 King James V. granted Roderick and Barbara Stewart, his affianced spouse, the lands,

* Malcolm was buried in the Churchyard of Ui, in the immediate vicinity of Stornoway, where many of the Lewis chiefs are interred, "and particularly Malcolm, son of Roderick Macleod, Lord of Lewis, who died in the reign of James V. His tomb is still visible, and the inscription is entire, with the exception of the date."—*Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, p. 4.

† Reg. of the Privy Council, Vol. XI. folio 66.

island and barony of Lewis, with the castle and other lands, resigned by Roderick, when the whole was erected anew into the free barony of Lewis.

We find Roderick's name, on the 28th of July, 1545, among the seventeen of the Barons and Council of the Isles appointed as plenipotentiaries for treating, under the directions of the Earl of Lennox, with the English King, to whom, at this time, they had been arranging to transfer their allegiance, and in consequence of which they had shortly before been charged by the Regent Arran with rebellious and treasonable proceedings, and threatened with utter ruin and destruction, from an invasion by "the whole body of the realm of Scotland, with the succours lately come from France," for their attempts to bring the whole Isles and a great part of the mainland under the obedience of the King of England, in contempt of the authority of the Crown of Scotland. On the 5th of August following these Barons were at Knockfergus, in Ireland, with a force of four thousand men and one hundred and eighty galleys, where, in presence of the Commissioners sent by the Earl of Lennox, and of the leading officials of the town, they took the oath of allegiance to the King of England, at the command of the Earl of Lennox, who was acknowledged by them all as the true Regent and second person of the Realm of Scotland. It was in this capacity and for this reason that they agreed to act under his directions in their treasonable and unpatriotic conduct on this and other occasions. On the 17th of August in the same year he had, with Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan and forty others, a remission from that date to the 1st of November following, that they might go to the Regent and Lords of the Privy Council for the purpose of arranging as to their affairs.

On the death of Donald Dubh, without lawful male issue, many of the Island chiefs adopted as their leader James Macdonald of Islay, though his pretentions to the Lordship of the Isles were far inferior to those of Donald Gorm Og of Sleat, who was then a minor. Among those who opposed Islay and who soon afterwards succeeded in effecting a reconciliation with the Scottish Regent, we find Roderick Macleod of Lewis, Macleod of Harris, Macneill of Barra, Mackinnon of Strath, and Macquarrie of Ulva. Roderick is, however, in 1547, absent from the battle

of Pinkie, though several of the other Island lords responded to the call of the Regent Arran on that disastrous occasion, but Macleod appears to have been forgiven in 1548 on easy terms with several others outlawed along with him for not joining the Regent's forces in the previous year when commanded to do so. He is, however, again in trouble within a very short interval. In 1551 Archibald Earl of Argyll was commissioned to pursue with his men Roderick Macleod of the Lewis for "obteening" certain persons out of his lands, and in 1552 Arran determined, on the advice of Mary of Guise, the Queen Dowager, to establish order among the Highlanders. With this object he summoned all the chiefs to meet him at Aberdeen on the 17th of June. Most of them submitted to the conditions imposed, either there or in the following July at Inverness, but in consequence of the disputes which occurred at his time between Arran and the Queen Dowager, regarding the Regency, the Highlanders again broke out. The Queen Dowager assumed the Government in June, 1554, when she at once ordered the Earls of Huntly and Argyll to proceed by land and sea to the utter extermination of the Macdonalds of Clanranald and of Sleat, the Macleods of Lewis, and their associates, who had failed to present the hostages demanded of them for good conduct and loyalty in future. The expedition seems, from various causes, to have turned out a complete failure. The Queen Dowager was determined, however, to secure order among the Highlanders, and in April, 1555, a process of treason was commenced against Roderick Macleod of the Lewis. In the following June a commission was granted to the Earls of Argyll and Athole against the islanders, but soon after, in the same year, Macleod submitted and made certain offers to the Privy Council through Argyll, in consequence of which the Queen Regent granted him a remission "for his treasonable intercommuning with various rebels, and for other crimes."

After this he appears to have led a more peaceful life for several years, for we do not again find any trace of him in the public records until he is summoned with several others, by proclamation, on the 20th of September, 1565, to join the Earl of Athole in Lorn to put down the Earl of Murray's rebellion, arising out of

his opposition to the marriage of Mary, Queen of Scots, to Lord Darnley. This rebellion, however, collapsed, and there was no necessity to send the royal forces to Lorn after all. In 1572, during Roderick's life, James VI. granted to Torquil Conanach Macleod, described in the charter as "the son and apparent heir of Roderick Macleod of Lewis," and to the heirs male of his body, with remainder to Gillecallum Garbh Macleod of Raasay, and his male heirs, and to Torquil's male heirs whomsoever bearing the Macleod surname and arms, the lands and barony of Lewis, which Roderick had resigned, reserving the life-rent to himself on condition that he and Torquil should not again commit any crime against the King.*

(To be continued.)

THE EVIL EYE.

THE possessor of the "evil eye" can throw some baleful magic influence over the object which, wittingly or unwittingly, attracts his attention. The belief that some people possess such a power is world-wide and world-old. Classical writers make unmistakeable reference to the evil eye—the *obliquo oculo* of Horace, for instance, and from China and India in the east to Ireland in the west the belief is actively existent in modern times. In India, Turkey, and Egypt, talismans are kept about children to ward off the influence of the evil eye. In Roumania you must not say a baby is pretty, or that anyone looks well without spitting on the ground, and in the Highlands in similar circumstances they like to hear some such expression made use of as "Cha ghabh mo shuil air" (may my eye not take on him). Witches, of course, possessed the fatal gift, but even they were not more dreaded than those persons who were reputed to have it, and did not know that such was the case. Such people were a constant danger to their neighbours, and their evil eye could even take effect upon their own property at times. A correspondent from Lochalsh says—"One possessing

* *Register of the Privy Council*, Vol XL., folio 65.

an evil eye is very dangerous, especially to fair people. . Such persons are supposed to make people sick, and the worst of the sickness is that no doctor can cure it. There is no great pain caused. But one feels drowsy, and dwindles and pines away little by little until he becomes a mere skeleton." . In the case of cattle, the milk is taken from the cows, while sickness, disease, and accidents fall thick on all other kinds of cattle. Even inanimate property, such as furniture, weapons, or food material, may be affected. The same correspondent gives us two cases to the point. A woman, reputed to possess an evil eye, came one day into a house in the village of Portchullin, in order that some one might row her over the ferry. A little boy about five years old, fair and beautiful to see, stood beside his mother. Whenever the woman entered she said, "What a nice little boy you have!" In a moment the boy fell down and foamed about the mouth till he was almost choked. It was not till one of the orthodox cures was resorted to that he recovered. In the same village, at another time, a woman expressed admiration for some chickens which a neighbour had, and in a moment one of the chickens jumped into a pot of hot water and was killed. There was no doubt, then, but that woman had an evil eye.

There are, at least, two methods of curing persons or animals affected by the evil eye. The first cure is the repeating of a rhyme over the person that is unwell, or, if the person be not present, a bit of his garments will do as well. In this case, money must be given to the expert who tries the cure, or otherwise the rhyme or duan would be of no effect. The second and most popular cure is by the "silver" water, and the charm is known technically as "*uisg airgid*," or water of silver. A wooden vessel is procured, and in the case of cattle the milking cog is the proper utensil. In this a coin of silver is placed—some place therein one coin each of gold, silver, and copper, and the water must be taken from a stream below a bridge over which "living and dead" pass. The person procuring the water should not divulge his purpose to anyone, and in "lifting" the water from the stream the Trinity must be invoked. The water is then brought to the sick person, and he has to drink of it thrice, and in some places the water is first of all dashed on the patient with-

out sign or warning. In any case, the rest of the water is poured out, and if the coin of gold sticks to the bottom of the vessel, the evil eye is the cause of the sickness. The water was sprinkled upon and offered to the animals affected. Invocation of the Trinity always accompanied this part of the ceremony.

The above is the general method all over the Highlands, but the following elaborate plan of cure, which we found in operation in Badenoch, we must not omit. A wooden milk cog, with three hoops keeping it together, must be got. A coin of silver, preferably a sixpence, is placed in it. Then the person starts for water to a ford through which the dead and living pass ("bialath beo agus mairbh.") Then the water is "lifted" into the cog with a spoon, three spoonfuls above the ford and three below, and every spoonful is accompanied by invocation of the Trinity. The person goes home, and then passes the cog and its contents three times round the chimney chain or pot-hanger ("slabhraidh") towards the right hand or sunwise. Then the water is placed in a ladle, coin and all, and passed round the head of the child three times sunwise, commencing at the right shoulder, and each time the child is made to drink a mouthful of the water in passing. This also, as in the case of lifting the water and passing it round the chain, is done with invocation of the Trinity. Thereafter the water is turned out of the ladle, and if the coin sticks at the bottom of it, then it is a clear case of "evil eye." In the case of cattle, the ceremony is the same, only, instead of their drinking three mouthfuls, the water is sprinkled on them. The antiquity of this particular form of the charm is proved by a ford being requisite, rather than the more modern bridge, and its further enjoining the three "sunwise" turns.

This superstition is still very much believed in. The latest case that has come to our knowledge is one from a parish in Skye. There a schoolboy, a handsome young lad, ingratiated himself in the eyes of a reputed witch, and her evil eye unwittingly fell upon him. He took to his bed, and fell into a comatose sleep, from which he could not be awakened. The mystic silver water was procured, and the boy was forced in a half-awake state to drink of it. When the drinking of it was over, he at once shook off his lethargy, and was straightway as well as ever. An intelligent

student, who was then the boy's companion, narrates the story with full confidence in the efficacy of the cure. The incidents of the cure are correctly enough what he states them to be, and doubtless it was after doing a service to the witch that the boy got unwell, but the logic of the whole matter belongs to the "post hoc, ergo propter hoc" category.

GEORGE, FOURTH EARL OF CAITHNESS OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By George M. Sutherland, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

(*Continued.*)

Queen Mary herself was not by any means considered innocent as to the death of Darnley. If she had entertained any real sorrow for him, she would never have so soon after his death professed such a public attachment for the worthless Earl of Bothwell. But Darnley's assassination aroused the suspicion of many, while it was looked on with horror by the majority of the people. Various reports were whispered abroad, and a meeting of some nobles took place at Dunkeld, at which the Earl of Caithness was present. Goaded on by imputations from the French Court, as well as from some of her own subjects, she consented to the trial of Bothwell. But although she gave her consent, her heart was not in the prosecution. She trusted that the trial would be a mere matter of form, and in this she was not disappointed. Bothwell appeared and answered to the charge, but no witnesses were brought against him. The Earl of Caithness was the Chancellor of the Jury, and, in the circumstances, the jury could not convict, as the Court in a corrupt time had made conviction impossible. According to Robertson, the historian, "the Earl of Caithness protested in their name," the jury, "that no crime should be imputed to them on that account, because no accuser had appeared and no proof was brought of the indictment." Subsequent events proved that the trial had been a sham one, and the conduct of the Earl of Caithness and other members of the nobility is not easily explained away. Shortly thereafter the Earl of Caithness, the Earl of Sutherland, and many others entered into a bond, in which they recommended Bothwell

"as a suitable husband for the queen, whose continuance in solitary widowhood they declared was injurious to the interests of the Commonwealth." Whatever motives may have actuated the nobles, there is no doubt that the whole transaction was looked upon by the people as one of an unprincipled character, to which the Queen was no doubt, directly or indirectly, a party. The Earl of Caithness was one of those who signed the letter of the Privy Council to the Queen-mother of France, which misrepresented the facts, and glossed over what had actually taken place. Notwithstanding that the Earl of Caithness had signed the bond wishing that the Queen should have been married to Bothwell, he was quite willing not many weeks or months thereafter to join with other people to free the Queen from the control of Bothwell, and, indeed, to join the party who had taken up arms to expel Bothwell from the Kingdom. The times were evidently uncertain, public policy was changeable, and the nobility had their own purposes to serve, so that they cannot be judged too harshly. Even under the government of the Regent Moray, the Earl of Caithness came more or less to the front. It would appear that he had considerable influence, for Tytler, in his *History of Scotland*, observes that the "legislation, on the subject of religion," had been condemned among others by the Earl of Caithness.

After their marriage, the youthful Earl of Sutherland and Lady Barbara Sinclair took up their residence at Dunrobin Castle. For a time the Earl of Caithness took up his quarters there also, no doubt as guardian of the young Earl. The disposition of Lord Caithness was restless, as well as exceedingly imperious, and from the life of intrigue which he led, there was little chance of his living in peace, or in friendship, with those among whom his lot might be cast for any length of time. Further, there is little doubt of his having subordinated the interests of the family of Sutherland to that of his own clan. For this and other reasons he incurred the resentment of many of the inhabitants of Sutherland, such as the Murrays of Dornoch and the Gordons. It may be mentioned that the Earl of Athole had sold the wardship of the young Earl of Sutherland to the Earl of Caithness, or as Sir Robert Gordon in his History puts it: "Bot the Earle of Atholl, against the lawes of duety and freindship, maid his commoditie thereof (and which was wors), sold the same unto George, Earl of

Catteynes, Earle Alexander his greatest enemie, who with all his witt and might indevooared to mak his gain by this occasion, and to advance his own familie by the decay and ruyn of the House of Southerland." And Sir Robert characterises the marriage of the Earl of Sutherland, and Lady Barbara Sinclair as "ane unfitt match, indeid, a youth of fyftene married to a woman of threttie-two yeirs."

It has been stated that while the Earl of Caithness resided at Dunrobin, that his actings were by no means of a prudent character, or such as to allay the suspicions of the retainers of the House of Sutherland. It has been even said that his treatment of the young Earl at Dunrobin was not what it ought to have been in the young Earl's own Castle—and further that the Earl of Caithness went the length of destroying many of the Sutherland charters, with the view of giving effect to some ultimate objects which he entertained at the time. It may be reasonably assumed that the Earl of Caithness expected an heir of the marriage of his daughter with the Earl of Sutherland, that would at no very distant date sway the destiny of the House of Sutherland. In this he was disappointed—for no child was born of the matrimonial alliance, and the wedded pair did not live happily—indeed it was well known that Lady Barbara Sinclair carried on a criminal intrigue with Mackay of Strathnaver. But Earl George was too persistent a man to be baulked in his efforts, or to relinquish any plan upon which he had set his mind. It is believed that he got Lady Margaret Gordon into his hands—a sister of Earl Alexander—and that he intended to make her the wife of his son, William Sinclair. But it was his first purpose to get Earl Alexander out of the way, in order that his son, William, and Lady Margaret Gordon might become Earl and Countess of Sutherland. Accordingly, the general details of the plan for the assassination had been arranged, and Earl George, to screen himself from all suspicion of participation in the plot, went to Edinburgh, so that the plan might be carried out in his absence.

The designs of the Earl of Caithness oozed out, or at least the Murrays and the Gordons were apprehensive that the life of the young Earl of Sutherland was not in safe keeping. Sir Robert Gordon writes that the Murrays and Gordons received secret intelligence of the "Earle of Catteynes, his intended designs, by

some who were maid privie to the bussines, they thought fitt to use all celeritie, the verie lyff of actions; and thereupon they did assemble a company of resolute men with all possible dilligence, ingadging ther owne securitie, and hazarding their deirest saftie upon the uncertan chance of fortoun." The Murrays put themselves into communication with Earl Alexander, and in the silence of the night they arrived quietly at the Burn of Golspie, where Earl Alexander joined them. They immediately made their escape, and, on the flight becoming known, they were hotly pursued by the men of Earl George. On account of a severe storm at the ferry at Port-na-Couter, they were almost taken had they not risked their lives, but Sir Robert Gordon writes that "by the assistance of the Almightie God, they escaped that perrell." Earl Alexander proceeded straight to Strathbogie to the Earl of Huntly for protection.

The Laird of Duffus—the son-in-law of the Earl of Caithness—duly informed his lordship of what had happened. The wrath of the Earl knew no bounds. He was sadly grieved at the escape of his ward, and, being made aware that the Murrays were the agents in the liberation of Earl Alexander, he resolved to punish them as severely as circumstances would permit. He accordingly assembled the Caithness men at Wick, and placed them under the command of his eldest son, John Sinclair, Master of Caithness, who forthwith proceeded with them to Dornoch to attack the Murrays. Earl George's men were assisted by Mackay of Strathnaver with a body of followers. After much severe fighting, the Murrays were defeated, and some of them fled to the Castle and others betook themselves to the steeple of the Cathedral. The town was burnt. This was in the year 1570. Latterly, through the influence of several mediators, the Murrays surrendered on certain conditions, giving, at the same time, three of their principal men as hostages, that the arrangements come to by the Murrays would be faithfully carried out by them. The Master of Caithness and Mackay of Strathnaver agreed to the conditions of the Murrays. The Earl of Caithness, however, refused to confirm them, and he ordered the three hostages given by the Murrays to be put to death. The Laird of Duffus superintended the execution, and at a time when revenge was sweet, and much sought

after, the laird, in addition to obeying the behests of the Earl, had his own special grievances, for the Murrays had shortly before ravaged and destroyed his own lands and estate. The Master of Caithness and Mackay of Strathnaver, in the face of the agreement come to with the Murrays, repudiated all connection with the execution of the hostages, to such an extent that they roused the ire of the Earl, with whom they were never afterwards on terms of friendship. Sir Robert Gordon observes that the pledges were beheaded "against all humanitie, and the law of nations duelie observed among the greatest infidells." He also maintained that the parties engaged in the destruction of Dornoch through divine interposition came to a sad end shortly afterwards—the laird of Duffus having immediately sickened and died—and the Master of Caithness having been famished to death in Girnigoe Castle, by his own father, in "wofull captivitie."

After the flight of the Earl of Sutherland, and especially after the defeat of the Murrays, the Earl of Caithness made himself complete master of the possessions of Earl Alexander. All those who were friendly to the interests of Earl Alexander, or suspected of leanings in his favour, were driven out of the county. The Murrays dispersed in all directions — indeed, some of Earl Alexander's dependents went to Orkney, others to Strathbogie, and many to various quarters, hither and thither; but they all looked forward in hope to the day of deliverance—the day when Earl Alexander would attain majority, when they would return to the land of their forefathers. It was seen that the Earl of Caithness was making as much profit as he could out of Sutherland, and that to the injury and prejudice of Earl Alexander. The Earl of Huntly saw that the affairs of his friend were being ruined, and before Alexander attained majority a great amount of additional injury might be done. In order to have matters adjusted and put on an amicable footing, the Earl of Athole was sent to Sutherland to meet Earl George, but the latter was too astute and capable a man to be taken unaware. While willing outwardly to preserve the estate of his ward, he declined to resign his office, so that the Earl of Athole's mission was fruitless, the Earl of Caithness being determined to hold on to it as long as circumstances could permit him.

(To be continued.)

FUINEADAIR NA MANACHAINN.*

AIG àm Blar Chuil-fhodair bha bantrach anns a' Mhanachainn aig an robh aon mhac d' am b' ainm Domhnall Friseal. Chaidh e comhladh ris na Frisealaich eile do 'n bhlar. Chaidh an ruaig air na reubalaich, agus theich Domhnall as cho luath agus a bheireadh a chasan e dhachaidh an Mhanachainn. Bha a mhathair bhochd toilichte fhaicinn air ais a rithist, gun mhaille, gun leon, gun lochd, slan fallain, bochd truagh acrach agus sgith mar a bha e. Bha eagal a bheatha air tamh oidhche a ghabhail am bothan a mhathar a thaobh gun robh an t-arm dearg air toir luchd-cabhair a' Phrionns, ged is ann leis a' chrois-tara no teine a chaidh a' chuid is mo dhe na Frisealaich iomain gu feachd oighre Mhorair Sim dhe 'n deach an ceann a thoirt. Bha e mar so na fhogarrach fad thri bliadhna thall agus a bhos a' gabhail comhnuidh anns na cnuic, na sluic, garbhlach, coille, creag agus uamh a gheobhadh e eadar Loch-nam-bonnach agus Loch-nan-ian am braigh na Manachainn. La dhe na laithean, aig ceann nan tri bliadhna, ars' esan ri mhathair, "A bhean, tha mi sgith dhe mo bheatha; tha sinn a nis bochd agus lom gun bhiadh gun aodach. A dh-aindeoin na dh' fhaodas tighinn orm theid mi dh' fhiachainn am faigh mi cosnadh." "Chan fhalbh thu," ars' ise, "gus am faigh thu bonnach, agus beannachd do mhathar." Rinn i bonnach-Bealltainn da air chinn na maidne, agus thog e air le bonnach agus beannachd a mhathar, agus thug e Inbhir-Nis air. Ach cha d' fhuair e cosnadh no cosnadh anns a' bhaile sin. An sin thug e baile Inbhir-Narunn air agus fhuair e cosnadh an sin. Ghabh e cairtealan ann an tigh seann duine aig an robh aon leanabh nighinn. Togadar air Domhnall agus shin e air suirigh air an nighinn, agus phos e i. Ach oidhche na bainnse ge b' e ciod a thainig a stigh air inntinn Dhomhnaill dh' eirich e as a leaba, chuir e air aodach agus dh' fhag e an sud i. Ghabh e air aghaidh gus an d'

* This folk-tale was taken down by Dr. Corbet, Beauly, from the recitation of a farm servant (McCallum) at Bogroy. Dr. Corbet heard the story first some twenty-five years ago; it was repeated in Gaelic, he says, never in English, and the story appeared to be as old and as native as it represents itself to be. It belongs to the Ulysses or Penelope formula of folk-tales, and is parallel to the Irish "Merugud Uilix," reviewed in our last November number. We have taken the liberty of changing the Doctor's "bacstair" to "fuineadair," the proper Gaelic for "baker."

rainig e baile Chè far an d' fhiach e ri obair fhaighinn ach cha d'fhuair. Chaidh e ris gu baile Hundaidh, ach dh' fhairtlich air obair fhaighinn an sin. Ma dheireadh theab e bas an acrais fhaighinn, oir mir no deur cha d' fhuair mo laoch bho'n dh' fhag e Inbhir-Narunn. Cha robh air no dheth ach gum b' fheudar dha dol a shireadh na deirce. Chaidh e stigh do bhuth fuineadair agus thuirt e "An ainm Dhe thugaibh dhomh greim bidh, oir tha mi a faighinn bas an acrais." "Mir no deur chan fhaigh thu uamsa, a bheathaich ghrainde," ars' am fuineadair; "na'm bithinn a' toirt do na h-uile fear dhe do leithidse tha tighinn an rathad cha mhor a bhiodh agam dhomh fhein." "O," arsa Domhnall bochd, "na leigibh dhomh bas an acrais fhaighinn; thoiribh biadh dhomh agus ni mi rud sam bith a dh' iarras sibh orm." "Ciod e," ars' am fuineadair ris, "is urrainn duit a dheanamh." "Is urrainn," arsa Domhnall, "domh cosnadh a dheanamh" "Ach," ars' am fuineadair, "chan 'eil feum cosnaich orm, agus chan urrainn duit fuineadaireachd a dheanamh." "Ach nach gabhadh ionnsachduinn orm," arsa Domhnall. "Ghabhadh, gun teagamh," ars' am fuineadair, ach gabhaidh tu seachd bliadhna ga h-ionnsachduinn." "Thoir dhomh biadh," arsa Domhnall ris, "agus 'sa mhaduinn is mise do ghille." Riaraich e seachd bliadhna do 'n fhuineadair, agus aig ceann nan seachd bliadhna ars' am fuineadair ri Domhnall: "Tha mi ro bhuidheach ort. Riaraich thu do thim gu h-onorach, 's an diu chan 'eil fios agam c' ait am beil fear ceaird nas fhearr na thu. Ach 's ann nach 'eil fios agam ciod a ni mi as t' easbhuidh. Ma thamhas tu agam airson seach bliadhna eile, bheir mi dhuit leithid so a dhuais [agus e cur ainm air] airson nan seachd bliadhna a dh' fhalbh agus an t-aon tuarasdal airson nan seachd bliadhna tha ri thighinn? Anns a' mhadainn deir Domhnall, "Is mise do ghille." Riaraich e seachd bliadhna eile do 'n fhuineadair, agus chaidh na fir troimh 'n t-aon chainnt 's a bha eatorra aig ceann a chiad seachd bliadhna, ach gun deach da uiread a ghealltainn dha airson an treas seachd bliadhna 's a bha aig ri fhaighinn airson nan ceithir bliadhna diag a dh' fhalbh. Chord iad mar a b' abhaist, agus riaraich Domhnall còir bliadhna ar fhichead do 'n fhuineadair. Aig crioch an àm so ars' am fuineadair ri Domhnall: "Chuir thu nis ceann finid air na tri seachd bliadhna, agus ma riaraicheas tu seachd bliadhna eile

dhomh, bheir mi uiread dhuit airson nan seachd bliadhna tha ri thighinn 's a tha agad ri fhaighinn airson a bhliadhna ar fhichead a dh' fhalbh." "Is mi nach tamh airson aon bhliadhna eile," arsa Domhnall. "Theid mi dhachaidh a choimhead mo mhnatha." "Do mhnatha!" ars' am fuineadair. "Am beil bean agadsa? Is iongantach an duine thu. Tha thu an so nis bliadhna ar fhichead 's cha chualas riamh gun robh bean agad. Ach nis co dhiu 's fhearr leat na tri tuarasdalan na tri comhairlean." "O," deir Domhnall, "mus b' urrainn dhomh a' cheist sin fhreagairt, dh'fheumainn comhairle iarraidh o urra nas glice na mi fhein. Ach innsidh mi dhuit air chinn na maidne." Thainig Domhnall a nuas gu moch 'sa mhadainn mar a gheall e. "Ciod nis," dh' iarr an fuineadair dheth, "a tha thu dol a ghabhail, na tri tuarasdalan no na tri comhairlean?" "Tha," arsa Domhnall "na tri comhairlean." "Mata," ars' am fuineadair "is e a' chiad chomhairle, Cum an comhnuidh 'n rathad fada direach; an darna comhairle, Na tamh oidhche air chairtealan ann an tigh anns am bi bean òg bhriagh aig 'm bheil seana bhodach dreamach; agus an treas comhairle, Na tog do lamh gu brath gu duine sam bith a bhualadh, gus an smuainich thu ort fhein tri uairean. Agus so agad airgiod bheir dachaidh thu, agus tri builionnan arain; agus cuimhnich nach coimhead thu riu gus 'n toir thu o cheile iad gu 'm briseadh air gluin do mhnatha dh'fhiachainn an dean iad sith eadaraibh, oir le cho fada 's a tha thu air falbh chan 'eil fios am beo no marbh i no ciamar a ghabhas i riut. Thog Domhnall air airson baile Inbhir-Narunn, 's bha e gu bhi a chiad oidhche am baile Chè 's an ath-oidhche aig a dhachaidh. Air an rathad mhor eadar Hundaidh agus Cè, bheir e air ceannaich paca a chuir failte air agus a dh' fhoighnichd ris c'ait an robh e dol. Dh' innis Domhnall dha gun robh gu Cè. Thubhairt an ceannaich paca gun robh e ro thoilichte thaobh 's gun robh e fein dol an sin mar an ceudna 's gun deanadh an cnacas bhiodh eatorra an uine air an rathad mhor nas taitniche. Ghabh iad rompa gus an d' rainig iad gu coille. "Tha," ars' an ceannaich paca, "frith-rathadan troimh 'n choille so a bheir sin tri mile nas aithghiorra gu Cè na 'n rathad mor." "Gabh e, mata," arsa Domhnall. "Is daor a phaidh mi airson na chomhairle. Cumaidh mise 'n rathad mor." Ghabh an ceannaich paca rathad na coille ach cha deach e gle

fhada steach oirre nuair a chual Domhnall glaodh "Murt! Murt!" Chaidh e steach na choille thoirt furtachd do 'n cheannaich paca bha 'n deigh a bhi air spuilleadh le dithis fhear creachaidh. Thainig iad mach as a choille le cheile. "Tha thu faicinn nis math na comhairle," arsa Domhnall. "Tha thusa air do chreachadh. 'S math dhuit nach 'eil thu air do mhuirt, air chul an èis tha air a chur oirnn. Cha bhi sinn am baile Chè an nochd." Rainig iad tigh tuathanaich aig taobh an rathaid mhor, 's thaobh 's gun robh e anmoch 's iad treis o Chè chaidh iad steach a dh'fhiachainn am faigheadh iad cairtealan. Char sin a thoirt dhoibh agus fhuair iad baigheach geanail cuideachd 'n tighe nan suidh aig teine mor far 'n d'fhuair iad deagh gharadh 's biadh gu leoir. Chunnaic Domhnall bean an tuathanaich, te òg bhriagh, ghreannar. Ach co thaing na deigh ach seana bhodach liath streamach, greannach. Agus nuair a thanig arsa Domhnall ris a cheannaich paca, "Cha thamh mise an so nas fhaide. 'S daor a phaidh mi airson na comhairle." "'S cinnteach nach gabh thu 'n rathad mor mu'n trath-sa dh'oidhche," ars' an ceannaich paca. Mur tamh thu 'san tigh nach fhaod thu codal 'san t-sabhal?" Dh'aontaich Domhnall ri so, 's char e a laighe 'san t-sabhal le aodach air; muillean fodair airson cluasag fodh cheann; muillean fodha agus air a dha thaobh, agus muillean air uachdar, gun bhi ris dheth ach na 's gann bheireadh anail dha. Cha do chaidil e ceart nuair thainig dithis a steach far 'n robh e, 's shuidh iad air. Ana-cothromach mar a bha e bha feagal a bheatha air facal a chantainn, ach le siosair bha na phocaid ghearr e iomail cota an fhir bha suidheadh faisg air a cheann 's bha dol a steach na shuilean 's na bhial, 's chuir e a' bhideag na phocaid shioscot. B' e fear agus te a bha ann, 's shin iad air 'n t-suirigh gu cruaidh. Mu dheireadh thubhairt an te, "Is bochd nach robh 'm bodach gràn sin marbh. Nan cuireadh tusa an reusair air amhach chuirinn fhein tromh sgornan e." 'S ann mar so a bha. Agus nuair thainig Domhnall mach 'sa mhaduinn 's ann bha 'n ceannaich paca aig na h-earraidean, agus a lamhan air an glasadh, ga thoirt gu Obaireadhan, airson murt an tuathanaich. 'Sa mhaduinn fhuaireadh an tuathanach marbh agus a sgornan gearrta. Lean Domhnall iad gu Obaireadhan; chaidh an ceannaich paca chur air bialaobh nam Morairean; chaidh dhiteadh, is chuir

am Morair a' churrac dhubh air gu binn crochaidh a thoirt a mach. Aig an àm so co dh'eirich 'sa chuirt ach Domhnall, agus deir e, "A Mhorair, ma 's e bhur toil, am beil e ceadaichte do neach sam bith nach deach a tharruing mar fhianuis labhairt 'sa chuirt so?" "Ciod tha agad ri chantuinn?" dh'fheoirich am Morair dheth. Dh'innis Domhnall dha mar thachair 'san t-sabhal, 's dh' iarr e gun d'rachadh an duine bha suirigh air a bhantraich òg, bean an tuathanaich, a tharruing gu Cuirt, agus nach e an ceannaich paca bha gu dearbh cionntach, agus a thoirt leo do'n Chuirt 'san eididh bha air air la a' mhuirt, 's gun toireadh e dearbhachd dhoibh gur e fear a' mhuirt an duine. Chaidh am fear so a tharruing, 's nuair bha e 'san tigh Chuirt air bialaobh a' Mhorair, dh'fhoighnichd Domhnall an robh tailleir 'san tigh Chuirt. "Tha," arsa fear agus e 'g eirigh ma choinne. "Fiach" ars' e ris an tailleir, "am beil criomaig air a ghearradh a iomal a' chota. "Tha," ars an tailleir. Thug Domhnall a' bhideag a ghearr e o iomal a' chota a pocaid a shioscot, 's thug e i do'n tailleir, ag iarraidh air fiachainn am freagradh i 'san easbhuidh. "Freagraidh, 's e an dearbh chriomaig chaidh ghearradh as a tha ann." "Dh'innis Dhomhnall a rithist mar a thachair. Agus char am fear agus an te a chrochadh airson a mhuirt so ann an baile Obaireadhan. Thog Domhnall air a rithist airson baile Inbhir-Narunn, gus am faiceadh e a bhean, ach mus an d' fhag e am baile cheannaich e dag, 's fudair, 's luaidh, "Gun fhios," ars e, "ciod an t-olc a dh' fhaodas tachairt orm mus ruig mi ceann m' uidhe." Rainig an duine math Inbhir-Narunn fa dheoidh. B'e an oidhche bha ann. Ach is math a rinn e a mach tigh bean a' ghaoil. D'fhosgail e 'n dorus muigh 's chaidh e steach. Dh' aithnich e guth a mhnatha, agus i fhein agus fear eile trod. Lion e 'n dag gus am fear a thilgeil. Ach an so chuimhnich e air an treas chomhairle, "Na buail neach 's am bith gus an cuimhnich thu ort fhein tri uairean." Nuair a stad am fear dhe 'n trod shin a bhean is thubhairt i: "Thusa, bhradaidh, chan 'eil agam ach thu fhein agus 's beag toileachduinn bha agam riamh dhiot, na dheth t' athair romhad. Dh' fhag e mi oidhche a' phosaidh 's chan 'eil fhios am beo no marbh e. Ach dh' fhag e thus' na dheigh na d' eallach dh'am bheatha." Nuair chual e so bha e toilichte nach do thilg e mhac, 's char e steach far an robh iad, 's thug e na

builionnan arain bhàn dhe dhruim 's bhrist e air gluin a mhnatha iad. As a' chiad bhuilionn thainig a mach tuasrasdal a' chiad seachd bliadhna; as an dara builionn tuarasdal an dara seachd bliadhna; as an treas builionn tuarasdal an treas seachd bliadhna. An deigh so bha iad beo fada an cuideachd a cheile 's cho sona 's b'urrain do mhuinntir iarraidh.

A JUBILEE WORK FOR GAELIC LITERATURE.

THE EDITING AND TRANSLATING OF THE GAELIC MSS. OF SCOTLAND.

THE following circular was drawn up by one or two enthusiastic Celtic scholars in Liverpool, where an attempt was made to start a fund of £200 to edit the valuable MSS. lying in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. We should be happy to receive practical suggestions in the matter and offers of contributions towards a fund. The following is the circular as amended for us:—

In the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh there is a collection of old Gaelic MSS. They were gathered in the last century by the Highland Society of London in order to afford material for the settlement of the Ossianic controversy then at its height. Naturally one would have expected them then to have been edited by Celtic scholars. The fact of their existence went far in those days: criticism was not yet born. The methods of settling their dates were unknown, and the work which was then necessary is still to do. Early in this century they passed into the hands of the Highland and Agricultural Society, who deposited them in the Advocates' Library.

They comprise the only collection of Gaelic MSS. in Scotland. Their value is twofold. First, whatever may be their contents, and this is vaguely known, they are of unique importance for the elucidation of Gaelic language and philology. They must record the changes that have passed over its structure and its vocabulary. Embedding probably tales and songs of a high antiquity, they range for the most part from the fourteenth to the

eighteenth century. Next, they will instruct to some extent the student of the early history of Scotland, who cannot feel that the materials of this history are before him, so long as these MSS. lie closed. The beginnings of Scottish History lie in the Celtic civilization that prevailed for many early centuries on both sides the sea—in Ireland and in Western and Northern Scotland. Their law, their institutions and customs, their church, their poetry, their tales were identical. The ecclesiastical side of this history—Ninian and St. Patrick and Columba, the White House and Armagh and Iona—has always kept the interests and inquiries of students. It is not so generally known that there is no literature in Europe which records for so long a time and so closely the continuous advances in civilization of a single people. The popular story carried by the Celts to the West on the separation of the Indo-European stocks has lived on with the tenacity of the race upon the lips of the people: and such MSS. keep the record of its varying incidents as they took shape and colour from the Celtic paganism, the Celtic christianity and the Celtic chivalry—the whole passage of a people into modern times.

Dr. W. F. Skene, Historiographer Royal for Scotland, perhaps the first authority on Celtic history in this land, drew up some twenty years ago a rough catalogue of the most important of these MSS. Meanwhile there has been a great advance in Celtic scholarship due almost wholly to foreign students; and Dr. Skene is now desirous of seeing his catalogue superseded by a complete edition. The whole influence of the Celtic civilization in the Scotland of history has yet to be estimated.

It is proposed now that Professor Mackinnon, of Edinburgh University, and Dr. Kuno Meyer, Lecturer at the University College, Liverpool, should be asked to edit these MSS., into which they have already made researches. It is hoped that there are many gentlemen interested in Celtic studies who would without much ado take their share in the achievement of a work which would wipe out the reproach of a dull neglect of our ancient literature which has lain too long upon our country, by bringing back into the light the literature which brightened the days of our fathers long ago, and cast the characteristic mould in which the spirit of their sons has been fashioned.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH HISTORY FROM CONTEMPORARY WRITERS. THE MIS-RULE OF HENRY III., edited by Rev. W. H. Hutton. EDWARD III. AND HIS WARS, edited by W. J. Ashley. London: DAVID NUTT.

These two neat little volumes form the beginning of a series which aims at setting forth the facts of English history, political and social, in quite a novel way. To each period of English history is to be devoted a little volume, made up of extracts from the chronicles, state papers, memoirs and letters of the time, as also from other contemporary literature. The whole is chronologically arranged, and chosen so as to give a living picture of the effect produced upon each generation by the movements, political, religious, and social, in which it took part. For the sake of the general reader, the old spelling is modernised, and all works and documents in foreign tongues are translated into English. Consequently the books will read with almost the same ease as a modern writer, while the quaint flavour of antiquity will not be lost. When needed, a glossary is to be appended, but in the volumes before us none such has been found necessary. An account of the writers, whose works are quoted, is given, and there are numerous illustrations, chosen in the same spirit as the text. "The chief aim of the series," says Mr. York Powell, the editor of the series, "is to send the reader to the best original authorities, and so to bring him as close as may be to the mind and feelings of the times he is reading about." The plan is an excellent one, and we sincerely hope some Scotch publisher of spirit will follow Mr. Nutt's lead, and issue a like series bearing on the history of Scotland.

There is no definite chronological system of issue adopted, and the two volumes before us deal with periods one hundred years apart. "The Misrule of Henry III., 1236-1248," covers an important period in English constitutional history, but the volume on "Edward III. and His Wars, 1327-1360," is the one that most

directly concerns Scotland. Here the very second extract brings before us the escapades of the Scots on the Borders under Lord James Douglas at the end of Robert Bruce's reign. Jehan le Bel accompanied King Edward's army, and describes the march, the country, the Scots, and the campaign with a clearness and vividness that would put any modern war correspondent to shame. The celebrated incident where Douglas cut his way at night with two hundred men into the English camp and reached the King's tent is described in this matter-of-fact way: "And suddenly he brake into the English host about midnight, crying 'Douglas! Douglas! ye shall all die, thieves of England;" and he slew or seized 300 men, some in their beds and some scant ready; and he strake his horse with the spurs and came to the King's tent, always crying 'Douglas!' and strake asunder two or three cords of the King's tent and so departed." The death of King Robert the Bruce, the speech on his deathbed, and Douglas' journey to Spain and his death there is given from the same authority, and the whole makes an unaffected and pathetic story. Black Agnes' defence of Dunbar is graphically told from the *Chronicle of Lanercost*, and the disasters that overtook King David at Neville's Cross are taken from the same Chronicle, while the amusing incident of Douglas breakfasting at Tynemouth, not as conqueror, as he said he would, but as captive, is extracted from the *Chronicle of St. Albans*, which relates it with grave religious unction. Altogether editors and publishers are to be congratulated on this novel departure in the writing and study of history.

NOTES AND NEWS.

It was intended at the Dingwall Teachers' Meeting in June to discuss the Highland Minute and its results in the actual working of it, but time pressed. Some phases of the subject, however, were brought forward in the discussions that took place on the papers read, and a statement or rather an argument was put forward by Dr. Ross, of which more notice should be taken than has hitherto been done. He said that, for the particular wants of a district like the Highlands, training colleges should be instituted for itself, and he suggested Inverness and Oban as proper centres. This proposal on the part of Dr. Ross is highly unselfish, for it would mean that he and his brother principals of the Southern training colleges would lose all the Highland pupil teachers and others who wished to undergo training, though alas! at present the number is but few. The fact is that Dr. Ross's suggestion touches a rather wide question: for it is a well-known fact that the training colleges are mostly filled by town pupil teachers, who, on account of the superior facilities in getting training and education, beat the pupil teachers from the country in the entry examinations. The latter, generally of greater ability though worse educated and trained, have to try "and try again" the July examinations, and many are so disheartened that they give up the profession, and thus rather late in their life turn to some other occupation. And in the Highlands the evil is intensified by remoteness and by the existence of the Gaelic language. We are glad to see that Dr. Ross is willing to allow marks for Gaelic, and if this be done it will be necessary to erect training colleges in the North for the special behoof of Northern P.T.'s, where they can be trained to the same point of perfection as their southern rivals, and thus suffer no loss of prestige in the educational market by taking a subject which is outside the general curriculum considered necessary for the United Kingdom. We commend this idea of training colleges at Inverness and Oban to the serious attention of those who have at heart the interest of Highland education, the welfare of the Highland people, and the recognition of the Gaelic language as an instrument of culture and a power in the training and education of the coming race. Besides, the money spent in the South at present on the education of teachers for the Highlands would then be spent in the Highlands itself, an argument that should strongly appeal to a community inclined towards Home Rule.

The Capital of the Highlands honoured itself as well as the occasion by getting the National Anthem in Gaelic sung on the Exchange on Jubilee Day. The translation used, though none of the smoothest, was sung with great power and admirable effect. Copies of the verses, in English and Gaelic, were previously distributed among the multitude. Along with a few other things that Highlanders want they stand much in need of a native *national* song. Translations are rarely satisfactory.

Mélusine, a French periodical which appears on the 5th of each month, edited by MM. Gaidoz and Rolland, and devoted to mythology, folk-lore, and folk-literature, has, in the June number, a short but appreciative notice of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. M. Gaidoz begins his critique by saying: "Ce nouvel annuaire de la Societé Gaélique d'Inverness est beaucoup plus volumineux que les précedents et la valeur intrinseque de ses articles, notamment de MM. Mackinnon et Alexandre Macbain, en rehausse l'importance." This Society, he adds, henceforward takes its place among the first literary Societies of Celtic countries.

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EDITED BY

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THE PICTS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

II.

THEIR HISTORY FROM CLASSICAL SOURCES.

MODERN writers, as well as the classical authors, agree that the east of England and of Scotland, as far as the Firth of Forth or thereabouts, was, at the time of the Roman invasion and conquest, in the possession of Gaulish tribes. The evidence for this lay in the fact of the practical identity of manners and customs, of language, and even of names, between the Belgic tribes and the inhabitants of the eastern portion of Britain. It is thus allowed that these tribes spoke an early form of the British variety of the Celtic language. This Celtic dialect Professor Rhys has called the Brythonic, as opposed to the other leading branch, the early Gaelic variety, which he calls Goidelic. At this time, too, it is generally conceded that Ireland was possessed by the Goidelic Celts. Beyond this, agreement among writers on the subject does not go. Who inhabited western England and western and northern Scotland? Professor Rhys is of opinion that these districts, all save the northernmost portion of Scotland, were inhabited by Goidelic tribes, who in England were receding before the immigrant Gauls. He believes that all England had been possessed by the Goidels, and that they were pushed westwards by the conquering Brythons, just as they in their turn yielded to the Saxons. We know that there were Goidels in Wales and Cornwall in the fourth

and fifth centuries, and perhaps later; they have left their funeral monuments there with inscriptions in a language which is evidently an early form of Gaelic, inscriptions too which find their parallel only in the south of Ireland. The inference is that these Goidels were the remnants of the old Goidelic population of England; but it is only an inference, for they were more likely the Goidels of the Picts and Scots' invasions of the fourth and fifth centuries. There is no proof that outside Wales and Cornwall the Goidels ever inhabited England, for the place names prove no such thing. So far as place names are Celtic, they are also Brythonic, or at times common to both branches. So far as evidence goes, England's Celtic inhabitants were Brythonic; they were invaded by Scots from Ireland in the fourth and fifth centuries on the West.

At the time of the Roman Conquest, the portion of Scotland south of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, with the exception of the so-called Picts of Galloway, is allowed to have been Brythonic. Ptolemy, the geographer, who wrote some forty years after Agricola's conquest, represents the Damnonii as stretching from Ayr to the river Tay, and this tribe was certainly Brythonic. Indeed, its northern portion, cut off from the rest by the wall of Lollius Urbicus, corresponds fairly well to the subsequent British kingdom of Fortrenn, which lay between the Tay and the Forth. To what race or races, Celtic or non-Celtic, the people of Scotland north of the Tay and the Firth of Clyde belonged is a point on which little agreement obtains among modern writers. They first appear in history in the campaigns of Agricola from 80 to 86 A.D. After extending and consolidating his power in England, Agricola, in the third year of campaigning, entered Scotland, and over-ran the country as far as the Tavaus or Tay, a campaign which, in Tacitus' words, "disclosed new nations." In the subsequent campaigns, he secured his conquests by a chain of forts built across the narrow neck of land between the estuaries of the Clyde and Forth, with the result, his biographer says, of shutting off the enemy into what was practically another island. Thereafter he penetrated into the country beyond his forts as far as Cupar Angus, without encountering any serious opposition. His progress, however, and the sight of his fleet, which accompanied the land army as much as possible, alarmed the natives,

and they determined to resist him in force. In the year 85, both armies met at a place called by the classical writer Mons Granpius, which is believed to be near the meeting of the Isla with Tay, and there the Caledonian army, under the command of Calgacus, was defeated. Agricola then led his forces into the territories of the Boresti, who lived somewhere between the Tay and the Forth, and from there returned to his winter quarters south of the Forth. Next year Agricola was recalled, and the Caledonians were not further molested nor any serious attempt made to subdue them for over a hundred and twenty years.

Caledonia is the name which Tacitus gives the country which Agricola thus invaded, and the only tribal names he gives are those of the Caledonians and the Boresti, and the only personal name he mentions is that of the Caledonian leader, Calgacus. He tells us that the Caledonians were tall, large-limbed, and red-haired (rutilae comae), facts which, he thought, pointed to a Germanic origin. They were provided with short targets and long pointless swords, which were useless in close fight, and they had chariots as well, which only helped to increase the confusion into which they were thrown. The speech which Tacitus puts in the mouth of Calgacus is, of course, unauthentic, and is intended as a lecture of rebuke to Roman vices, and there is in it no effort to give a true picture of Caledonian life and ideas. Speeches of this ideal and declamatory kind are common in the classical authors, and to take them as anything else than the writer's own conceptions of what ideally ought to have been said is to misunderstand the matter entirely. In such a case, to expect a reference to community of wives, and not rather an appeal to conjugal and filial affection is to misconceive Tacitus' position. Tacitus argued that the Caledonians were Germans from their physical appearance. In this he is wrong; but they may be claimed as next door neighbours to the Germans; they may have been Belgae originally. Dr. Beddoe says that "if only the Belgae had spoken Gaelic, as Dr. Guest believed, the difficulty" of Highland ethnological characteristics would not be so great, for "the attendants of Jovinus [Belgae] are not unlike modern Gaels." Now, if the Caledonians spoke a Brythonic language, perhaps the same as the Belgae, might this not suit Dr. Beddoe equally as well as the

theoretic necessity of the Belgae speaking Gaelic? The name Caledonia is common to both Celtic branches. The root is seen in Gaelic *coill* (wood), old Irish, *caill* (the stem being originally *caldit-*); in Welsh it is *celli* (grove), the stem of which would originally have been *cáldia*. The English equivalent root is seen in *holt*, and the Caledonii answer to the Germanic Holtsates. The name further appears in *Dunkeld*, Gaelic *Dùn Chaillinn*, old Gaelic *Dun Chailden*, and in the mountain Sith Chaillinn. It is evidently a Brythonic form of the word that remains to us in Dunkeld. Of Calgacus or Galgacus we can say nothing definitely as to root, and the Boresti are generally allowed to have been Brythonic; if, in regard to the name, the *Bor-* stands for the British *Vor-*, we may have a modern equivalent in Forres. The *p* in the name Granpius at once decides its non-Goidelic character; if it is Celtic, it is also Brythonic.

The next important authority on Scottish history is Ptolemy, the geographer, who wrote about the year 120 A.D. He gives us the names of fourteen tribes as inhabiting the Caledonia of Tacitus. In southern Scotland he places these tribes: between the southern Roman wall and the Forth, along the east coast, the Otadini and Gadeni; the Selgovae, whence modern Solway, to the west in Dumfries; and the Novantae in the modern counties of Kirkcudbright and Wigtown. North of these, stretching as far as the Almond and Tay, were the Damnonii, lying across the neck of Scotland, as it were; the Epidii were in Kintyre and Dumbarton northwards, and along the west coast lay the Cerones, Creones, Carnonacae, and Careni; along the north coast in Sutherland and Caithness were the Cornabii; the Lugi and Mertae were more southerly in Sutherlandshire and the Decantae were in Easter Ross. The Caledonians stretched across country from Loch Long to the Inverness Firth, over Drumalban and on the south of the Great Glen. To the east of the Caledonians were the Vacomagi in eastern Inverness, in Nairn, Elgin, and part of Perth; the Tæxali were in Aberdeenshire, and south of these lay the Vernicones in Mearns, Angus, and Fife.

The position here given to the Caledonians is not what we should expect, and Professor Rhys suggests that their territory lay indeed from sea to sea, as Ptolemy has it, but that it

stretched from Loch Long to the Tay and along its basin to the sea. The remains of their name in Dunkeld and Sith-Chaillinn point to Perthshire as their real position. Two or three of these tribes have names which recur in England. There were Damnonii in Devon and Cornwall, Cornavii in Caithness and in Shropshire, and Decantae in Ross-shire and in North Wales. Comparatively few of these names can be now identified. Selgovae gives modern Solway, the Novantae had their name from the river Novios, the modern Nith, the Otadini may have been the Welsh Guotodin, the west coast tribes, Cerones, Creones Carnonacae and Carini seem to be remembered in the lochs Crinan, Creran, Carron, Kearon, Keiarn, etc.; Cornavii is well known in Cornwall, but there is no Scotch representative, and its root is Gaelic and British *corn*, a horn. The Tæxali appear to have left their traces in the parish names of Tough and Towie of Aberdeenshire, for *x* may appear in modern Brythonic as *ch*, as we see in the Ochill hills from *Uxello-*, Ochiltree being from Uxello-treb-, and so forth. Among other Brythonic forms are Epidii (Goidelic *Equidii*, horsemen?) and the Ver- of Vernicones. We may look briefly at Ptolemy's river, estuary, and town names in and around Pict land. The estuary of the Forth is Boderia, Tacitus' Bodotria. The next estuary is that of Tava, the mouth of the Tay, while the mouth of the Eden river between the Tay and the Forth is called Tina. North of the Tay is the Deva river, which is the philologic ideal form of the modern Dee (goddess), a Brythonic river name of common occurrence, and thereafter comes the promontory of the Tæxali, or Kinnaird's point. Along the Moray Firth we have the Celnius (Cullen) fitting the Devern, Tuessis for Spey, the Loxa for the Lossie, and the Varar estuary for the Inverness and Beauly Firth. Northward we come to "High Bank," and further still is the Ila—the Ulie or Helmsdale river. Then come three promontories, Veruvium, Vervedrum, and the Orcas or Tarvedrum, which make the northern capes of Scotland. On the west we find, besides the Douēkalēdonian sea or Atlantic Ocean, the river Longus and the bay Lemannonius, which get mixed somehow for Loch Long and Loch Lomond. He places five Ebudae islands to the North of Ireland, of which Maleus is Mull, and the

others further south are Epidium, Engaricenna, and the two Ebudae, and there is further south still the island Monarina, which may answer to Arran. The estuary of Clota is opposite that of Boderia, and passing the Vindogara Bay at Ayr, we come into the Solway Firth—the Ituna (Eden) estuary, past the Novantae promontory, where the three rivers enter, Novios (Nith), Deva (Dee), and Jena. The names of the towns among the Selgovae and Novantae prove the Brythonic character of these "Pictish" localities: Uxellum and especially Leucopibia. The latter is evidently Whithorn, and the name half Greek, half Brythonic, means White-horn, *-pibia* being probably for *-pipia* (Eng. *pipe*), the earlier form of which would be somewhat like *qviqvia*. The towns of the Damnonii within Pictish ground were Alauna (at the junction of the Allan with the Forth), Lindum at Ardoch, and Victoria in western Fife. Orrea was the town of the Vernicones, perhaps at Abernethy. The town of the Tæxali was Devana, far inland in the Strath of Dee, near Loch Daven, but it is tempting to compare it to Aber-*deen* for *Devona*, the "fons addite divis" of Gaul. The Vacomagi had their southmost town called Tamea, further north was Banatia; Tuessis was on the Spey at Boharm, and on the Moray Firth was the "Winged Camp," which is supposed to have been Burghead. There are no towns mentioned for the other northern tribes. On the whole, the place-names show on Pictish ground some traces of Brythonic origin either in form or in use: in form, we have, for instance, Granpius and Epidii, and the Ver- of Vernicones, and, in use, the river name of Dee, which does not appear to have been in use to designate rivers among the Goidels.

Lollius Urbicus was sent in 139 to subdue the tribes between the southern wall and the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and he it was that first drew a wall across the narrow neck of land that separates the two estuaries. Irruptions of the independent tribes into the Roman province took place intermittently for the rest of the second century, but little is known about them. Matters became so serious that in 208 A.D. the Emperor Severus himself came to Britain and equipped the most formidable army that ever invaded Caledonia. The tribal names had meanwhile altered, and we hear from the contemporary writers of only two nations—

the Mæatae, near the northern wall, and the Caledonii, farther away. Graphic descriptions are given by Dio Cassius and Herodian of the inhabitants and their way of life. They had no cities, and they neglected the cultivation of the ground, living by pasturage, the chase, and the natural products of the earth. They fought in chariots, and, besides the sword and shield ascribed to them by Tacitus, they had now a peculiar spear, with a brazen knob at the end of the shaft, calculated to terrify the enemy. They had also a dagger. They had wives in common, and the whole progeny was reared as the joint offspring of each community. They painted their bodies, puncturing thereupon pictures of all kinds. Herodian says:—"They puncture their bodies with pictured forms of every sort of animals; on which account they wear no clothing lest they should hide the figures on their body." A further reason for their little or no clothing is found in the marshes they had to wade through. Of course, as Mr. Skene points out, the Romans saw these people only in summer, when they were on the war-path; of their home life they could not speak with equal authority. Severus cut his way through the country along the East Coast to the Moray Firth, and he seems to have returned across the Grampians through Perthshire. No regular battle was fought, but Severus lost on this expedition no less than 50,000 men. On his return he reconstructed and improved the wall between the Forth and Clyde. Severus died at York in 211, just when the Barbarians once again broke the treaty and poured into the district between the walls. We know little of Scottish history for nigh another century after Severus. Constantius Chlorus about 306 invaded Caledonia, and the contemporary panegyrist Eumenius introduces us to yet another general name for these northern tribes: "Non dico Caledonum aliorumque Pictorum silvas et paludes." Here we have the "Caledonians and other Picts;" he includes the Caledonians among this people whose name is here brought before us for the first time. A period of half-a-century elapses before we again find reference to Scottish history under date of 360, when the Picts and Scots ravage the Roman province; the Picts ravaged the districts between the walls and the Scots probably attacked from Ireland the whole western sea-board, and

especially Wales, "per diversa vagantes," as Ammianus Marcellinus puts it. Picts, Saxons, Scots, and Attacots kept the province in one continuous state of confusion and trouble ("Britannos aerumnis vexavere continuis.") The Attacots we know little more about than that they were a warlike nation of the Britons, and the Picti were now divided into two nations, the Dicalidonae and the Vecturiones or rather the Verturiones, as Professor Rhys has so excellently emended the reading of the text, for this name of Verturiones is the forerunner of the name of Fortrenn, the British kingdom that lay between the Tay and the Forth. Theodosius, the elder, arrived in 369, expelled the invaders from between the walls, restored the cities and stations, and once more manned and secured the northern wall. The confusion in the Roman world at the end of the fourth century was the opportunity of the Picts and Scots, and for a quarter of a century they harassed the province in a most pitiable manner. The drain of native recruits from Britain to help in the continental struggles for the imperial purple helped further to weaken the province. To the last, however, the Romans, when they could, sent help. In 410 the Romans had to let go their hold on Britain, and the provincials were forced to depend upon themselves. How they succeeded is little known, but when British history begins to emerge from the 150 years' darkness that shrouds it after the departure of the Romans we find this state of matters: Teutons possess eastern England and Scotland to the Forth; the Britons, the former inhabitants, have been pushed into Cornwall, Wales, the western counties of Lancashire and Cumberland, and into Strath Clyde. North of the Forth and Clyde, the Picts are the dominant power, while a colony of Scots, who came from Ireland early in the sixth century, possess Dalriada, the kingdom of Argyle. After the historical darkness, the scene opens in the last half of the sixth century upon the period of the four kingdoms, viz., that of the Angles of Northumbria, the Britons of Strath Clyde, the Picts north and south of the Grampians, and the Scots of Dalriada.

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A SGEULACHD OF THE RANNOCH CAMERONS.

(Continued.)

THERE was then a feud in existence between the Camerons and Mackintoshes, which raged with more or less violence from time to time; but such feuds did not, as a rule, interfere with the interchange of hospitality or with the operations of small straggling parties hunting or fishing on neutral territory. It was, therefore, perfectly consistent with the manners of those days that these two companies should sit down to eat together, as described, on a cordial and even friendly footing. The Mackintoshes, whose appetites had been whetted by a long march over the heather, did ample justice to the viands set before them, and were charmed with the kindness and attention shown them by the Camerons. The chief and Ewen got on remarkably well together; and the former was so pleased with the entertainment that he invited Ewen and his brothers to join in the expedition he was then engaged in, which they at once consented to do.

The united party of Mackintoshes and Camerons were soon on the move, and rapidly wending their way in the direction of Dunan. They arrived about an hour before sunset; and, having hid themselves amongst the large boulders that are so thickly strewn over that locality, they watched the coming out of the maiden to milk her cows. While here they were all with throbbing hearts waiting the arrival of the expected prize, Ewen began to doubt very seriously as to the propriety of his having taken any part in such an enterprise. What right, thought he, had any man to seize a free-born woman, and carry her away by force from her own home? And was he justified in assisting The Mackintosh to carry out this wicked proceeding? As such thoughts were passing through his mind, Marsali appeared; and every breath was suspended and every eye fixed on her. With her milk-pail on her arm she moved along towards her cows with all the ease, grace, and stateliness of a queen. A murmur of "hush" passed from

man to man as she began to sing; and when, with wide compass of voice and inimitable pathos, she sang a Gaelic song expressive of the feelings of a maiden in distress and her desire to be delivered by some hero from her oppressors, Ewen experienced a thrill passing through his heart, which made him feel that he could lay down his life in defence of such a damsel. All at once the chief gave the word of command; and his men, having slipped quietly from their hiding-places, made a rush forward, seized the maiden, and, notwithstanding her remonstrances, and struggles, and screams, threw a plaid over her and carried her off in triumph towards the west. The Mackintosh and Ewen, in deep silence, followed behind the carrying procession; and neither of the two gave any assistance to the eight men who, in relays of four at a time, bore the fair prize so lightly and rapidly along.

When the party reached a spot about half-way between Dunan and Corour, and satisfied themselves that the coast was clear, a halt was called; and as Marsali, with dishevelled hair and troubled countenance, was sitting on the ground surrounded by her guard of armed men, The Mackintosh presented himself to her as her lover. He appeared before her in his blandest manner; and when he opened his mouth to speak, his lips seemed to drop honey at every word he uttered. Apologising for the fright he had given her and her present inconvenience, he told her she must attribute the whole of this to his love for her; that the flame she had kindled in his bosom had rendered him to a certain extent desperate; that, although he carried her away, it was he that was in reality her slave, and not she his; and that if she would consent to become his wife he should make her the happiest as well as the greatest and most honoured lady in the land. Marsali stared him with a mingled expression of indignation and scorn, and said, "Gun gleidh Ni Math mise bho duine a labhras briathran milis bho chridhe cealgach," *i.e.*, "God preserve me from a man that speaks sweet words from a deceitful heart!" "A run mo chridhe," ars esan, "co a b'urruing ach briathran ciuin milis gradhach a labhairt fa chomhair d'aodainn bhoidheach?" *i.e*, "Desire of my heart," said he, "who could help speaking calm and loving sweet words before thy beautiful face?" Marsali retorted—

"'S ann air a shon fhein a ni 'n cat an cronan,
'S is fior an sgeul so a thaobh Mhicantoisich."

That is—

"'Tis for itself the cat purrs,
And this proverb holds true regarding The Mackintosh."

On hearing this taunting allusion to the cat, the Mackintosh men got quite furious. They reproached Marsali for her unbecoming language towards their clan, as well as her conduct towards their great chief; and they plainly told the latter that it was his duty to violate her so as to bring her to her senses. The chief felt her gibe very keenly; but, although his eye was seen to flash, he preserved a calm outward demeanour, and said, "You see, my dear, how you have stirred up my men to anger, and you hear what they wish me to do to you; but, I assure you, it is my sincere desire that you so act towards me that such a proceeding will be wholly unnecessary." "O, you hypocrite," exclaimed Marsali, "I see through you now; but I repeat what I said to my parents already, that sooner than consent to become your wife, I will suffer myself to be torn asunder by wild horses." And she burst into a flood of tears. Hereupon Ewen, whose tide of feelings had been all along steadily rising in favour of the maiden, drew his sword and said, "I joined you, chief, supposing that this was a true love affair on both sides; but I will shed the last drop of my blood sooner than allow this young woman to be forced to take any man's hand against her will." Cameron's face glowed with a noble enthusiasm, and his large frame seemed to distend to gigantic proportions, as he spoke these spirited words; and Marsali felt a thrill of gratitude to heaven that there was at least one man in the company to champion her cause. And Iain and William Cameron also declared, that they agreed with their brother's sentiments, and would with their bodies defend the maiden against all who should interfere with her freedom of action. The Mackintosh bit his lips; and the frown that passed over his face showed that a tumult of fierce emotions was raging within his breast. But, conscious of having landed himself in an awkward, if not dangerous, predicament, he was still able, by an almost superhuman effort, to hide his rage under an apparently smooth outward appearance. "Seeing matters have come to this pass," said he, "I have a proposal to make. The whole company

of men will form a circle; and, Marsali, you must choose a husband from amongst us." Marsali replied—"I am quite agreeable to this, provided you swear over your dirk that you will not interfere with me after I have made my choice." He, still hoping that he himself should be the man, solemnly swore that he would acquiesce, whatever the decision might be. She thereupon promptly chose Ewen, who politely offered her his arm, and walked off with her in triumph, his two brothers following with drawn swords. Marsali, looking over her shoulder, nodded to The Mackintosh and laughed aloud. He shook his fist at her, and said, "Cluinidh mise do GHLAODH fhathasd." "I shall hear you cry yet." She scornfully retorted—"Cha tig an la sin," *i.e.*, "That day shall not come!" "Air aghart! air aghart!" arsa Eoghan, "mu'm faic sinn an leum cuthaich tha'm fraoich Mhic-an-toisich." That is—"Onward! onward!" said Ewen, "lest we see the fit of madness that is in the rage of the Mackintosh."* This chief was proverbial not only for the smoothness and sweetness of his outward bearing when in good humour, but also for the ungovernable fury of his wrath when he was roused; and Ewen hastened to steer clear of him before the storm should burst forth.

The Camerons and Marsali did well to move out of the way; for the expected storm on this occasion proved to be a hurricane. As soon as the party had disappeared, The Mackintosh showed such extreme violence in his manner and looks as almost to produce the impression that he was temporarily insane. His eyes stared wildly, and he foamed about the mouth; he stamped and jumped, and, flourishing his dirk right and left and up and down, he swore that he would extirpate the whole Cameron race. His men looked on with a sort of silent awe, though now and anon some of them by their winks and nods showed that they had not been wholly unaccustomed to such scenes. At length, wearied by his exertions, he sat down on a piece of green sward, and there carried on a most extraordinary operation. Raising up his dirk he repeatedly brought it down with great force and sheathed it to

* The proper form of the proverb is—

Is minig a bha leum cuthaich
Am fraoch Mhicantoisich.

the hilt in the sod, and at each time he gnashed his teeth, and said—"Mo bhiodag an cridhe Camaronach eile," that is, "My dirk in the heart of another Cameron!" And this went on until he imagined he had slain all the Camerons! The green spot where this imaginary massacre of the Cameron clan took place is still to be seen on the way between Dunan and Corour; and, as the solitary shepherd passes over it with his crook and dog, he cannot help recalling, in imagination, the figure of the fierce and disappointed chief who sat there and, in his rage at having lost his lady love, stabbed the ground so many hundreds of times with his dagger!

When The Mackintosh called on the Macgregors and told them the issue of his love affair, their wrath was very great. Marsali's conduct was severely condemned by her parents, who said it was quite intolerable that she should have refused such a good and suitable match, and run away with a mere adventurer, whom she had never seen before. Macgregor of Ardlarich was so enraged at the whole business that he swore he should stab Ewen with his dirk for his impudence, provided he ever got the opportunity. And, worst of all, perhaps, was the way the country side laughed at the disappointed anger of the Sliosmin magnates, as expressed in the following gibing couplet, still handed down to us:—

"An talach ud thall thar call nighean Dhunain,
Macantoisich gun phosadh do bhrigh's gun do dhiult i."

That is—

"The complaint o'er the way for the lost Maid of Dunan,
Mackintosh unmarried because she refused him."

Meanwhile Ewen and his brothers led Marsali along in a south-easterly direction; and having carried her across the river Gaur by the nearest ford, they rapidly travelled due east through the Sliosgarbh, and did not halt until they reached their own primitive cottage, which was situated near the modern, charming residence of Croiscrag. Here they rested all night; and, having proceeded next day to Fortingall, Ewen Cameron and Marsali Macgregor were duly united there in the bonds of holy wedlock; and when the happy party returned to the Sliosgarbh, it was acknowledged by all who saw them that a handsomer married couple had never before graced the fair scenery of Rannoch.

Marsali entered on her house-wife duties at Croiscrag with a zeal and self-denial which could only spring from a true, womanly heart. The site of her dwelling, which has since been made so plain by labour and a liberal use of gunpowder, was then one of the roughest and rockiest spots in Rannoch. Here, by her industry, cleanliness, thrift, good temper and desire to make her husband and his two bachelor brothers happy, she practically proved what a blessing in a household a good and virtuous woman always is as the help-meet of man. Ewen loved her with all the intensity of a strong and romantic nature; whilst his brothers, touched with a sense of her goodness as well as the dignity and gentleness of her bearing and disposition, rendered her the service and reverence due to a queen. It seemed as if the highest type of love and reverence in Rannoch then converged from the hunting grounds of the Sliosgarbh towards the little cottage that nestled amongst the rugged rocks of Croiscrag!

One day, about a month after the marriage, when the three men were away hunting in the Black Wood, Marsali, from the door of her cottage, observed her mother's face, peering in her direction from behind a distant rock, and she distinctly heard her voice saying—

"Dìd ort a Mharsaili
Thairis air na creagan mòr;
Is là math a Mharsaili,
'S an nochd Clann-Ghriogair air do thòir!"

That is—

"A peep at thee, Marsali
Across the big rocks;
And good-day, Marsali,
To-night Clann-Gregor thee pursues!"

On hearing this Marsali ran to the spot to meet and welcome her mother; but to her great surprise she could not see her anywhere. She went round every rock and boulder in Croiscrag, examining them carefully, and crying out as she went along, "Where are you, dear mother? Where are you, dear mother?" But her mother had somehow mysteriously disappeared, and no trace of her could be found, although her ominous words still continued to ring in Marsali's ears, and to make her feel the uncertainty and, perhaps, danger that was hanging over the future. She retired to the cottage with an eerie feeling that seemed to find its liveliest

expression in a rising on end of the hairs of her head, and earnestly mused over the question—Did her mother really come in the flesh to mock and terrify her with these words, and then by some means or other disappear? or was it the spirit of her mother that came with them as a friendly salutation and warning?

When the men came home from the chase Marsali related to them how she had seen her mother, and the strange words she had uttered, and her sudden and mysterious disappearance. Ewen listened very attentively to all the circumstances of the vision, and then gravely said—"This is a warning like the one given me at Loch Ericht; and we must watch and be brave men to-night, for we shall have plenty to do; but heaven is on our side, else we should not have this sign of danger given us." This interpretation was regarded as authoritative; and all was now a scene of bustle and confusion in the work of preparing for the coming contest. The Croiscrag rock was barricaded at every entrance round about the cottage, and every log of wood and loose stone in the vicinity was put to some use to make good the defence.

The following mode of defending themselves was adopted:—Should the assaulting party be small, that is fourteen (a ceathairn) or under, they proposed to make a sudden sally on them when scattered here and there, and boldly attacking them with large clubs, knock them down and disarm them, which would save bloodshed. If, on the other hand, the number should be great, they resolved to defend themselves from within their fortress with their bows and arrows, and sell their lives as dearly as they could.

Having made the proper dispositions, the three brothers awaited the arrival of an attacking band with as much certainty of their coming as if they had actually seen them. Each man mounted guard at an appointed station, and Marsali, having a due sense of the common danger, armed herself, and expressed her determination to fight to the last in defence of her hearth and home. At length, about midnight, William brought the following intelligence:—That twelve men had just landed at a point four hundred yards to the west, the leader, he thought, being Macgregor of Ardlarich; that on landing they divided themselves into three companies of four men each; that one

company was defiling eastward along the shore; that the second went off south-east to attack from the opposite side; and that the third remained stationary with Macgregor himself near the point of landing. Ewen promptly gave the necessary orders:—"Marsali, you defend the ramparts, and we attack and disarm first the party on the shore, then the party on the south side, and, when we have done so, we turn against the main party."

SIGMA.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.]

(Continued.)

THE MACLEODS OF LEWIS.

RODERICK MACLEOD'S rule proved disastrous to the Siol Torquil in the Lewis, and terminated the supremacy of his house in that island principality. How this was brought about now falls to be considered; and, in doing so, we shall have to carry the reader at considerable length through one of the most barbarous and fratricidal conflicts of which there is any trace in clan history. The sources of information are very scant, but we hope to succeed in giving a more complete account of this period of the history of the Lewis and its inhabitants than has ever yet been done.

The feud between the Macdonalds of Sleat and the Mackenzies, already referred to, had been aggravated by Donald Gorm's raid on Kinlochewe and Kintail—where the chief of Sleat was killed—and was greatly intensified by the mixed relations which later on existed between these two powerful families, and the respective claimants for ascendancy in the Lewis. We shall first supply an account of the position of the leaders in the island and their supporters, from an independent and unprejudiced historical source, after which we we shall, at greater length, give the more detailed account preserved in the oldest existing manuscript history of the Mackenzies, which, though not written by a clans-

man, may possibly he suspected of a slight bias in favour of that family. The Mackenzie version will, however, be found generally accurate, and, on the whole, fair.

Gregory informs us that Roderick Macleod was married, as his *first* wife, to Janet, daughter of John Mackenzie of Kintail. In all other accounts she is said to have been Macleod's second wife, but, as Gregory points out, Barbara Stewart, said by the other authorities to have been Roderick's first wife, was alive and styled Lady Lewis, in 1566, while Torquil Conanach, Macleod's son by Janet Mackenzie, is found engaged in active life, having arrived at manhood in 1554, twelve years before that date, and this Torquil had a son grown-up in 1585, nineteen years only after mention of Barbara Stewart is found in the public records and as being then alive. It is thus conclusively established that Janet Mackenzie, Torquil Conanach's mother, was Roderick's first wife. She appears to have been an illegitimate daughter of John Mackenzie of Killin, IX. of Kintail, and to have married as her first husband Mackay of Reay. Her mother seems to have been a Strathconan woman, by whose relations her son, Torquil Conanach, was fostered, which accounts for this sobriquet, by which he is afterwards known. In several of the Mackenzie family manuscripts this is affirmed. This clearly shows that Torquil was not the son of Mackenzie's daughter by his wife, who we know to have been Elizabeth, daughter of John, tenth Laird of Grant, a family that never had any connection whatever with Strathconan.

The issue of Macleod's marriage with this Janet Mackenzie, and widow of Mackay of Reay, was Torquil, "afterwards, from his residence among his mother's relations in Strathconan, surnamed Connanach." His mother, according to Gregory, having subsequently eloped with John MacGillechallum of Raasay, was divorced by Macleod, who at the same time disowned and disinherited her son, alleging that he was not his son, but the son of Hucheon Morrison, the *Breitheamh*, or hereditary Celtic Judge of the Island.*

* It appears from the Treasurer's Accounts that on the 23rd of July, 1551, Patrick Davidson is paid the sum of £10 by the King's Treasurer that he may go to the Lewis to charge "M'Cleude of the Lewis and Hucheon of the Lewis to come to my Lord Governor [Arran] at the aire of Inverness." Hucheon was thus Roderick's contemporary, and indirectly was the cause of the final ruin of the Lewis Macleods.

After this divorce, Macleod, in 1541, married Barbara Stewart, daughter of Andrew, Lord Avandale, by whom he had a son, also named Torquil, and surnamed *Oighre*, or the heir, to distinguish him from his eldest and alleged illegitimate brother, Torquil *Conanach*. Torquil Oighre, described as "a young chief of great promise," was in or before 1566, with many of his attendants, drowned in a storm while on his way from Lewis to Waternish, in the Isle of Skye. This is the Torquil, and not Torquil Conanach, as suggested by the editor of *The Origines Parochiales Scotiae*, to whom Queen Mary addressed the following letter in 1563:— "Torquil Macleod: We greet you well. We are informed that some of the Isles are desirous to have you allied to them by marriage; and because you have that honour to be of the Stewart blood, we thought expedient to give you advertisement that it is our will and pleasure that you ally yourself to no party in marriage without our advice, and until we declare our opinion to yourself therein. Subscribed with our hand at Inveraray, the 23rd of July, 1563."*

Roderick's son, Torquil, by Barbara Stewart, left no male issue. This gave fresh spirit and hope to Torquil Conanach's supporters, the most powerful of whom were his mother's relations, the Mackenzies of Kintail. He had also the aid of the Macdonalds of Glengarry, he having married a daughter of their chief. She afterwards, in 1590, has six davachs of land in the Lordship of the Lewis, and other lands on the mainland, granted to her in life-rent by her husband, and in the same year confirmed by James VI. In the charter she is described as "Margaret Nyne Angus Makalexander," or Margaret, daughter of Angus, son of Alexander of Glengarry. This lady married, either before or after she married Torquil Macleod, one of the Cuthberts of Castle Hill, Inverness, by whom she became the progenetrix of Charles Colbert, Marquis of Seignelay, the famous Minister of Louis XIV. of France.

Various events occurred at this time which intensified the feud between the contending parties. In or about 1568, Roderick Macleod of the Lewis was seized by Torquil Conanach, and was detained by him in prison for a period of four years. Being

* *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, vol. v., p. 396.

brought while in captivity before the Earl of Mar, then Regent, and the Privy Council, he was obliged to resign all his estate to the Crown, and to take a new destination of it in 1572 to himself in life-rent, and after his death to Torquil Conanach, who is designed in the charter as his son and heir. Immediately on Roderick's release, however, he revoked all that he had agreed to when a prisoner, on the ground of coercion and the undutiful conduct of Torquil, by an instrument of revocation dated the 2nd of June in the same year, and preserved in the Dunvegan character chest. Fresh dissensions followed, and "at length father and son were summoned to Edinburgh, where, in presence of the Regent Morton and the Privy Council, they agreed to bury in oblivion their mutual animosities. Torquil Conanach was again recognised as heir-apparent of the Lewis; and, in that character, received from his father the district of Coigeach and various other lands for his support during the life of the latter." This reconciliation, however, was only of short duration.

On the 26th of April, 1573, Roderick comes under an obligation to John Campbell, Bishop of the Isles, to bring in the Bishop's fruits, rents, and emoluments, and cause all over whom he has authority to do the same. He is to make to his lordship and his Commissioners and factors thankful payment of all things owing within his country, and to be obedient "anent all good ordinances, laws, and constitutions and corrections concerning the Kirk, as the acts and constitution of the Reformed Kirk of Scotland bears and was used in the last Bishop's time." The document is subscribed on his behalf by Ranald Anguson, parson of Uig, "at the command of ane honourable man Roderick McCloid of the Lewis, because he culd not writt himself, his hand led on the pen."* He appears about this time to have got into trouble for his treatment of the fishermen who visited the Lewis, and in 1576 he and his son Torquil Conanach come under the following obligation:—

Edinburgh, 26th of June, 1576.—The which day Rory Macleod of the Lewis and Torquil Macleod, his son and apparent heir, become acted and obliged that they by themselves,

* The document will be found printed at length in the *Transactions of the Iona Club*, pp. 6-8.

and taking burden upon them for their kin, friends, servants, tenants, assistants, and partakers, shall behave themselves as dutiful and obedient subjects to our Sovereign Lord and his authority; that they shall observe and keep His Highness's peace and good order in the country in time coming; and on no wise molest, stop, trouble, or make impediment to any [of] his Majesty's subjects in their lawful trade of fishing in the lochs of the Lewis, or others in the North Isles of this realm; nor otherwise raise any "towist," extortion or imposition upon them, but to use them as our Sovereign Lord's good subjects, causing them [to] be assured of meat and drink, and other their necessaries upon their reasonable expenses in all times hereafter, as they will answer upon their obedience and under all highest pain, etc.

In 1585 the dispute between Roderick and Torquil was renewed with even greater violence than ever. The old chief had recently married, as his third wife, a sister of Lauchlan Maclean of Duart, by whom he became the father of two sons, Torquil Dubh and Tormod. He had also in the meantime five bastard sons, all of whom arrived at man's estate, and three of whom supported their father, who now once more disinherited Torquil Conanach, at the same time naming Torquil Dubh, his eldest son by Hector Maclean of Duart's daughter, as his heir. The other two bastards—Tormod *Uigeach* and Murdoch supported Torquil Conanach. Tormod was soon after slain by his brother Donald, who was in turn seized by Murdoch and delivered to Torquil for punishment. Donald, however, managed to escape, and shortly after captured Murdoch, who was at once imprisoned by Old Rory in the Castle of Stornoway. Torquil Conanach thereupon took up arms for Murdoch's relief, besieged the castle, took it after a short siege, liberated his brother, again made his father, Old Rory, prisoner, and killed a large number of his men. He, at the same time, secured and carried away all the writs and charters of the family, ultimately giving them over to his own relative, Colin Mackenzie of Kintail. Before leaving the island, he sent for his eldest son, then being brought up under the Earl of Huntly, and appointed him keeper of Stornoway Castle, in which the youth's grandfather, Old Rory, was confined and left under his charge. John continued in possession for some time, but was ultimately killed by his bastard uncle, Rory Og, when the old man once more regained his liberty, and obtained

possession of his estates, which he is said to have retained for the rest of his life.

Immediately on hearing of his son's death, Torquil Conanach apprehended, and executed at Dingwall, his bastard brother, Donald, who, it was alleged, was a party to the doings of Rory Og, and to have had a hand in the death of Torquil's son.

Soon after this Roderick Macleod of the Lewis, with Lauchlan Maclean of Duart, Donald Gormeson of Sleat, and Tormod Macleod of Harris are summoned before the King and Council to give their advice regarding the good rule and quietness of the Highlands and Isles. From this it would appear that he was at the time on good terms with the Government, though that uncommon and happy relationship does not seem to have long continued.

On the 11th of November, 1586, a complaint by the Burghs of the Realm against several of the Highland and Island chiefs for molesting Burgesses engaged in the fisheries in the North Isles and mainland, is brought before the Privy Council. Among those mentioned in the complaint are Roderick Macleod of the Lewis and Torquil Macleod of Coigeach, who, with all the others, not one of whom answered the summons charging them to appear, were denounced as rebels and put to the horn.

In May, 1596, a royal proclamation was issued commanding all the Earls, Lords, Barons, and freeholders worth three hundred and upwards of yearly rent, and all the Burgesses of the Realm, to meet the King at Dumbarton, on the 1st of August following, well armed, with forty days' provisions, and with vessels to carry them to the Isles to reduce the Island lords to obedience. Maclean of Duart and Macdonald of Sleat at once repaired to Court and made their submission. Roderick Macleod of Harris, and Donald Macdonald of Glengarry, surrendered themselves about the same time and secured terms.

At this time Torquil Dubh Macleod, Roderick's eldest son by his third wife, held possession of the Lewis, but his right to do so was disputed by Torquil Conanach and his friends more violently than ever. Both, however, agreed to abide by certain terms of arbitration proposed by the Exchequer, each hoping to have his own title recognised as heir to the estate—and they were in

consequence on this occasion excluded from the list of disobedient clans to be proceeded against.

All this time the mainland estates remained with Torquil Conanach, and the result of the mutually agreed upon reference to the Exchequer was that he was now recognised by the Government as the legal heir to all the lands belonging to the family in the Lewis as well.

Both Torquil's sons were now dead, and his eldest daughter and co-heiress, Margaret, married Roderick Mackenzie, brother and tutor of Kenneth, afterwards first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, into whose arms he now threw himself, and to whom he ultimately conveyed the whole barony of Lewis so far as charters enabled him to do so.

Torquil Conanach's brother and competitor, Torquil Dubh, had married a sister of Rory Mor Macleod, XII. of Harris and Dunvegan, and, strengthened by his powerful alliance, he ravaged the lands of Coigeach and Lochbroom, on the mainland, belonging respectively to Torquil Conanach and Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, who had succeeded his father, Colin, in 1594, Torquil Dubh at the same time openly intimating his determination to keep by force what he thus acquired. He became very popular with the clan, and was in this raid joined by seven or eight hundred followers, who enabled him, in spite of the great power of the Mackenzies, to set his rival, Torquil Conanach, at defiance. Soon after, however, Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail made a formal complaint against him to the Privy Council, dated at the Chanonry of Ross, on the 3rd of January, 1596-7, in which he makes a charge against Torquil Dubh of prosecuting with fire and sword, on the 25th of the previous December, "the Strath Coigeach, pertaining to Macleod, his eldest brother; likewise my Strath of Lochbroom," to the King's great dishonour, without fear of God, and "in such barbarous and cruel manner, that neither man, wife, bairn, horse, cattle, corns, nor bigging has been spared, but all barbarously slain, burnt, and destroyed," by the aid of his neighbouring Islesmen. As the immediate result of this complaint, Torquil Dubh was summoned to appear before the Privy Council to answer the serious charges made against him; but he naturally hesitated to present himself before

a body, of which his accuser, Mackenzie, formed one, and who at the time had great influence with his brother members. Torquil Dubh was in consequence formally denounced a rebel; and, having shortly after been seized, with many of his principal followers, at the instigation of Mackenzie and Torquil Conanach, by Hucheon Morrison, the Celtic Judge of the Lewis, they were delivered over to Torquil Conanach, by whom, in July, 1597, they were executed at Coigeach without further ceremony. This severity only irritated Torquil's surviving followers and adherents, amongst whom the most conspicuous and able was his bastard brother, Neil, who at once, supported by the Macleans of Duart and the Macleods of Harris, determined to maintain what he considered the legitimate rights of his nephews, Torquil Dubh's three youthful sons. In their name and interest Neil assumed command of the Lewis, and by his prowess and determination Torquil Conanach's ultimate success, though he was stoutly supported by the Mackenzies, was, to all appearance, as far off as ever.

In this year, 1597, an Act of Parliament was passed, by which every one claiming lands in the Highlands and Isles had to produce their titles on or before the 15th of May following, at Edinburgh, or wherever the Lords of the Exchequer might be sitting, or suffer the penalty of forfeiture. Torquil Dubh was one of those who did not put in an appearance; and it does not seem that he had any written titles to produce, the Lewis charters having some time before been removed by his rival, Torquil Conanach, and given to Mackenzie of Kintail. The island was in consequence declared to be at the King's disposal.

On the 16th of December, 1597, an Act was passed for the erection of three royal burghs in the Highlands, one of which was to be in the Lewis. This Act, modernised, is in the following terms:—

Our Sovereign Lord, with advice of the Estates of this present Parliament, for the better entertaining and continuing of civility and policy within the Highlands and Isles, has statute and ordained, that there be erected and built within the bounds thereof three burghs and burgh towns, in the most convenient and commodious parts meet for the same; to wit, one in Kintyre, another in Lochaber, and the third in the Lewis: to the which burghs

and the inhabitants thereof our Sovereign Lord and the Estates foresaid, shall grant, and by these presents grant, all privileges which His Highness and his predecessors have granted to any other burghs or inhabitants thereof within the realm: And that it shall be lawful to our Sovereign Lord, by the advice of the Lords of His Majesty's Exchequer, to give, grant, and dispone to every one of the said burghs so much land and ground furth of His Highness's annexed property, as may serve to build the said towns upon the same, with so much land and fishings next adjacent thereto, in Common Good, to every one of the said three towns as may sustain the common charges thereof, to be held in free burgage of His Highness, in such form and manner as His Majesty's most noble progenitors of worthy memories have granted of old for the erection of other burghs of this Realm.

This Act was never carried into effect—but it led eventually to the erection of the three towns of Campbeltown, Fort-William, and Stornoway, but the first named only secured the privileges of a Royal Burgh. (*To be continued.*)

THE CHISHOLM OF CHISHOLM.—It is officially announced that, in consequence of the death of the late Chisholm without issue, the Lord Lyon has granted, *ex gratia*, to James Chisholm-Gooden, Esquire, London, in virtue of his descent, the arms of the Chisholm family, and supporters having clubs reversed to indicate female descent; and also authority to adopt and use the name of Chisholm, in addition to his own, to be borne hereafter by himself, family, and descendants. Mr. Gooden Chisholm is the lineal representative and direct descendant in the male line, only one step removed, of the elder branch of this ancient and popular Highland family. ALEXANDER CHISHOLM OF CHISHOLM (eldest surviving son of The Chisholm who entailed the estate in 1777) married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Wilson, Edinburgh. By this lady, The Chisholm, who died on the 17th of February, 1793, at the age of forty-four years, left issue—an only daughter, MARY, who married James Gooden, a wealthy London merchant, with issue, two sons, one of whom, Alexander, died unmarried, and JAMES CHISHOLM-GOODEN CHISHOLM, the present Chisholm. By the entail of 1777, the male representatives of sixteen families were to succeed until their entire male representation was exhausted, when the estates were directed to go to the entailer's nearest relative. The last male representative of these families died in the person of Roderick Macdonald Matheson Chisholm of Chisholm, who died, unmarried, on the 4th of April last. The entail was, however, broken by his father, the late James Sutherland Chisholm, whose estates have now passed to his wife and two daughters, who survive him. There is thus no male descendant to claim the chiefship of this ancient clan, and even if there was, the property has now been disponed past them to the female representatives of the most remote collateral branch of the family mentioned in the entail of a hundred and ten years ago. The question therefore arises, Who has the best right to be considered the head of the ancient house of Chisholm—the direct descendant of the elder branch of the family, represented by MR. CHISHOLM-GOODEN CHISHOLM, through his mother, the only daughter and heir of line of The Chisholm who died in 1793, or the female representative of the late James Sutherland Chisholm, representing a remote, collateral branch of the family that would never have succeeded were it not for the terms of the entail which he had himself since broken? The entailer's nearest relative unquestionably now is MR. GOODEN CHISHOLM, London, and he is therefore from every point of view best entitled to be considered, being the nearest to the original stock, the most appropriate head of the Clan Chisholm; and his claim to this position has very properly been acknowledged by the Lyon King-at-Arms.

CRITICAL NOTES ON THE FOLK-AND-HERO-TALES OF THE CELTS.*

[BY ALFRED NUTT.]

"As to the origin of popular tales there are three current opinions:—

"First, it is said that the minds of men are similarly constituted in all parts of the world, and when they are similarly placed will produce similar results, therefore similar stories have sprung up simultaneously all over the world, and though they resemble each other have really nothing in common.

"Secondly, it is said 'These are the work of wise men in the East whose writings we know; we know when and where these writings first appeared in Europe and these have spread over the whole world.

"Thirdly, it is held that these ideas were originally the offspring of the minds of men in the East, at a period when great part of the earth was waiting for men to own it; when language itself was young, before the ancestors of those who now dwell in India and in Barra set off on their travels. In short, it is held that these despised stories are the fragments of the early myths and beliefs, moral tales, and heroic pastimes of the early ages of the world."—*J. F. Campbell, Popular Tales IV., pp.* 300-301.

I HAVE prefixed the above quotation to my paper both on account of its being on the whole the tersest statement of the folk-tale problem that I am acquainted with, and because it serves as a fitting introduction to work devoted mainly to a careful examination of the materials brought together by Mr. Campbell with such loving care and such admirable conscientiousness.

Of the three opinions which Mr. Campbell cites as current, the first has long been discarded; the real fight has been between the partisans of the second and the third. Of the one school J. G. von Hahn is the most eminent representative, of the other Benfey. Each one settled the question conclusively to his own mind; the conclusions of neither have commanded

* This paper was read before the Folk-Lore Society, March 9, 1880. I intended at the time to work it up for press, but was led to elaborate special points instead of revising the whole. In this way my two articles, "The Aryan Expulsion and Return Formula in the Folk and Hero Tales of the Celts" (Folk-Lore Record, Vol. IV.) and "Mabinogion Studies, T. Branwen" (Folk-Lore Record, Vol. V.) took shape. My friend Mr. Macbain, to whom I lately sent the MS., which had been lying aside all these years, kindly offered to print it, although I told him I could not, owing to pressure of other work, reshape it as I should wish. I have confined my revision to a few verbal corrections, to deleting what I now hold to be actually mistaken, and to a supplementary note or two. In the main I still hold by all the opinions expressed in this paper, though I should now put many things very differently.

universal assent. And justly so; we know far too little as yet of the conditions of the problem to offer with certainty any solution. The amount of research and criticism expended on the subject has indeed been vast, but I believe that we are only at the beginning of the task, and that it will be long before we are entitled to do more than submit conjectures, which may indeed be accepted as working hypotheses, but as nothing more.

I do not intend to do more than criticise existing material, but I hope that in so doing I may be able to throw light on some of the most vexed questions of "Storyology." Whichever hypothesis as to the origin of folk-tales be adopted, the interest and value of the specially Celtic portion are the same. If these stories are indeed the fragments of early Aryan mythology, then the Celts, as the admittedly earliest offshoot from the common stem, will be likely to have preserved peculiarly valuable and primitive forms of this mythology. If, on the other hand, we hold with Benfey, that the majority of these stories were unknown in Europe before the 10th century, and that their subsequent spreading was due to the Mongols, to the Crusades, and to the vast interchange of thought between East and West which the latter brought about, we have to account for the extraordinary fact that the Celts, living in the remotest corner of Europe, seemingly most cut off from the above named influences, have more than any other race assimilated this literature, preserved it with more tenacity, woven it closer in their national life, and let it influence more decidedly their national traditions—whilst at the same time a race dwelling in the same island, and connected with the Celts by ties innumerable, has been indifferent in the extreme towards this literature, and has allowed it to perish almost utterly. Mr. Campbell's collection is additionally interesting on account of its offering material which was not available to the scholars who have essayed at different times to cover the whole field of "Storyology," and offer a solution which should satisfy all the conditions of the problem. The third volume of Grimm and Benfey's Pantschatantra, the two most exhaustive collections of folk-tale facts that exist, were both in print before Mr Campbell's first volume made its appearance. The portions of Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop which deal with the romantic cycles of the Middle Ages, would

suffer considerable alteration in the light of the relationship of Gaelic folk-tale to the Mabinogion, and of both to the above named cycle. Finally, J. G. von Hahn could not have failed seeing how much in Celtic folk-tale makes for his views, and we should have had a few more pages of acute and ingenious comment added to the masterly preface of the Albanian tales. It is true that Dr. Köhler, on the appearance of Mr. Campbell's first two volumes, introduced them with his accustomed learning to the scholars of the Continent in the pages of *Orient und Occident.** To his commentary I am most deeply indebted. I may be allowed, however, to point out that he has passed over in silence many of the most interesting tales, and that in particular he has taken no notice whatever of those which may be referred to the national heroic cycle. And this brings me to the special value and interest of Mr. Campbell's collection, namely, the light it throws upon the connection between folk-and-hero-tales. This is one of the most controverted points in comparative mythology, one on which the most learning and ingenuity have been expended. Now, it may safely be affirmed that unless a collection of Greek nursery tales turn up in the libraries of Pompeii or amidst the unexplored treasures of some Levant monastery, the most important documents in the case are those preserved by Celtic literature and tradition.

Mr. Campbell's collection consists of 86 Nos., which may be grouped as follows:—

Class A.—Popular tradition and folk-lore.

Class B.—Folk-tales.

Class A. comprises some half-a-dozen numbers. I may put it aside at once as not coming within the scope of this paper.

Class B. I would sub-divide as follows:—

I.—Folk-stories.

II.—Folk-tales proper, or märchen.

III.—Heldensage, or hero-tales.

This grouping, it will be seen, corresponds practically with that adopted by Mr. Ralston in his *Notes on Folk-Tales*, published in the first volume of the Folk Lore Record, my Class I. being his non-mythological, and my Class II. his mythological section. There

* 3 vols. Göttingen, 1860-64.

being no hero-tales in Grimm's collection (which is analysed in that paper), so there was no necessity for his making a third section. Mr. Ralston's terminology seeming to me to beg the question at issue, I have preferred to use that given above; it is of course purely arbitrary, but it has the advantage of taking nothing for granted.

Class I. need not detain us long. I fully agree with J. G. von Hahn as to the organic difference between the "Märchen" and the "Schwank," or, as I would say, between the "folk tale proper" and the "folk-story," and I cannot admit that arguments founded upon examination of tales of the latter class can be of much value in endeavouring to arrive at a solution of the folk-tale problem.

I put 23 Nos. in this class, and roughly sub-divide as follows :—

No. 8, Murchag and Mionachag, is an accumulative story of the House that Jack Built type. It is remarkable as being more complex in structure than any other known tale of a similar character.

There are two Gothamite stories, No. 20 (The three wise men) and No. 48 (Sgire mo Chealag), both of the usual type, with the exception that to the latter incidents of No. 20 Dr. R. Köhler knows no exact parallel.

Ten animal stories No. 11 (The White pet) Nos. 49, 57, 62 to 66, 71 and 72. No. 11 alone is important; it is a good version of a very widely spread popular tale which has in Germany a literary pedigree dating back to the 16th century and which is known to all readers of Grimm as the Bremer Stadt-Musikanten.

Two purely moral tales, Nos. 17b (The Baillie of Lunnain) and 19 (The Inheritance), both of which have been dealt with by Mr. Ralston in his *Notes on Folk-Tales* already referred to.

Six trickery stories, No. 15 (The poor brother and the rich) 17d (The Shifty lad), 39 (The three widows), 40 (The Son of the Scottish Yeoman), 45 (Mac a Rusgaich), and 78 (The master and his man). Of these, 17d and 40 belong to the "Master Thief cycle," and can boast a pedigree more illustrious and a relationship more extended than perhaps any other folk-tales. For did not Herodotus write down the first over 2000 years ago, and so little has the story changed since then that Campbell thought it

needs must have been spread through the Highlands by students home from Aberdeen and St. Andrews. Dr. R. Köhler shows, however, that the Gaelic story is most closely connected with the version contained in Dolopathos, the French adaptation of the Seven Sages, written down by the Abbot of Haute Seille towards the end of the 12th century. As is well known, the Seven Sages went into English and into Lowland Scotch at about the same time, viz., the middle of the 16th century. It would be of interest to ascertain whether either of these two adaptations contains our story.

No. 40 is equally widely spread. There again the Gaelic has a special feature—the stealing, namely, of the daughter.

No. 39 (The three widows) is familiar to all as Big Klaus and Little Klaus. This story, which has a literary pedigree dating back to the 10th century, and of which every race in Europe possesses three or four versions, has been annotated by Dr. R. Köhler with an exhaustive erudition which admits of nothing being gleaned after him.

Nos. 45 (Mac a Rusgaich), and 78 (The Master and his man), belong to the "feigned fool" series. The incidents in both are usual. Variants of No. 45 are existent, according to Campbell, with *objectionable* incidents. These are probably to be referred to that particular branch of the "feigned fool" series so ably treated of by Liebrecht in the first volume of *Orient und Occident* (reprinted in his "Zur Volkskunde.")

Finally, there are one or two puzzles, *e.g.* No. 21. From the above rapid summary it will be seen that our collection contains versions of nearly all the leading folk-stories, the versions being according to Dr. Köhler, as a rule good and full. I have already said that I do not think any conclusions as to the real folk-tale problem can be drawn from consideration of these stories. If Benfey had recognised the distinction, so ably set forth by J. G. von Hahn, between Schwank and Märchen, and had confined his conclusion to the first class, his case would, I think, have been correct in a large measure.

I now come to the folk-tale proper, or Märchen. I reckon in this class forty-one tales, of which about five are doubtful, belonging, perhaps, more properly to Class I., and six belonging equally to this class and to Class III., Heldensage.

The classification of these tales has been a matter of some difficulty. I quite agree with Mr. Ralston as to the artificial nature of existing schemes of classification; as he says, "too much attention is generally paid to the mere framework of the story, more stress being laid on the accidental than the essential parts of the tale." Another demerit of both J. G. von Hahn's and Baring Gould's schemes is the great inelasticity of the formulas, making it necessary to refer almost every tale to several different sections, thereby rendering a bird's eye view of any given collection almost impossible. Mr. Ralston's scheme, on the other hand, seems to me to err on the side of too great elasticity. His formulas are so very general that, perhaps, no two classifiers working on his system would arrive at anything like the same result. I have adopted a scheme, therefore, which stands about mid-way between Mr. Ralston's and J. G. von Hahn's. At the same time I have thought it would be of value to classify the collection according to J. G. von Hahn's scheme, which, after sixteen years, still remains the most exhaustive arrangement of folk-tale incidents. In summarising his scheme, I have mainly followed Mr. Ralston.—

DIVISION A.—FAMILY.

GROUP I.—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

SUBDIVISION A. DESERTION.

1. Cupid and Psyche formula. Of this story, known to every Scotchman as the Black Bull o' Norroway, our collection has two versions. No. 3, The Hoodie; No. 12, The Daughter of the Skies.

2. Melusine formula. The final incident of No. 86, Daughter of King Under the Waves, may, perhaps, come under this formula.

3. Penelope formula. Nothing.

SUBDIVISION B. EXPULSION.

1. Calumniated Wife. Geneviève formula. I have nothing that can be referred to the formula, but perhaps No. 17, The chest belongs to the calumniated wife series.

SUBDIVISION C. SALE OR PURCHASE.

1. Wife sells her husband to rival. This is the well-known Catskin or Black Bull o' Norroway incident, and it occurs in both our versions—Nos. 3, The Hoodie; and 12, Daughter of the Skies.

2. Maiden puts price on her charms. Our collection has no story of this class, which accords with the high estimation in which all Celtic races hold female chastity.

GROUP II.—PARENT AND CHILD.

SUBDIVISION A.—CHILDREN LONGED FOR.

Section 1.—They assume monstrous shapes. Nothing.

2. They are promised to supernatural being. This incident occurs in Nos. 2 (Battle of the Birds); 4, The Sea-Maiden.

3.—Their birth is attended by various wonders. This incident nearly always occurs in connection with the previous one. Our collection only has it, however, in No. 4.

SUBDIVISION C.—EXPOSURE OF CHILDREN.

Section 1.—Babe exposed by unmarried mother.

(Antiope formula). Nothing.

Section 2.—Babe exposed by married parents.

1. In consequence of supernatural warning.

2. From want of food.

3. Through malicious representation of third person. Nothing.

Section 3.—Exposure of babe and mother.

Danae and Persens formula. Nothing.

Section 4.—Daughter exposed to monster.

Perseus and Andromeda formula. Only No. 4, The Sea-Maiden.

SUBDIVISION C.—STEPCHILDREN.

Section 1.—Daughter persecuted by stepmother.

Little Snow White formula. Our collection has only the opening incident of No. 43, The Sharp Grey Sheep.

Section 2.—Brother and sister persecuted by stepmother (Phrixus and Helle formula). Nothing.

GROUP III.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

SUBDIVISION A.—YOUNGEST BEST FORMULA.

1. Male form.

Nos. 4, The Sea-Maiden; 52, The Knight of the Red Shield, and 58, The Ridere of Grianaig may in part be referred to this class.

2. Female form. Cinderella formula. Our version of Cinderella, No. 43, The Sharp Grey Sheep, comes naturally under this heading.

SUBDIVISION B.—TWINS HELP ONE ANOTHER. (Dioscuri formula).

Only the end incident of No. 4, The Sea-Maiden.

SUBDIVISION C.—Sister or mother betrays brother or son. Nothing.

SUBDIVISION D.—Sister rescues brother from enchantment. (Seven Swans formula). Nothing.

H SUBDIVISION E.—Supplanted heroine series. Our collection has nothing connected with this widely-spread series.

SUBDIVISION F.—Hero helped by supernatural brothers-in-law. Nothing.

DIVISION B.—MISCELLANEOUS.

GROUP I.—Bride Winning.

Section 1.—By exploits.

Nos. 2, The Battle of the Birds; 9, The Brown Bear of the Green Glen, and 16, The King of Lochlann's Three Daughters.

Section 2.—By ingenuity. 22, The Knight of Riddles.

GROUP II.—Abduction of Heroine.

Section 1.—Heroine carried off by force.

(Proserpine formula). Nothing.

Section 2.—Heroine consenting party (Helen and Paris formula). With this may be compared No. 70 of our collection, Diarmaid and Grainé.

Section 3.—Medea and Jason formula. Hero materially helped by heroine. This is our No. 2, The Battle of the Birds.

GROUP III.—Swan Maidens Robbed of Garments and Married. The opening and closing incidents of No. 10, The Three Soldiers, may perhaps be referred to this class.

GROUP IV.—Snake-brought herbs restore life. Nothing.

GROUP V.—Forbidden Chamber. Bluebeard formula—No. 41, The widow and Her Daughters, and perhaps No. 13, The Girl and the Dead Man.

GROUP VI.—Monster without any heart. The second variant of No. 2—Battle of the Birds; No. 1, The Young King of Esaidh Ruaidh; and No. 4, The Sea-Maiden. There is likewise in No. 74, Manus, a magician, whose heart is outside his body.

GROUP VII.—Grateful beasts. These occur in Nos. 1, Young King of Esaidh Ruadh; 2, The Battle of the Birds; 4, The Sea-Maiden; 9, The Brown Bear of the Green Glen; 16, The King of Lochlann's Three Daughters, and perhaps in No. 74, Manus.

GROUP VIII.—Hero, tiny but brave (Tom Thumb formula). No. 79, Thomas Thumb.

GROUP IX.—Strong Fool.

GROUP X.—Faithful Servant. Nothing.

GROUP XI.—Disguisal of hero; Nos. 2, Battle of Birds; 4, Sea-Maiden; 9, Brown Bear of Green Glen; 10, Three Soldiers; 16, King of Lochlann's Three Daughters; 22, Barra Widow's Son; 44, The Widow's Son; 58, The Ridere of Grianaig. All these stories belong more or less to Mr. Ralston's Goldenlock cycle, and are held by him to spring from the same root as the Cinderella cycle. Disguisal of heroine, 17, Maol a Chliobainn.

DIVISION C.—CONTRAST OF INNER AND OUTER WORLD.

SUDIVISION I.—Hero killed or maimed by demon, but revives. Perhaps No. 23, The Burgh.

II.—Hero defeats demon. Nos. 5, 6, 7, Conal Crovi. No. 30, The Two Shepherds; and 75, Crumple Toes and Shambling Shanks.

III.—Hero tricks demon. 17, Maol a Chliobainn; 37, The Brollachan; 42, The tale of the soldier.

IV.—Lower World visited.

There is to my knowledge no instance of Hades being visited either in Celtic folk-tale or romance.* Visits to Elysium, on the contrary, occur more frequently than in either the popular or romantic literature of any other race. This is a point of very considerable importance.

(To be continued.)

* I except, of course, such purely ecclesiastical legends as the Voyage of St. Brandan. With this exception, the other world nowhere figures to my knowledge in Celtic popular tradition as a place of torment or penance.

GEORGE, FOURTH EARL OF CAITHNESS OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By George M. Sutherland, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

(*Continued.*)

The life of the Earl of Caithness, by Sir Robert Gordon, is grossly a misrepresentation. The history of the Earl's career, as narrated by Sir Robert, cannot from any point of view be considered as genuine. Sir Robert has a special animus against this Earl, for the reason that he had brought the fortunes of the House of Sutherland to almost their lowest ebb, while from his ability and influence, he had made himself for a time the master of the several clans in the counties of Sutherland and Caithness. His position as heritable Justiciar of the two counties gave him ample scope to carry his designs into effect. Sir Robert is not by any means satisfied as to the manner in which the Earl secured the office, as if almost any office was given at the time for honourable dealing. He got it mainly from Queen Mary on account of some real or proffered services in connection with the murder of Rizzio, and the appointment was afterwards confirmed by Parliament on 19th April, 1567. Sir Robert alleges that "many men of all sorts were put to death, banished, stripped of all their wealth, disabled of their bodies, by unlawful and unusual varieties of punishments," and again "to be wealthie was a capital cryme; and to favor Earl Alexander was a ready broad way to assured destruction." There is no evidence to establish these general statements. Judging from the state of the times, the moral sentiment of the period did not expect that the head of a clan in the far north should be too sensitive as to the course he might adopt. Earl George had, by law, the wardship of the young Earl of Sutherland, and there is no proof to show that he was extremely harsh, before the people of Sutherland began to stir themselves against him. But after they had thwarted him in what he might have considered the legal execution of his office, he, no doubt, was not over-particular as to the methods he took to crush his opponents. He could safely say, however, that the method he selected was the only one going at the time,

In the year that he obtained the office of heritable Justiciar, he also acquired a confirmation of the grant of the hospital lands and rents of St. Magnus, in Spittal.

The Earl of Sutherland attained his majority in July, 1573, and the wardship of the Earl of Caithness over Sutherland came to an end. The Earl of Caithness had therefore to leave that county with his bag and baggage. A messenger-at-arms, named William Taylor, was sent to Girnigoe Castle to summon the Earl to betake himself from the possessions of the family of Sutherland. Sir Robert Gordon alleges that as soon as the Earl of Caithness had been made aware of the presence of the messenger in Caithness, he instructed Murdoch Roy to kill him. For whatever reason, it seems clear that the messenger was killed. Beyond Sir Robert's unsupported statement there is no evidence to prove that the Earl was a party to the murder. Indeed, the Earl had Murdoch Roy executed for the murder of the messenger. But Sir Robert turns round and avers that Roy was executed, not on account of the murder of the messenger, but because Roy was plotting for the liberation of John, Master of Caithness, who was then imprisoned in Girnigoe Castle. The fact is that no act, however generous, which the Earl of Caithness could perform, but would be twisted by Sir Robert in such a fashion as would be injurious to the Earl.

The loss of the wardship deprived the Earl of Caithness of considerable influence, and in 1578 that influence was further diminished, because in that year Earl Alexander obtained from the Lords of Session an exemption for the County of Sutherland from the Commission of Justiciary held by the Earl of Caithness. The Earl of Caithness was getting aged at this time, but he nevertheless used all his powers against the exemption, but without avail, although assisted by the Earl of Morton, then Regent of the Kingdom.

It has already been mentioned that Lady Barbara Sinclair, the wife of Earl Alexander, had carried on a criminal connection with Mackay, who carried her off to Strathnaver, where they lived together as husband and wife. In 1573, on account of this connection, the Earl of Sutherland obtained a divorce against her, but shortly afterwards she died,

The Earl of Sutherland also raised legal proceedings against the Earl of Caithness for many acts of mismanagement while he held the wardship of the Earl of Sutherland. These continued for a long time, and tended to still further increase the hostility of the two rival houses. Mr. Robert Mackay states, with reference to the Grant of Justiciary of Sutherland being granted to the Earl of that county, that "this abridgement of the influence of Caithness was for some years followed by a comparative degree of quietness in the North."

It is believed that some understanding took place between the Earl and his son the Master of Caithness, in connection with the attack on the Murrays at Dornoch, and that the Master after this difference lived with Mackay at Strathnaver. It is averred that both Mackay and the Master had designs on the life of the Earl —that at anyrate the Earl thought so himself. He intrigued therefore to get them into his power, and repeatedly invited them to Girnigoe Castle. Latterly the invitation was accepted; they both arrived at Girnigoe Castle, but Mackay saw too many armed men for any innocent purpose. He thereupon turned about his horse and fled, but the Master, not appreciating the circumstances, was instantly seized and thrown into the dungeon, where Sir Robert Gordon affirms he was kept a prisoner in chains for seven years. Sir Robert has, however, a slightly different version of the mode of capture. He observes that "the Earl of Catteynes . . . . . caused by a secret signe, a company of armed men rush in at the doore, and apprehend the Master, who was presentlie fettered in sure bands, and thrust into prison within that Castle, wher he was keiped in miserable captivitie for the space of seoven yiers, and died at last in prissone by famine and vermine, as a disasterous subject of a cruell fortune." There is reason to believe that William Sinclair, the Earl's second son and ancestor of the Mey family, was privy with the father, in all movements as to the imprisonment of the Master. Several plots were set on foot for the liberation of the Master, but the plots were discovered, and the would-be liberators were forthwith executed without much ceremony at the gibbet tree of the castle. On one of these being executed through the detective qualities of William Sinclair, the Master became so enraged that on the first visit of William to

the dungeon the Master attacked him with his iron manacles, and bruised and wounded him so much that he died a few days afterwards. The tradition in the district is that for this offence the Master was not allowed food for several days, after which a piece of salted pork was thrown into the dungeon, which he devoured greedily. He called for water, but he would not get a drop to drink. It is said that he died a raving maniac a few days thereafter. There is another version that he died having partaken of too much brandy. There is no doubt, however, that he was murdered in some way. The Earl of Caithness built, some years before this took place, the "Sinclairs' Aisle," in the Churchyard of Wick. In this aisle the Master was buried. There is a stone over his grave, on which there is the following inscription—perfectly distinct:—"Here lies entombed ane noble and worthie man, John, Master of Caithness, who departed this life the 15th day of March, 1576." The Master was married to Jane Hepburn, daughter of Patrick, Earl of Bothwell; and they had of a family—1, George, afterwards Earl of Caithness; 2, James, first of Murkle; and 3, John, first of Greenland and Rattar. They had also a daughter, named Agnes. This is the list given by Mr. John Henderson, in his Caithness Family History, but, as will be afterwards seen, there was another daughter Mary, Lady Cowdenknowe.

It is well known that all writers on local history have done their utmost to point the finger of scorn at this Earl as an unprincipled and cruel nobleman. In this general condemnation we do not by any means concur, even although the death of the Master of Caithness in Girnigoe Castle is assumed to be an unanswerable argument. The true test, indeed the very best index, by which the character of the Earl can be estimated, is to trace the underlying motives that animated his conduct—and these consisted in doing his utmost to amass wealth, and to establish a powerful house. He was eminently successful for a long time, and as the Master grew from boyhood to manhood, he evidently expected that the son would assist him in this great aim of his life. The Earl had no higher interest or motive than that the Master, his successor in the Earldom, should attain high distinction by adding to the power and influence of the family. He (the Earl) had almost for half-a-century before,

through good report and bad report, made the destiny of his family the main object of his existence. He had no other policy, and on the lines which he set before himself, he acted in the most resolute and industrious manner. But the Master was indifferent to his aims, and did not share in his aspirations. They had no common ground of action—the Earl was an eminent statesman, wily and shrewd, while the tastes of the son were lax and grovelling. The nature of the son was by no means a counterpart of that of the father. The Earl reared a family, but he saw that the members of that family were inferior in mental and even moral capacity to himself. His actings had shown that he had done everything in favour of his son. On 12th August, 1566, he procured a charter of the Earldom to "John, Master of Caithness, and Jean Hepburn, his spouse, reserving liferent of George, Earl of Caithness, his father." The Earl himself lived apparently happy with his Countess, Elizabeth Graham, until her death in 1572; but although the Earl honoured the Master and his wife by the above grant, the wife, Jean Hepburn, had to divorce the Master shortly thereafter for adulterous connection with several women. The Master refused to account to his mother for some intromissions with land, of which she had given him charge, and, as related in a previous article, she had him summoned before the Sheriff Court of Inverness. He had disobeyed orders at Dornoch. He became the associate of the man who had tainted the family honour, and his residence at Strathnaver augured no good for the peace or prosperity of the Earl. Taking into consideration the spirit of the times—human passion, as well as the feeling of revenge then so common for wrongs or grievances—possibly the Earl was compelled to consign the son to the gloomy dungeon of Girnigoe Castle. Once there, the father might have a somewhat difficult task to know how to act. Mr. J. J. Calder states that the Master was confined about six years—a year less than mentioned by Sir Robert Gordon. But there are papers in the possession of the present Earl of Caithness at Barrogill Castle which ought to put this matter at rest. In some arbitration documents between George Sinclair of Mey, and Mary Sinclair, daughter of John, Master of Caithness, and wife of John Horne of Cowdenknowe, it would appear that

the exact period of his imprisonment was about 2½ years—that is, from the month of September, 1572, till his death in March, 1575. The murder of William Sinclair by the Master in the dungeon was, there is every reason to assume, the cause of his own death very soon afterwards. The Master was by no means the innocent and straightforward man that he is so often represented to have been, and on the other hand the Earl is not altogether blameable for the death of his son, as, taking the worst possible view of the circumstances, there are as many extenuating points to be taken into account as possibly almost to cover his guilt.

The Earl all along led a very active and eventful life. Even in 1581 he was one of the principal leaders against Morton, and in the same year he was appointed Justice for the Rivers in Caithness.

He died in Edinburgh in 1582, and was buried in the Chapel of Roslin. The following inscription is placed on a monument to his memory, although somewhat defaced by a mob in 1688:—"Hic jacet nobilis ac potens Dominus Georgus quondam Comes Cathanensis, Dominus Sinclair, Justiciarius hereditarius, Diocesis Cathanensis, qui obiit Edinburgi, 9 die mensis Septembris, anno Domini 1582." The Earl's heart was taken out of his body and enclosed in a casket, and sent to Wick, where it was deposited in the church there.

Sir Robert Gordon in his History writes: "Earle George wes a worldlie, wyse man, politique, craftie, and provident, whereby he heaped together a great quantitie of treasure." Tytler remarks that "he was of accommodating principles both in politics and religion." In religion he was anything, but if anything a Roman Catholic. He was a Lord of the Articles, and a member of the Privy Council. He amassed great wealth, and left it to his youngest son, George Sinclair of Mey. He studied his own interests, and for the long period of fifty-four years, in the midst of much strife, and many political changes, he was able to preserve his own life and conserve his own interests, and this certainly speaks volumes for him.

AN SAMHRADH.*

'S mi ag eirigh bho m' leabaidh,
Anns a' mhaduinn chiuin Cheitein,
Bha gach ian air bharr gagain
Gu sunndach aigeantach eibhinn ;
Bha "gù-gùg" aig a' chubhaig,
Air barr a' ghiuthais ga greineadh,
'S an dreathan-donn ann le seannsair,
Gu siubhlach, rannsach, ga ghleusadh.

Bidh 'm bricein-beith' agus surd aig,
Air bacan cuil 's e na ònar,
Bidh an uiseag 's a luinneag fein aic,
Dol tre na speuraibh 's na neoilibh,
'S an smeorach sior toirt dhi freagar,
'S mac-talla chreaga ga comhnadh.

Dh' imich mise lan sòlais,
Dh' eisdeachd ceol an cuid dranndachd,
'S iad bhi seinn bhar nan ògan,
'S bhar na meoir a bha dannsadh.
Thug sud toil-inntinn ro mhor dhomh,
Anns an og-mhadainn shamhraidh,
'S thuig mi thoradh na mios ud
Nach bu chrionach measg chrann i.

Nuair sheall mi mu 'n cuairt domh
Measg nam bruach is nan cosan,
Bha gach craobh gu ro shnuadhar,
'S duilleach uain' oirr' mar chomhdach.
Bha 'm beith' gu cuisleannach, sugh-ghorm,
'S an dealt mar dhruchd air gle lodail,
'S a' ghrian a' cur na smuid deth
Le teas a gnuis thar gach mor-bheinn.

* This song, the preservation of which we owe to Mr. W. Macbain, Dunachton, who gave us most of it, and also to the energy and enthusiasm of Mr. D. Maclain, Inspector of Poor, Alvie, who collected and collated versions of different parts of it, was composed about half-a-century ago by Donald Macpherson, Balchurin, in Badenoch, better known locally as "Domhnall an Tailleir." Donald was a "ceannaich paca," or pack-merchant, in his youth, but he left his native place over forty years ago for Edinburgh, and was a policeman for a short time. He thereafter spent thirty years of his life in Newcastle, in the employment of Mr. MacEwan. He returned to his native place some two years ago, and died—died by "Sweet Alvie's lake," as he himself beautifully expressed the wish in an English poem which he wrote many years ago in Newcastle. He wrote several poems in English, some of which appeared in the columns of local newspapers.

'S nuair chaidh mi air astar,
Dh' ionnsaidh leacainn nam mor-bheann,
Bha gach caochan 's gach glacag
'S iad a' lasadh le boidhchead;
Bha gach stucan 's gach cnocan
Fo lan bhrat de gach neonan,
'S fraoch du-ghorm nan stacan,
Ann am bratach Chlann-Domhnaill.

Bha na feidh air gach bealach
A' leum 's a' caradh le sòlas,
Bha na h-eildean gle channach
'S iad fein 's an leannain ri cronan.
Agus laoigh bhreac bhallach
Bu chubhradh 'n anail ri pogadh
Le bainne brigheal bho 'n chanach,
'S cha d' fhuair iad ann air an fhòlach.

'S nuair sheall mi mu 'n cuairt domh
Cha d' fhuair mi ach sgleo dhiubh,
Na daimh chabrach 's na h-eildean
'S iad le cheil' air an fhuaran.
Leiginn coin air bharr eill riu,
'S gunna gleusd air mo ghualainn,
'S dh' fhagainn cuid dhiubh nam bantraich,
'S neor-thaing thoirt do 'n bhuachaill.

Bidh na bric air gach alltan,
Tighinn bho na h-aimhnuichean lùbach,
Ceapadh chuileag, is strann aca,
Air feadh nan gleann is nan spùtan.
Bidh gillean cridheil is crann aca,
'S dubhan cam ann nan giuran,
'S iad a' leum gu neo-chearbach,
Le soillsean airgid gu bru-gheal.

A righ! bu shuirdeal an coileach
Toirt fuaim le cheilear air crualach,
'S a' chearc a' sior thoirt dha freagairt,
'S an t-àl a' beadradh mu 'n cuairt dhi.
A righ! gur taitneach gach blàran,
Le lach is ràc a' chinn uaine,
'S coileach dubh nan sgiath bàna
Cha b' e bu tàire ri luaidh dhiubh.

Nuair a chaidh mi mo ghàradh,
Bu chubhraidh faile nan ròsan,
Bha na *lilies* a' fas ann
Fo iomlan blàth mur bu choir dhoibh,

Suighean cuilc agus lair ann,
  Dearcan gruaidh-dhearg is gròsaid,
'S gur ubhlach peurach gach crann dhiubh
  'S blàths an t-shamhraidh ga 'n comhnadh.

'N àm tigh'nn dachaidh bho'n eadradh,
  Gur binn fead aig gach buachaill,
'N àm dha 'n chrodh bhi ga'n leigeil,
  'S na laoigh bheag bhi mu 'n cuairt daibh ;
Bidh an crodh guailleann ga'm beadradh,
  'S na laoigh freagairt an nuallain,
'S gruagach chridheil, og, ghàireach,
  Air ceann gach àl diubh le buaraich.

Nuair thig foghar nan gràs oirnn,
  Theid surd 's gach ait' chur air buana,
Cuid le 'n corran 's le 'm fal'dair,
  Ga ghearradh bhan anns na sguaban ;
'S cuid le 'n eich toirt nan làd leo,
  'S cuid ga charamh 'sna cruachan,
'S mar sin theid toradh an t-samhraidh,
  Na chairtealan geamhraidh gu bhualadh.

'S iomadh buaidh tha 'san t-samhradh,
  Nach 'eil 'sa' gheamhradh dhubh, reota,
Thig toil-inntinn gun taing dhuinn,
  'S theid a' chranndachd am fogradh ;
Ged tha iteag an fhirein,
  Gun aon sgios a' cur rod rith',
Sguiridh mise do sgriobhadh,
  Mu 'm fag mi sgith sibh le bòilich.

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Chunna mi mo chall agus cha b' é sin.
I have seen my loss, but that was not it.

Do dheoin duit a dh-aindeoin.
Have your wish in spite of you.

Coileach a' Mhàrt bidh e na thrathadair daonnan.
A March cock is always the best watchman.

FRAGMENTS OF FAIRY AND FOLK TALES.

BAD PARENTS AND BAD MASTERS.

CRUELTY to children or to servants is a feature of life which appears often in folk tales. Sometimes, as in the case of Paris, Perseus, and such heroes, there is a prophecy that the child which is to be born will be the ruin of his family or the death of some prominent relative. As a consequence, the child, instead of being killed, is "exposed," that is to say, he is placed in some sequestered spot where it is expected that he will die, but where instead he is found by some chance passer-by and reared, finally destined to fulfil the prophecy. At other times, the reason why the parents act so unnaturally towards their children is that food is scarce, and hence they resolve to kill their children so as to have them out of the way. The stepmother is responsible in the tales for cruelty and witchcraft, and often the stepchildren have to run away. Or the parents may develop a desire to eat their children, an act of cannibalism which the young people escape through the cleverness of one of their number who overhears the parents discussing the point. In Campbell's tale of the "King Who Wished to Marry his own Daughter," No. 14, a different phase of crime appears. Von Hahn's classification of these incidents can be seen in Mr. Nutt's paper in this number at page 463. These tales may be a reminiscence of the time when, in the history of the race, cannibalism, human sacrifice, and such like atrocities were practised. The following two fragments have come to us from the Tongue district of Sutherlandshire, and are translated by the collector.

THE BAD PARENTS.

There was once a man, and his three sons were a bother to him for the want of food that there was, so he wished to get rid of them. He told his wife of his wishes, and she agreed that the children ought to be put out of the way, but she could not think of any plan that would not arouse suspicion. At last the wife said: "We will set the barn on fire, and the neighbours will think it went on fire of itself, and we shall have the children in the barn at the time." So this was agreed upon, but

it happened that one of the lads was listening, and he told it to his two brothers. At night they were told to go and sleep in the barn. They went there, but instead of sleeping they ran away, and, standing a short distance from the house, they looked back and soon saw the barn all a-blaze. Accordingly, they resolved to try their fortune. They parted at a certain place and were to meet there exactly a year from that day.

The oldest walked all next day, and was very tired. He made on a house of light and asked for quarters, but he was told the house was haunted by an evil spirit, and all who stopped in a certain room at night were found strangled in the morning, and this was the only room they could spare. He said: "I will take my chance of it." He got a Bible and a white candle and went to the room. He closed the door and was for some time reading the Bible when he was startled by the appearance beside him of a grey-haired man. He asked him in the name of the Trinity what he was doing there. The ghost said that he had got great wealth by unjust means, and this he wanted to tell. Said he: "Look at that stone in the wall; behind it there is a space full of gold and silver; tell them about it. The money is yours, but take care of the people here." The lad carried out the instructions of the ghost and he became quite a gentleman, and it is no wonder that his brothers did not know him when he met them at the year's end on the roadside, with his carriage and pair.

The foregoing is all we could get of this story, and, as a consequence, the adventures of the other brothers remain unknown.

THE BAD MISTRESS.

A lad and a lass were servants at a certain house. Their mistress was a most cruel woman, and always gave them more work than they could possibly do. So they were planning to make their escape. On one occasion the lad had to clean the stables all in one day, a work which it was impossible for him to accomplish. So the young pair ran away riding on one horse. They were soon pursued by their mistress. The lad said, "We shall be captured," but the girl asked him to take a bit of stick out of the horse's ear, and then throw it behind them. This he did, and immediately there was a wood between them and their

mistress. When she came to the wood and could not get through, she said, "Had I my magic hatchet I would soon make a way for myself." She went back for the hatchet, and not long after she cut through the wood, and was coming up with the pursued. This time the girl asked the lad to throw a stone that he would find in the left ear of the horse behind them. When this was done there was a large barrier of rock before their mistress, and she said, "Had I my magic pickaxe, I would soon hew out a way for myself." She went back for the pickaxe and hewed her way through. She was coming up to the lad and the girl once again. This time the lad, at the girl's bidding, threw behind him a drop of the horse's sweat, and there was a lake between them and their mistress. Said she, "Had I my great swan here I would soon pass, for it would drink up all the water." So she went back for the swan and brought it to the loch. It drank almost all the water, but then it burst, and matters were then as bad as before. The mistress saw a fox and asked him to carry her across the lake. So the fox took her on his back and came to the middle of the loch and there he asked her to sit nearer his tail. This she did, but almost immediately she slipped off and was drowned. So the lad and lass escaped unharmed.

REVIEWS.

IRELAND AND THE CELTIC CHURCH: A History of Ireland from St. Patrick to the English Conquest in 1172. By GEORGE T. STOKES, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Trinity College, Dublin. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

PROFESSOR STOKES has written a work that ought to give the quietus to the controversies about the nature of the Celtic Church —controversies which raged about the questions whether it was Presbyterian, English Episcopal, or fully Roman Episcopal. His style is popular; indeed the work consists of a series of seventeen lectures delivered in his capacity as Ecclesiastical Professor in Trinity College, and, as a consequence, the language is racy and the literary effect is very fascinating. Although the work is popular, yet it is also critical and scientific, and the

author has added in the shape of footnotes the necessary references to authorities, and the additional illustrations, more or less technical, which his lecture required. The book is not merely a history of the Celtic Church in Ireland; it also contains, as its secondary title indicates, a civil history of the country, more e pecially from the beginning of the 9th century to the Norman Conquest. He does not refuse to give a glance at the earlier mythical history of Ireland, and he is doubtless right in considering that real history commences with Cormac Mac Art in the first half of the 3rd century. The period of Cormac is a historical oasis of fact in the midst of fiction before and after it. Irish history, however, like the history of most European States, commences with the introduction of Christianity or soon thereafter. We undoubtedly do meet with names, such as those of Nial of the Nine Hostages at the beginning of the 5th century, which represent real and powerful personages, and their conquests and achievements are not altogether fictional, but have some basis of fact. It was Loegaire, son of Nial, that, as King of Ireland, met Patrick on his arrival there in the first half of the 5th century. From this century onwards, the history of Ireland, as found in the native historians, and as proved by the text of contemporary foreign writers who have referred to Irish incidents, is as reliably known as any in Western Europe. Professor Stokes graphically shows the state of utter confusion that existed in Ireland when the Danes arrived. Not merely did princes rob and harry each other, burning, murdering, and plundering at large, even not sparing monasteries and churches, but leading ecclesiastics took part in these tribal wars, and, not only so, but carried on monastic wars. The king-bishop, Phelim of Munster, we are told, "in 826, and again in 833, spoiled the termon lands and sanctuary of Clonmacnois. On this last occasion, he slew the religious and burned the sanctuary up to the very doors of the principal church. He treated in the same way the celebrated Columban monastery of Durrow. In 836 he stormed the sanctuary of Kildare, where the Bishop of Armagh and his clergy had taken refuge. In 840 he burned Armagh, in 846 plundered and burned a second time the sanctuary of Clonmacnois, till finally this warlike priest died in 847." The Danes are, therefore, not responsible for all the plundering

and burning of monasteries and murder of priests that took place in the 9th and 10th centuries. Despite all these wars, there was a considerable civilisation among the Irish at the time. Their weakness lay in the fact that the Brehon law was only an arbitration which the offending party might disregard; the enforcement of its decrees was altogether a matter for the aggrieved individual; the central authority, the king or tribal chief, did not concern himself with its administration or enforcement. Irish history, from the 8th to the 12th century, is unpleasant reading, but under the English rule it is pitiful.

Professor Stokes' chief object, however, is the history of the Celtic Church. In his first chapter or lecture, he shows that Christianity was introduced into Ireland before St. Patrick or rather before St. Palladius. Prosper of Aquitaine says—"Palladius was ordained by Pope Celestine for the Scots believing in Christ, and was sent as their first bishop." And it would appear from the wrathful remarks of Jerome about his opponent's feeding on Scotch porridge, that Ireland sent scholars to the Continent in the 4th century. Southern Ireland was probably converted to Christianity in the 4th century, and the work of the missionaries that go under the name of Patrick was probably the conversion of northern Ireland. We have some fault to find with Dr. Stokes' treatment of St. Patrick. We should like to have found that he sifted his historical materials better. It is not enough to drop the miraculous element out of these saints' lives. Is St. Patrick's *Confession* an authentic document? The earliest MS. in which it is found is the *Book of Armagh* of the 9th century, and the copies in other and later MSS. contain nearly as much additional matter as there is in the *Book of Armagh*, which is not found in that book. Are these additions interpolations? Now, it is upon this *Confession* that Patrick's life and history mainly depend. The letter to Caroticus comes in the same category as the additions to the *Book of Armagh*, for it is not found in that work. Patrick is not mentioned by Columbanus, Bede, or, indeed, any writer till the 9th century, with the exception of the reference to him in St. Adamnan's *Columba*, where he is simply called the "bishop Patrick." Prosper of Aquitaine and Bede call the Irish apostle Palladius; he is the real Patrick. For

we must remember that the name Patrick or Patricius means "Patrician" or "Gentleman," a fact which is somehow recognised by the Irish popular song which tells us that—

St. Patrick was a gentleman, and came of decent people.

This term was to some extent a common title up to the 7th century, and hence Palladius may have been "patricius" or "gentleman." The Irish annals confuse three persons under the name of Patrick. First, Palladius is confounded with Patrick, and probably he is the real one; secondly, Senn Patric or Old Patrick, who was tutor of the third Patrick, is represented as dying in 457; while, thirdly, St. Patrick, from Strath-Clyde, whose *Confession* we have in the *Book of Armagh*, died in 493. These dates are from the *Annals of the Four Masters*. The Annals mention that Patrick was 122 years at his death; the Irish apostle must beat the great Jewish priest and leader by two years! The fact is, Bishop or Archbishop Patrick is a rather late invention, useful in the ecclesiastical controversies that arose in the 7th and 8th centuries and later. The organisation which the ideas connected with his name indicate did not exist in the Celtic Church at that early stage.

The early Celtic Church was monastic; there were no dioceses. Were we to believe the ordinary accounts, the Irish Church sprung up full-blown diocesan and ecclesiastically graded under St. Patrick, like the full-panoplied Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. This is mere reading back into Celtic Church history modern and mediaeval ideas. It was a missionary church; it spread by the reproduction of monasteries similar to the mother monastery in the districts and tribal areas that seemed sufficiently extensive and needful. The abbot was the head and the bishop was under him and attached to the monastery for purposes of ordination. The inmates of the monastery regarded themselves as a clan, not a graded organisation; they preserved, indeed, the customs of their race so far as these suited celibacy and religious discipline. So much was the clan idea ingrained in the Church that of the first eleven successors of Columba at Iona nine were of his own family. The period of two hundred years of isolation which the Celtic Church enjoyed till the beginning of the 7th century only showed how far the Roman Church had

meanwhile travelled in the way of change. The first dispute was in regard to the observance of Easter, a dispute which lasted one hundred years, being finally settled about the middle of the 8th century. Roman ideas slowly made their way, and bishops gained more power, though they were not attached yet to dioceses: indeed, they were too plentiful for anything else than a parochial jurisdiction. The Danish invasion intervened meanwhile, and the process of assimilation to Roman methods was hindered. Indeed, it was only with the English conquest that the Celtic Church was finally conformed to Rome. This Dr. Stokes shows with unmistakeable clearness. It is amusing to read the various shifts resorted to for the explanation of the facts that bishops like those of Cashel and Armagh were married men handing down their office by hereditary succession. They were married men till the 12th century. Armagh was for two centuries held from father to son or heir. Scotland presents the same facts in its early ecclesiastical history; it was the reforms of Queen Margaret and her sons that put an end to these abuses.

Professor Stokes' book contains valuable information on other ecclesiastical topics. He discusses the question of Greek and Latin learning in the Irish monasteries. In the 7th and 8th centuries Ireland was famous for its schools of learning. It sent scholars and missionaries to the Continent in great numbers, and received in return into its schools students from all parts. Bede tells us how the English resorted there for study. Two points Professor Stokes has almost made his own by the excellence of his treatment. These are, first, the question of oriental influence in the Celtic Church, which he finds to have been great, and, secondly, the question of the Irish Church architecture, with which is connected the origin of the Round Towers. These Round Towers were built in the 9th and following centuries for adornment to the churches, and Professor Stokes traces their locality of origin to Styria, north of Palestine. We would have wished to notice many other interesting facts of Celtic life, civil and ecclesiastical, which Professor Stokes has in such a captivating form placed before us, but space forbids.

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THE PICTS.

[By the Editor.]

III.

THEIR HISTORY FROM POST CLASSICAL SOURCES.

For the history of the Picts after Roman times, we have two classes of authorities: the writers who were contemporary with the Pictish kingdom, and the writers and chronicles that belong to a period when the Pictish kingdom no longer existed. To the first class belong Gildas (6th century), Adamnan (end of 7th), Bede (beginning of 8th), and Nennius (middle of 9th century?). To the second class belongs the mass of chronicles and annals, whether Scotch, Irish, or English, which date from the 10th to the 15th century, and which Mr. Skene has collected together under the title of "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots." The contemporary writers are, of course, incomparably the most valuable authorities; Adamnan, and especially Bede, are as unimpeachable as they are important. The "Chronicles" of the second class are very unsatisfactory, indeed; as a rule, where they are not mere lists of names they are legendary and fictitious. We may except from this condemnation the annals of Tigernach and also those of Ulster. The information which Gildas conveys has practically been given already. He calls the Scots and Picts "transmarine" nations, and it has been maintained that he considered Pictland or Caledonia to be an island, but Bede interprets this rightly when he says that the Picts and Scots might be called "transmarine" because they were separated from the Britons by

two straits of the sea (Forth and Clyde). Bede has much to say of the Picts. And, first, we must quote in full his important ethnological account of the British Isles:—

"At first this island had no other inhabitants but the Britons, from whom it derived its name, and who, coming over into Britain, as is reported, from Armorica, possessed themselves of the southern parts thereof. When they, beginning at the south, had made themselves masters of the greatest part of the island, it happened that the nation of the Picts, from Scythia, as is reported, putting to sea in a few long ships, were driven by the winds beyond the shores of Britain, and arrived on the northern coasts of Ireland, where, finding the nation of the Scots, they begged to be allowed to settle among them, but could not succeed in obtaining their request. . . . The Picts, as has been said, arriving in this island [Ireland] by sea, desired to have a place granted them in which they might settle. The Scots answered that the island could not contain them both; but, "We can give you good advice," said they, "what to do; we know there is another island, not far from ours, to the eastward, which we often see at a distance, when the days are clear. If you will go thither, you will obtain settlements; or, if they should oppose you, you shall have our assistance." The Picts, accordingly, sailing over into Britain, began to inhabit the northern parts thereof, for the Britons were possessed of the southern. Now, the Picts had no wives, and asked them of the Scots, who would not consent to grant them upon any other terms, than that when any difficulty should arise, they should choose a king from the female royal race rather than from the male; which custom, as is well known, has been observed among the Picts to this day. In process of time, Britain, besides the Britons and the Picts, received a third nation, the Scots, who, migrating from Ireland under their leader, Reuda, either by fair means, or by force of arms, secured to themselves those settlements among the Picts, which they still possess. From the name of their commander, they are to this day called Dalreudini; for, in their language, Daal signifies a part."

The above account of the origin of the Picts is that which we find amplified in the later "Chronicles," and seems to have been the generally received opinion. The most interesting point in it is that which deals with the succession through the females among the Picts, a custom which Bede and his authorities explain in true legendary and euhemerist fashion.

Till the time of Brude Mac Mailcon, in the latter half of the 6th century, our earlier authorities speak only of raids made by the Picts on the Britons. The "Chronicles," of course, give a list of the Pictish kings that goes back to Noah. It was in the 9th year of the reign of Brude Mac Mailcon (A.D. 563) that St. Columba came to Scotland to convert the Northern Picts. For Bede tells us that the Southern Picts—those to the south of the Grampians—were converted by Nynias or Ninian at the close of the 4th century, and Nennius says that Palladius died among

the Picts. Brude Mac Mailcon had his seat near the Ness, somewhere at or near the present Inverness, and his sway extended from Iona, which he granted to Columba, to the Orkney Isles, whose "regulus" was, on one of Columba's visits, at Brude's Court with hostages. Whether Brude ruled the Southern Picts is not said, but as his successor Gartnait held Abernethy, their capital, it is most probable that Brude ruled the whole of Scotland north of the Firths, including the suzerainty of the Scotic Kingdom of Dalriada. He is called by Bede "a very powerful king." He died in 584, and was succeeded by Gartnait, son of Domelch, who, as the "Chronicles" state, "built the Church of Abernethy 225 years and 11 months before the Church of Dunkeld was built by King Constentin, king of the Picts." The Picts were subjugated by Oswald, King of Northumbria, and made tributary —at least the Southern Picts—by his brother Oswiu after 654. They remained under the Anglian yoke for thirty years, until Brude, son of Bile, raised the standard of revolt in the north, and on his way south defeated and slew Ecgfrid, King of Northumbria, at Dunnichen, in 586. This ended the Anglian rule over the Picts. This King Brude was a great friend of Adamnan, then Abbot of Iona. About 710, Nectan, son of Derile, was king, and he conformed to the Roman Church in regard to the holding of Easter, and he further invited Anglic architects to build him a stone church instead of the usual wooden ones. Tigernach tells us that he expelled the Columban monks "across the Dorsum Britannie," or Drumalban, a fact which shows how violently Roman were his proclivities. It became fashionable at this time for kings to turn monks and clerics, and the same authority informs us that Nectan turned cleric in 724. A fierce struggle then ensued for the throne, in which Nectan afterwards took part, but eventually Angus, son of Fergus, King of Fortrenn, crushed all his rivals, even subdued Dalriada, and reigned victoriously till 759, when he died, and was, according to custom, succeeded by his brother. With the year 731, we lose the guidance of Bede, and, as Tigernach also fails us after 763, we have to depend entirely on the "Chronicles," with the result that the historians are all at sixes and sevens as to what really happened in Pictland and Dalriada during the next hundred years, until Kenneth

MacAlpin succeeded in uniting the Picts and Scots about 844. It is almost useless to attempt to unravel the mystery of this period. Of late the views of Father Innes and Mr. Skene have prevailed, and the old idea of the Scottish conquest of Pictland has been abandoned. In fact Mr. Skene tries to show that it was the Picts who conquered and absorbed the Scots. We are inclined rather to the old belief. At the beginning of the 9th century the Picts were pressed on the east by the Danes, suffering grievous defeats, and on the west by the Scots. The Scots were literary and ecclesiastical, closely connected as they were with Ireland, and the Pictish language was evidently not a written tongue. Hence it was that the Scots, combining military energy with literary and ecclesiastical power, and favoured by the Norse invasions which cruelly harassed the Picts on the east and on the west pressed the Scots from the Islands on to the Picts, gradually imposed their rule and language on the Picts. We shall, further, find reason to believe, when we come to consider the topographical arguments as to the extent of the Pictish language, that the Picts had nothing more than a nominal authority over Western Scotland, from Argyle to Cape Wrath. They do not appear to have settled there at all, if we except, perhaps, the Applecross district ("A' Chomraich," *Cambria*). The Gaels were the first Celts that settled in north-western Scotland, as the topography proves, and these Gaels were doubtless an earlier colony than the Dalriads of the 5th and 6th centuries. If the Gaels possessed so extensive a portion of the Highlands as our theory demands, then their eclipsing of the Picts is not very difficult to understand. The "Chronicles" are decidedly in favour of the theory that the Scots somehow subdued the Picts. There is a story that Kenneth Mac Alpin treacherously murdered the Pictish chiefs at a feast to which he had invited them, but this is a story which often appears on Celtic ground to account for the sudden collapse of a national party. Hengist the Saxon leader got rid of 300 British nobles in a similar way, and, in the times of the clans, the Mackintoshes and the Cummings tried similarly to exterminate each other; while the story also appears in the mythic cycle of the tales about Fionn and his heroes. "The Picts," says Henry of Huntingdon (about 1150), "seem now de-

stroyed, and their language altogether wiped out, so that what old writers say about them seems now fabulous." In considering the disappearance of the Pictish language, it is the fashion to regard it as Gaelic, differing of course slightly from the Scotic or Irish Gaelic. Skene, in his "Four Ancient Books of Wales," was forced to admit that the Pictish was "a Gaelic dialect partaking largely of Welsh forms," but his later views restrict this Brythonic element. "There is," he says, "a British element in the proper names in the list of Pictish kings, and that element is not Welsh but Cornish." If the Pictish language was but a form of Gaelic, then there can be no difficulty as to its disappearance, for the Gaelic we have still with us. There are, however, insuperable difficulties in the way of adopting this theory, and its only recommendation is that it easily accounts for the collapse of the Pictish language.

The first argument against this theory—that the Pictish was Gaelic—is this: the best authorities, like Bede, distinctly state that the Pictish was a language by itself—distinct from the Saxon, British, and Gaelic. Bede mentions this fact more than once, as for instance in this expression, which he repeats under other forms: "The nation and provinces of Britain, which are divided into four languages, viz., those of the Britons, the Picts, the Scots, and the English." Nennius and the English Chronicles present the facts as Bede has them. Adamnan tells us that Columba had to use an interpreter at least twice in Northern Scotland. In one case, when Columba "was tarrying for some days in the province of the Picts, a certain peasant (plebeius) who with his whole family had listened to and learned through an interpreter the word of life preached by the holy man, believed and was baptised." The other case occurred in the Isle of Skye, whither Artbranan, the chief of the Geona cohort, came by boat, and here he was "instructed in the word of God by the saint through an interpreter." The river where he was baptised was in Adamnan's time still known as Dobur Artbranan. Cormac in the 9th century, a great Gaelic scholar, speaks of the *berla cruithnech* or Pictish language, and quotes a word from it (cartit). The historians that were more or less contemporary distinctly maintain that not merely were the Picts a separate nation, but they also spoke a language different

from the others. But we are not altogether dependent on the evidence of historians, strong and good as it is. Firstly, we have at least three significant words handed down to us from the Pictish language—peanfahel (Bede), cartit (Cormac), and diuperr ("Chronicles.") Secondly, there is the list of the names of the kings which tells decisively against the Gaelic character of the language, and there are other personal names, together with the national name of Cruithnech and some others, that have to be considered in cumulating proof. Thirdly, there are the modern place names in Pictland which lend valuable evidence. And, lastly, deductions may be drawn from the Pictish custom of succession through the females, and from the literary and archæological remains connected with Pictland. We shall find that in these points we have irresistible cumulative evidence that the Pictish language was not Gaelic, but British in its connections.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

The Macleods of Lewis.

(Continued.)

The Lands of Lewis having been forfeited to the Crown by Torquil Dubh's refusal or inability to produce his family titles to the lands in 1597, they were, in the following year, granted to a number of Lowland gentlemen for the purpose of colonising and improving them on a plan suggested by the King himself. In addition to the Lewis, these gentlemen had also granted to them the district of Troternish, in Skye, then occupied under a lease by Macdonald of Sleat, and also the lands of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg, belonging to Sir Rory Mor Macleod of that ilk. The leading adventurers among the Lowland colonists were; The Duke of Lennox; Patrick, Commendator of Lindores; William, Commendator of Pittenweem; Sir James Anstruther, younger of that ilk; Sir James Sandilands of Slamanno; James Leirmonth of Balcolmly; James Spens of Wormistoun; John Ferrel of Fingask; David Home, younger of Wedderburn; and Captain Wm. Murray.

By contract, dated the 28th of June, 1598, between them and the Government, ratified by Parliament, they were, so as to make up for the expense and trouble incurred by them and for the improvements which they undertook to make, relieved for seven years from the payment of any rent. They further entered into an agreement to pay on the expiration of that period an annual grain-rent of forty chalders of bere for the lands of Lewis, Rona of Lewis, and the Island of Handa; and for the lands of Troternish, in Skye, a money rent of four hundred merks per annum—twenty merks more than that agreed to be paid by Macdonald of Sleat for the lease of the same lands when secured by him in 1596, two years before.

The party having proved unsuccessful in colonising the Lewis, they do not appear to have ever interfered with the other lands granted to them in Harris and Skye, so that the old proprietors were never disturbed in their possession of them, and they finally succeeded in securing their titles anew from the Crown. The mere fact, however, that lands belonging to Macleod of Harris and Macdonald of Sleat were granted to the Lowlanders at the same time made it impossible that they should succeed in the Lewis, a result which might easily have been foreseen by any wise Government.

On this point Mr. Gregory says that had the Lewis alone been granted the dissensions of the natives among themselves would have made success highly probable, the only serious opposition to be reckoned upon being that which Mackenzie of Kintail might be expected to make. "But when grants were likewise made to these Lowlanders of the estates belonging to Macleod of Harris, and of a large district occupied, under a recent lease, by Macdonald of Sleat, a powerful party was at once created in the North Isles, whose interest it clearly was to frustrate and discourage the adventurers by every means in their power. These chiefs could not fail to preceive that the success of the adventurers in the Lewis would enable the latter to seize, with great facility, all the other lands to which Parliament had given them a claim. That they should deprecate such an event was perfectly natural; and it will appear, accordingly, that the enterprise of the Lowlanders at length failed, owing to the obstacles secretly but perseveringly

thrown in their way by the three great northern chiefs, Macleod of Harris, Macdonald of Sleat, and Mackenzie of Kintail." This result is so natural that the wonder is that neither the Government nor the colonists themselves did not at once realise what it involved, and act accordingly.

In July, 1599, a Commission of Lieutenandry was granted to the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Huntly over the whole of Inverness-shire and the Isles, when a special charge was given to them, by every means in their power, and with all their forces, to assist "the gentlemen venturers and enterprisers of the conquest of the Lewis, towards the perfect settling and establishing of that Island under their obedience." A repulsive picture is given of the natives in the preamble to this Commission, in which they are charged with "the grossest impiety and the most atrocious barbarities," though the most heinous offence in the king's eyes seems to be the non-payment of his rents. One of the clauses declares that, "besides all other crimes, they rebelliously withhold from His Majesty a great part of the patrimony and proper rent of the Crown." Express power was given to the Commissioners to punish with military execution not only the open and avowed opponents of the adventurers, but any others who might be found opposing them by indirect means.

The Lowlanders had meantime been preparing for the actual commencement of their enterprise, and, fortified by this Commission to Lennox and Huntly, they, in October, 1599, proceeded to the Lewis with a force of between five and six hundred hired soldiers, accompanied by several gentlemen volunteers and artificers of all kinds considered necessary for such an expedition. That they should have started so late in the season is attributed to the reports of hostility circulated by Mackenzie of Kintail and other northern chiefs to the effect that the enterprise would be strenuously opposed by a formidable force. In any case, the late arrival of the colonists in the Island proved so injurious from the cold and want of shelter and provisions, that a great many of them died of the flux soon after their arrival, and of other complaints brought on by their situation and circumstances. "They began apace," according to Sir Robert Gordon, "to build and erect houses in a proper and

convenient place fit for the purpose; in end they made up a pretty town," where they encamped. The Lewismen, led by Roderick's two surviving bastard sons, Neil and Murdoch, opposed the adventurers, incited thereto, it is highly probable, by the Mackenzies. James Leirmonth of Balcolmly had in the meantime left the Lewis for Fife in his own vessel. He was intercepted near the Orkneys by Murdoch Macleod, instigated by Kintail, when most of his crew and companions were killed, and he was himself taken back to the Lewis, where he was kept in prison for six months, after which he was liberated on his promising to pay the Macleods a heavy ransom. He, however, died on his way home, in the Orkneys, from, it is said, a disease contracted in consequence of the treatment he had received during his imprisonment in the Lewis, and the ransom was never paid.

This occurred in 1600. At this time Neil Macleod had a dispute with his brother Murdoch, who a few years before had the principal share in the execution of Torquil Dubh. He also aided the Brieve and his tribe, the Clann Mhic Gillemhuire, by whom Torquil Dubh had been apprehended and delivered into the hands of Mackenzie of Kintail, who, in 1597, had him put to death. In the course of this new quarrel, Neil captured Murdoch and several of the Morrisons, every one of whom, except his own brother, he immediately executed. The colonists from Fife, learning what had occurred, offered Neil, if he delivered his brother Murdoch up to them, as the most prominent of their opponents, that they would give Neil a portion of the Island for himself, and render him all the aid in their power to be avenged on the Mackenzies for the death of Torquil Dubh. Neil accepted the terms offered, delivered his brother Murdoch to the adventurers, and accompanied them to Edinburgh, carrying along with him the heads of the Morrisons, ten or twelve of whom he had so recently slain. Having received a pardon from the Crown, he, in company with the colonists, returned to the Lewis. Murdoch was soon after, in 1600, executed at St. Andrews. Before his death he made certain disclosures, in consequence of which and of complaints by the colonists, Mackenzie of Kintail was apprehended and lodged in Edinburgh Castle, but he soon managed to escape by the assistance of his friend, the Earl of

Dunfermline, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, without standing his trial. Nor did he in the slightest degree relax his efforts to gain possession of the Lewis, notwithstanding the risk which he had incurred and from the consequences of which he had so narrowly escaped.

In 1601 new Commissions were granted to Lennox and Huntly for reducing to obedience the Isles and adjacent Highlands. The North Isles were given in charge of Huntly, but the Lewis was exempted from his Commission, probably because the Government expected that the Fife adventurers would be able to cope with the difficulties of the situation themselves, without any extraneous aid. If such was the expectation, they soon found out their mistake. They were almost immediately embroiled in another quarrel with Neil Macleod, the leader of the Island natives.

Gregory on this point informs us that "the leaders of the adventurers who returned to the Island with Neil Macleod, after procuring his pardon and delivering up his brother, Murdoch, to justice, were the Commendator of Pittenweem, the lairds of Wormistoun, Fingask, Balcolmly, and Airdrie. Their situation at this time was so promising that they were induced to limit the exemption from rent, which, by their contract, was to last for seven years, to two years from the commencement of their undertaking. Soon after their return, however, some injury done by Spens of Wormistoun to Neil Macleod, embroiled them once more with the latter. Wormistoun laid a plot to entrap Macleod; but that leader, having a similar design against Wormistoun, was upon his guard; and, as soon as a party sent to apprehend him were at a sufficient distance from their camp, he attacked and routed them, with the loss of sixty of their number. Mackenzie of Kintail, who, since the agreement made between Neil Macleod and the colonists, had almost despaired of frustrating the enterprise, was no sooner informed of this quarrel than he hastened to profit by it. He had detained in captivity, for several years, Tormod, the younger brother of Torquil Dubh, and only surviving legitimate son of old Ruari Macleod of the Lewis. Although ordered by the Privy Council, in April, 1600, to produce his prisoner before them, he had evaded compliance, and still detained Tormod

Macleod in custody without a warrant. Suddenly changing his plan, on hearing of the quarrel between Neil and the adventurers, Mackenzie restored this young man to liberty, and sent him into the Lewis, promising him, secretly, great assistance if he would attack the settlers in concert with his uncle [? brother.] On his arrival in the Island, Tormod was received with open arms by Neil Macleod and all the old followers of the family of Lewis, by whom he was at once acknowledged as their lord and master. Encouraged by the support he received from his clan and the other natives of Lewis, and guided by the advice and experience of Neil Macleod, who had so long been their leader, the young chief attacked the camp of the adventurers, forced it, burnt the fort, killed many of their men, and at length forced the principal gentlemen to capitulate with him on the following conditions:—first, they were to obtain from the king a remission to the Macleods for all their bypast offences; secondly, they promised never to return to the Lewis, and agreed to give up their title to that Island to Tormod Macleod; lastly, for the performance of these conditions, they were obliged to leave Sir James Spens and his son-in-law, Thomas Monypenny of Kinkell, as hostages. In order to obtain the liberation of the hostages, who were detained for eight months by the islanders, a remission was readily granted; and it is probable that the adventurers pretended to surrender their legal rights by a formal deed; but, when their object was attained by the release of these gentlemen, no further attention was paid to the capitulation. Notwithstanding their promise never to return, they seem only to have waited till their hostages were out of danger before taking immediate steps for a reconquest of the Island and its restless inhabitants. Accordingly, in the month of July [1602] proclamation was made, summoning the fighting men in most of the northern counties to meet a Royal lieutenant, probably the Marquis of Huntly, at Inverness, on the 20th of September, then to proceed against the rebels of the Lewis. On the approach of harvest, however, this proclamation was recalled, and 'the raid of the Lewis' was delayed till the spring of the following year." This delay to 1603 appears from the Records of the Privy Council to have been arranged on the 15th of September, 1602, but it would seem that nothing further was done until the

summer of 1605, when the adventurers, armed with Commissions of fire and sword, and assisted by some of the King's ships, made another attempt to gain possession of the Lewis, out of which they had been kept by Tormod Macleod and his supporters since 1601.

It was now ordered that all the castles and other strongholds in the North Isles should be delivered up to any heralds or officers sent to receive possession of them, and, failing delivery by the chiefs, the colonists were empowered by warrant to besiege and take all the castles by force. All the vessels and galleys owned in the North Isles and the adjacent mainland were to be delivered up by their proprietors at Lochbroom to the Fife adventurers, who were at the same time empowered to seize all vessels and boats belonging to any who should continue disobedient. All other Highlanders were enjoined, under severe penalties, to hold no communication whatever with the inhabitants of the Lewis, who were described as rebels against the King. The colonists, in virtue of the powers conferred upon them, having gathered together a considerable force from the adjoining districts, proceeded to the Lewis, and on their arrival despatched a messenger to Tormod Macleod, intimating to him that if he submitted to them they would send him safely to London, where they would not only secure for him His Majesty's pardon for all past offences, but also allow him to sue through his friends for the King's favour, and for some provision which would enable him to live in comfort afterwards. His brother Neil was much against the proposal, and urged upon Tormod to gather his followers and fight the adventurers as on previous occasions, rather than submit to the terms they proposed. This, Tormod would not agree to. He submitted to the conditions imposed, was sent to London by the colonists as promised by them, and, after a time, he made such progress in impressing upon the King the great wrong which had been inflicted upon his family by granting the lawful inheritance of his house to the Fife adventurers, that these gentlemen, some of whom were at the time members of His Majesty's household, began to fear that the King might recall his grant to them of the Lewis. Their alarm in this respect led them to use all their influence against Tormod, and they succeeded so far,

that, by order of His Majesty, the islander was sent back to Scotland and confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he remained a prisoner for the next ten years. Neil, who still held out, was supported by the natives of the Lewis, and continued a source of great annoyance and trouble to the adventurers, who now secured a firm settlement in the island, where they remained until they were finally driven out of it by Mackenzie of Kintail in 1609.

From a Commission granted to the Marquis of Huntly in 1607 for the reduction of the North Isles, Skye and the Lewis were excluded. The reduction on this occasion was to be "by extirpation of the barbarous people of the Isles within a year." Huntly, however, got into trouble himself, and the reign of James VI. was, in consequence, saved "from being stained by a massacre which, for atrocity and the deliberation with which it was planned would have left that of Glencoe far in the shade." They were thus only saved by a mere accident, and the islanders owed nothing to their King, "whose character must forever bear the stain of having, for the most sordid motives, consigned to destruction thousands of his subjects," in the North Isles, with the exception of Skye and the Lewis.

In 1607 the colonists, who had been incessantly annoyed by Neil Macleod assisted by the Macneills of Barra, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and the Macleods of Harris, began to give up all hope of maintaining their hold of the Lewis. "Of the original partners, many had, for some time, withdrawn, some had died, others had spent all their property, and of the remainder, some had more important affairs to call them elsewhere. Thus reduced and dispirited by the constant attacks made upon them, they forsook the Island and returned to their homes. The Lord of Kintail, who had all along wrought to this end, now began to stir in the matter. By means of his friend, the Lord Chancellor, he passed under the Great Seal a gift of the Lewis to himself, in virtue of the resignation made formerly in his favour by Torquil Conanach Macleod. The surviving adventurers, however, were not so unmindful of their own interest as to suffer this transaction to pass unchallenged. They complained to the King, who was highly incensed at the conduct of Mackenzie, and forced him to resign his right thus surreptitiously obtained. The Island being

once more, by this step and the consent of the adventurers, at the disposal of His Majesty, he granted it anew to three persons only, viz.—James, Lord Balmerino, Sir George Hay of Nethercliff, and Sir James Spens of Wormistoun." On the occasion of Lord Ochiltree's famous expedition, in 1608, when he entrapped the Island chiefs aboard the King's ship *Moon*, at Aros, in Mull, and carried them prisoners to Edinburgh, his Lordship, in the report of his proceedings made to the Privy Council, assigned the lateness of the season as his reason for not having proceeded against Macleod of Lewis and Macneill of Barra, at the same time stating that the latter was a depender upon Maclean of Duart, who had come to terms, and who would answer for Macneill's behaviour.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A Sgeulachd of the Rannoch Camerons.

Armed with swords and shields and clubs, the three Cameron men set off quietly and steathily towards the shore. Having espied the Macgregors sitting carelessly under a bank near the loch side, they cautiously crept up to the place, sprang upon them, and clubbed and disarmed the party before they could look about them or cry for assistance. To do this and bind them hand and foot with thongs was the work of only a few minutes. Thereafter they set off southwards with equal quietness and caution, and, having found three men sitting in one place, succeeded in clubbing, disarming, and binding them. But, unfortunately, the fourth man, being at some distance from his companions, gave a loud cry when he saw what was going on, which alarmed Ardlarich and his three men in the distance. This man, however, was quickly overtaken and clubbed, disarmed, and securely bound like the rest.

But now came the stiffest part of the contest. Ewen and his brothers were compelled, however, reluctantly to draw their swords and march to meet the approaching Macgregors—three

men against four. The hostile parties met at a spot not far from the present greenhouse in Croiscrag garden. "Geill, a Chamaronaich," ars an Griogarach. That is, "Yield, Cameron," said Macgregor. The late "Duncan Dubh," the Camghouiran Sennachie, in relating this part of what may be called the Battle of Croiscrag, proudly pourtrayed Ewen's attitude and answer in words worthy of a Highland bard:

> "Fhreagair Eoghan mar leoghann 'na gharaidh,
> 'Cha d' gheill Camaronach riamh.'"

That is—

> "Ewen replied like a lion in his den,
> 'A Cameron never did yield.'"

There was no alternative but to set-to, strike and parry, thrust and guard—clink, clink, clink—in right good earnest at one another—Ewen against Ardlarich and the other two against three. The Camerons, to avoid bloodshed, to which they were very averse, stood chiefly on the defensive. But their disparity in numbers, and the determination of the Macgregors to draw blood, made this attitude of mere defence a very difficult, if not a dangerous, one to maintain. While the combat was being carried on in such a state of inequality and indecision on the Cameron side, Marsali, who had been attentively watching the proceedings, sallied out sword in hand and bravely encountered the fourth Macgregor man. Not only did she successfully defend herself against him, but, by a dexterous and fortunate blow, succeeded in disarming and placing him *hors de combat.* She then addressed herself to the next man, and by a slash of her sword wounded him in his right hand, and placed him in a similar position. At this juncture the third man's sword broke in the middle, and he, too, was quickly disarmed and secured. And now there only remained to be secured Macgregor of Ardlarich, who, like a mad bull butting against a strong stone wall, was wildly laying blow after blow on the impregnable sword and shield defences that Ewen's experienced swordmanship cast up against him. "Yield thee, Ardlarich," said Ewen, "and let me not imbrue my hands in thy blood." Ardlarich, looking round him, sulkily said, "I suppose I must yield to superior numbers," and gave up his sword. The victory was complete and almost

bloodless, and Marsali shared in a great part of the glory. Macgregor was made to swear over his dirk that he would never again set foot with his men on the *Sliosgarbh* nor lift a sword against the Camerons; and, although there was little bloodshed, eight at least of the Macgregors had reason to remember until the end of their days the mauling they had received that night from the clubs of the Camerons.

When they had got rid of their unwelcome visitors, Ewen and Marsali and the two brothers united in rendering their simple and heartfelt thanks to heaven for the signal and bloodless victory they had won, and for their wonderful deliverance from the wicked and dangerous conspiracy that had been formed against them. They felt devoutly grateful for the warning given them, they believed, in a superhuman way; for the success of Ewen's plan of defence, and specially for the courage and resolution given to a frail and tender woman, who, in the hour of danger, displayed all the prudence and gallantry of an experienced warrior.

It was now felt by the Camerons that, on account of the hostility of the Clan Gregor, Croiscrag was no longer a sufficiently strong and safe place of residence for them. Accordingly, they at once set-to to fortify *Tigh-na-dige* (already referred to), and make it a suitable place of habitation. Here in their wattled dwelling, defended by a moat and earthwork which commanded a good view of Loch Rannoch and the *Sliosmìn*, they continued to live on for years in security and peace. They subsisted mainly on the produce of the chase. The Black Wood of Rannoch is still famous, not only for being one of the grandest and most characteristic remnants of the great forest of ancient Caledonia, but also for the large variety and quantity of game it affords to the sportsman. It is said to combine in small space all the advantages of a deer forest, a grouse moor, and a woodland game preserve; and the noble capercailzie thrives here better than in any other wood in Scotland. In the sixteenth century this wood extended over a much wider area than it does now, and the numbers and variety of game and beasts of prey were also greater in proportion. The trout fishing on stream and loch was also excellent. *Tigh-na-dige* was thus a hunting and fishing station, to the supply of which all the available *fauna* of the *Sliosgarbh*

were made to contribute.* And if it is considered the height of ambition and happiness by a family in modern society to possess a shooting box and well-stocked moor or forest in the Highlands, so as for a few months in autumn to imitate the habits and pursuits of their primeval ancestors, who made their living in this way, how much more must we envy the position and happiness of the Cameron family, who, in their shooting box of *Tigh-nx-dige* and their grand hunting and fishing grounds on the *Sliosgarbh*, lived that real sporting life of which the life of the modern Nimrod is only a milk-and-water imitation!

The married life of Ewen and Marsali was greatly sweetened, and Tigh-na-dige enlivened, by the advent of certain young Cameron strangers, who at proper intervals came to claim the acquaintanceship and love of every one in the house. Marsali bore four sons in succession; and, as from time to time Ewen held up each of these boys to receive the mystical rite of baptism from the hand of the good vicar of Fortingall, he felt the duties

* There can be no doubt but that the wolf and wild boar originally abounded in the Black Wood of Rannoch. The arms of the Struan family contain *inter alia* "Gules three wolves' heads erazed argent," &c. These were probably given for prowess in the destruction of wolves. The last wolf in Rannoch is said to have been killed at "*Muilionn-a-Mhadaidh*, on the old Struan estate of '*Murelaggan*,'" about a mile north from the Mansion House of Dunalastair. The following is a curious tradition in the Struan Robertson family. One of the old chiefs having come to the conclusion that the Black Wood had for some generations back been deteriorating in reproductive vigour consulted an eminent expert in forestry about it. This gentleman gave it as his opinion that the cause of the falling off was in the extirpation of the wild boar. "The wild boar," said he, "is nature's forest planter; where he digs with his snout, tree seeds take root and grow up." It is said that Struan, acting on the advice of his friend, let loose a number of common pigs through the Black Wood and that these quickly restored it to its pristine vigour! The story is at least plausible and curious. The Black Wood is at present not what it used to be. The "Tay Bridge night" wrought sad havoc amongst some of the noblest of its trees—knocking down over 2000 of all sorts. And, yet, such an eminent authority as Dr. Laing, Newburgh, author of "Lindores Abbey," thinks it is still, on the whole, the grandest fragment we have remaining of the old forest of Caledonia. So far as we are aware, this famous wood was not represented at all at the Forestry Exhibition so recently held in Edinburgh—a strange instance of ignorance or neglect on the part of the managers. The present esteemed proprietor of Dalt has been recently extending the area of the Black Wood by planting trees from it elsewhere on his estate, where, doubtless, such trees had been growing before; but we think he might also renew Struan's experiment—with the pigs—as a means of restoring the natural reproduction of young trees on the spot, from the cones shed by the old ones.

and responsibilities of life gradually growing upon him. How he loved these little boys and prayed they should grow up to be good and brave men! How their uncles loved them and won their little hearts by making so many ingenious playthings for them with their knives! And then Marsali, when she saw them in wild glee romping about, or watched them as they played together on the green sward beside those two great rough boulders, felt that her happiness was bound up with the welfare of her prattling and self-assertive little men. What a merciful veil was drawn over the grim realities of the future in reference to the fate of these poor innocent children!

We now arrive at a period in the family history of *Tigh-na-dige*, which affords a good illustration of how great a blaze a little spark kindles, provided the combustible materials are there, and also of how an apparently small actual transgression is sometimes followed by a very large measure of penal consequences. It further illustrates how the ignoble passion of revenge, when pushed too far, invariably recoils on the head of the avenger.

Every year towards the latter end of harvest the three Cameron brothers were in the habit of going to Perth to dispose of the furs and other valuable skins they had acquired in the chase, and to purchase the articles necessary for their winter supply. It happened that one year they went as usual to the "Fair City"; and, having disposed of their merchandise, and settled other matters, they entered an armourer's shop, and requested him to shew them his bows and arrows. He produced a large bundle of bows and a sheaf of arrows. They first picked out as many arrows as they thought they required, and, having paid the stipulated price, laid them aside. They then proceeded to select a bow; but having carefully examined each one in the bundle they told the armourer they were not fully satisfied with any of them. Ewen observed, however, that there was a bow laid by in a distant part of the shop, and asked to be allowed to see it. The man brought it, and Ewen on examination at once said, "This is the bow to suit me: it is far better than any of the others." "But," said the armourer, "You cannot have that bow, because it has been selected and paid for already by the Mackintosh of Mackintosh." "What did he pay for it?" asked Ewen. "So and so"

said the armourer, naming the price. Ewen placed the money on the counter, and walked off with the bow—his brothers at the same time fetching away the arrows with them ; and, before anything could be done to arrest their progress, the Cameron brothers were beyond the boundaries of Perth and secure on their way towards Rannoch.

The armourer was greatly annoyed at the carrying away of The Mackintosh's bow; and when the chief came in and asked for it he did not know very well what to reply to him. "The bow," said he, "has been taken away against my will." "Who would dare," said the chief, "to take away the bow that I paid for?" "It was three men from Rannoch of the name of Cameron," said the armourer, "that took it away." "The Camerons of Rannoch do it!" said The Mackintosh in a voice of thunder and gesticulating so violently that the poor armourer started back and thought the man was out of his wits. "The Camerons of Rannoch do it! I swear by high heaven that I will root the scoundrels out of the land! The Camerons of Rannoch do it, above all men in the Highlands of Scotland this day!" The armourer, feeling that the affair was now becoming rather serious, said, "O chief, you will not do that! I will make a better bow and send it to you, because I consider it was my fault in having allowed them to handle the bow at all." "Cha'n e am bogha idir," arsa Macantoisich, "ach na tha eadar am bogha 's an t-sreang!" That is, "It is not the bow at all," said Mackintosh, "but what is 'twixt the bow and the string! But I will compass Loch Rannoch round about and hem them in on every side, and I will then see whether Marsali will cry or not. I will be revenged!" And with that he stepped out of the shop, and walked along gesticulating wildly until he was out of sight. "What a strange people those are that dwell among the hills," said the armourer, "and how difficult to be kept in order! They are so determined and also so proud and revengeful. But I think there is a woman in this case, Marsali did he say? And that makes it a much more serious matter."

When the three Cameron brothers were travelling on their way towards Rannoch, Ewen began to experience the horrors of an accusing conscience in reference to what he had done. He

reflected on the circumstance that all his former dealings with The Mackintosh, however disagreeable to the latter, had been strictly honourable. Ewen had, indeed, prevailed over him in love by a rigid adherence to a higher code of morality and honour than his opponent had pretended to; but this carrying away of the bow was a distinct act of transgression which gave The Mackintosh a substantial grievance against him. The three brothers seriously discussed the question amongst them; and William and Iain admitted that they had committed a mistake, but then, they said, it could not now be remedied. And when they reached *Tigh-na-dige* and told the affair to Marsali, they threw her into a terrible state of agitation; for, like a true woman, she instinctively saw and felt the consequences likely to flow from it much more clearly than they; and, significantly pointing to the bow, when they hanged it up on a nail, she said, "Tha eagal orm gur e so bogh' na h-iorghuill!" that is, "I fear this is the bow of strife!"

When Ewen had retired to rest, the affair of the bow still pressed on his mind with the disagreeable effects of a horrible nightmare. He thought he saw a large black cat holding a bow in its fore paws, and, with flaring eyes, directing an arrow against him. And night after night this vision was regularly repeated. The bow was always there, and the black cat shooting an arrow with it at his breast. In this manner, day and night, an accusing conscience filled Ewen with dismay; and he who had formerly been such a brave and high-minded man now sank into a state of almost moral and physical cowardice. "Conscience makes cowards of us all," says the great dramatist; and this was the condition of the inmates of *Tigh-na-dige* when the dark cloud that had been for some time threatening them burst over their heads with the fury of a destroying tempest.

On the morning of Michaelmas day Marsali alarmed the men by reporting that she had seen two great bands of armed people, one approaching from the east and the other from the west, with the evident intention to surround their dwelling and cut off all means of escape. It was manifest that the foes were Mackintoshes and Macgregors, and that they were so strong in numbers as to put the idea of offering any resistance out of the question. Ewen said, "William, you are the swiftest-footed man, and you try to

escape by land before the two parties meet; and if we are slain you carry word to Lochiel. Iain and I will swim the loch; perhaps Ardlarich will protect us in terms of his oath when we let him go. And surely they will not touch Marsali and the children!"

Without losing a moment of time, William set off towards the hills, and Ewen and Iain, with anxious eyes, watched his progress. He ran a considerable distance along a hollow place before he was seen; but, when he emerged from this, a great shout was raised on both sides, and a number of men eagerly started in the pursuit. He outran them all; and, having gone through a bog, with the stepping places of which he was well acquainted, he had the satisfaction to see them one by one getting entangled, so that they could not pursue him any further. "Thank God," said Ewen, "William has got clear at any rate, and that is so far good!" The route along which William ran, in making good his escape, is still pointed out by the people of Camghouran. SIGMA.

(To be continued.)

SOME GAELIC DERIVATIONS.

PROFESSOR WINDISCH has sent us a short philological paper, which he read last December before the Royal Society of Science of Saxony, and which is printed in its transactions. The paper contains thirteen short articles, dealing, all but one, with the derivation of Old and Middle Irish words. As these words have modern Gaelic equivalents, we give, in a condensed form and with some remarks, Professor Windisch's articles :—

1. O. Ir. *fél* Gaelic *féill* (a feast or fair), Welsh *gwyl*, from a groundform *veili* or *veilī*, he connects with Sanskrit *velā* (a point of time). The word *fleadh* (feast), O. Ir. *fled*, W. *gwledd*, he allies with the Skr. root *vṛdh* (to increase, or to be jovial). But in a marginal MS. note he now says that *fél* is borrowed from the Latin *vigiliae*, whence the Eng. *vigil* (the eve before a festival or Saint's day) comes. The French is *veille*. Nevertheless, we feel that the entire disappearance of *g* in Gaelic and the vocalic changes need explanation.

2. O. Ir. *tol*, Gaelic *toil* (will), he shows cannot be for *do-volā* (Latin *volo*), which would give *tól*. He connects it with Grk. *stellō* and *-stolē* of *epistolē*, whence our *epistle*, and, with another preposition, the Gaelic *abstol* (*apostle*).

3. O. Ir. *tróg, trúag*, Gaelic *truagh* (pitiful), Wel. *tru*, he suggests have a groundform *strougos* or *streugos* and connects the Homeric *streúgesthai*.

4. O. Ir. *mrath*, M. Ir. and Gaelic *brath*, W. *brad* (treachery), which gives a Goidelic groundform of *mrata-m*, he connects with the Greek aorist *ēmbrote* (failed, sinned), which is the unaspirated and more original form whence Grk. *hamartánō* comes.

5. M. Ir. *eblim* (I educate), from a groundform *ebaliō*, he joins with Grk. *ophellō* (I increase, elevate).

6. O. Ir. *rét*, Gaelic *rud* (thing), which points to a groundform *rantu-s*, he connects by metathesis of the *n* with Skr. *ratnam* (property, goods).

7. O. Ir. *cluche*, Gaelic *cluich* (play), which indicates a groundform *clocia*, he connects with Gothic *hlahjan*, Eng. *laugh*, which Fick further connects with Grk. *klōssō* (to cluck).

8. He shows that *ludus* of the Latin is probably for *dudus* or *doidos*, with which he connects O. Norse *teitr* (joyful).

9. O. Ir. *clár*, Gaelic *clàr* (tablet, board), W. *clawr*, with a groundform *clāra* or *clāro*, he connects, with evident right, with the Greek *klēros*, Doric Grk. *klāros* (a lot), whence we get so many English and Gaelic words, such as *clerk, cleric, clergy*, etc.

10. M. Ir. *dám* (a company) with a stem *dāmo*, with which we should connect Gaelic *dàimh* (relationship, connections) from a stem *dāmi-*, he equates with the Grk. word *dēmos*, Doric *dāmos* (a tribe), whence our *democracy*, etc. The O. Welsh *dauu* (cliens) Rhys (*Lectures*, p. 236) connects with Skr. *dāman* (a bond).

11. M. Ir. *sleg* (spear), Gaelic *sleagh*, from a ground form *slegā*, he connects with Skr. *sṛj, sṛjati* (to sling, hurl).

12. O. Ir. *rand*, Gaelic *rann* (part, stave), W. *rhan*, which, if the O. Ir. is *rand* gives a groundform *randā* or *randhā*, he joins with the Skr. root *randh*, whence *randhyati* (to surrender, to fall into anyone's power). But in a MS. note on the margin he informs us that this derivation is "unsicher," unsure, for the oldest form of the word is *rann*, not *rand*.

13. The O. Ir. *dair*, Gaelic *dàir*, which Stokes connected with Grk. *darthánō* (I sleep), like the German *beschlafen* or *by-sleep*, Prof. Windisch connects, on the ground that Stokes derivation does not represent fact, with Grk. *thórnumai, thróskō* (to leap) and *thorós* (semen).

We are glad to place before our readers these excellent etymological suggestions and connections, more especially as most of these words have hitherto been left untreated by philologists, and as the paper appears only in a Continental volume of transactions which British readers are not likely to see.

CRITICAL NOTES ON THE FOLK- AND HERO-TALES OF THE CELTS.

[By Alfred Nutt.]

THE cumbersome nature of J. G. von Hahn's classification scheme will be apparent at once to all, and the almost impossibility of obtaining with it a clear view of the relations of the different groups. In the following classification I have endeavoured to reduce the formulas to the simplest and most general form consistent with distinctness, and to group the stories strictly according to their essential parts. The scheme is drawn up solely in view of Campbell's collection, and might possibly be found inadequate in dealing with another.

I classify as follows:—

I.—*Husk-Taboo Group.*
1. Cinderella root.
2. Catskin root.
3. Goldenlocks root.
4. Beauty and Beast root.
5. Black Bull o' Norroway (Cupid and Psyche) root.
6. Melusina root.
7. Bluebeard root.

II.—*Husk Group.*
1. Frog-prince root.
2. Swan-maid root.
3. Seven Swans root.

III.—*Calumniated Wife Group.*
Genoveva root.

IV.—*Recovered Heroine Group.*
Gudrun root.

V.—*Abducted Heroine Group.*
Helen root.

VI.—*Dispossessed Prince Group (Expulsion and Return Formula).*
Romulus root.

VII.—*Task Group.*
1. For bride winning. Brunhilde root.
2. For hero winning.
3. Task imposed by stepmother. Hercules root.
4. Task undergone to avenge injury to superior.

VIII.—*Wisdom-giving Fish or Snake Group.*
Fionn or Siegfried or Melampus root.

IX.—*Tiny Hero Group.*
Tom Thumb root.

X.—*Struggle of Man and Monster.*
1. Hero slain by monster.
2. Hero overcomes monster.
3. Hero tricks monster.

I. Husk-Taboo Cycle.

The characteristic features and the general march of the incidents in this cycle are—Disguised heroine, or hero, wins hero, or heroine, by threefold emergence from state of obscurity. Heroine, married to disguised hero, or hero to disguised heroine, loses him in consequence of breaking taboo connected with disguise. In one form of the story, hero or heroine is regained after many trials (generally of a threefold character), in another form lost for ever. Disguisal and prohibition thus characterise this cycle. I have arranged it into seven cycles, giving each the name of a well-known tale. The sequence, it will be seen, is according to strength of the husk or taboo feature, running from Cinderella, where the entire stress is on the husk to Bluebeard, where the almost entire stress is on the taboo. Catskin and Goldenlocks, are merely the male and female forms of the same story, and Cupid and Psyche occupies a central position.

II. Husk Cycle.

This is very closely connected with the previous cycle; some of the stories, indeed, may be equally referred to one or the other.

IV. Recovered Heroine Cycle.

The stories of this cycle are generally found mixed up with incidents from other series. The loss and subsequent recovery of the heroine is always, however, the real knot of the story.

VI. Dispossessed Prince Cycle.

The hero of this cycle is the child of a widowed mother (very often of supernatural race), whose husband has been slain by his kinsmen. She brings up her son in obscurity and ignorance of his parentage. He learns, however, the real story of his birth, shows heroic courage and magnanimity, performs exploits, and wins back his heritage from his usurping kinsman. This is a genuine märchen motive, though in our collection it is only found in those tales which belong at once to märchen and to Heldensage.

VII. Task Cycle.

The real "kernel" of all stories belonging to this cycle is invariably the fulfilment by the hero or heroine of a given definite task. I use the word "task," of course, in the very widest sense possible.

I will now examine the principal stories somewhat more closely.

No. 43—The Sharp Grey Sheep, our version of Cinderella, is unusually rich in incidents. It has a persecuted step-child opening, the heroine is helped by her dead mother (this is not stated, but it is certain from a comparison of the foreign versions), in the shape of a grey sheep, who is put to death by the step-mother; but instructs her daughter how to bring her to life again by collecting the bones in the skin. The daughter does this, but forgets to include the hoofs; the sheep comes to life again but limps. The heroine has a rival, who, curiously enough, is not a step-sister, as in nearly every version, but a

servant gifted with some supernatural powers. The recognition is brought about by a shoe, the false heroine, who had mutilated herself to fit on the shoe, being exposed by a bird, as in the German and Lowland Scotch versions.

Catskin is equally well represented, No. 14—The King who Wished to Marry his Daughter—with its variants having an almost complete series of the incidents. We find the hateful marriage opening. The heroine imposes five tasks upon her father instead of the usual three. The story runs afterwards, however, into the Cinderella form, the final recognition being affected by a shoe, a bird taking a prominent part in bringing about the triumph of the heroine.

The variant has likewise the hateful marriage opening, the heroine trying on accidentally her dead mother's dress, which is found to fit her. Here, however, the dresses are mythological. The heroine is persecuted by the mother of the hero (as she is by the cook in the English version, preserved in Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes). The final recognition is affected by means of a *glass* shoe (as in Cendrillon), the rivals of the heroine as usual mutilating themselves.

The *glass* shoe would show, according to Mr. Ralston, that this version has suffered French influence—on the other hand the language of the original is described as being "old and queer."

These versions would supply ample proof, if proof were needed, that Cinderella and Catskin are but varying presentments of the same story. The points to which I would direct especial attention are the thrice-repeated emergence of the heroine from obscurity, and the fact of her being helped at the end by a bird.

A few words on the hateful marriage opening may not be out of place. Mr. Ralston holds this for an essential and primitive feature of the story: as a matter of fact, however, this opening is more often found with stories belonging to quite a different series —the calumniated wife cycle. This is the case in the Vitæ Offæ, I. et II., which date from about the beginning of the 12th century, in Philip de Beaumanoir's Manekine, written towards the close of the same century, in the story of Artyrus and Erayn (Ritson, Ancient English Metr. Romances, II. 204), which may date from the end of the 13th century, and finally in Straparola's

No. 4, the story of Doralice. There are strong grounds therefore for doubting that the hateful marriage opening is really an essential part of any story of my Husk-Taboo cycle.

The "Goldenlocks" series is very well represented in our collection. In No. 4, The Sea Maiden, the hero, in the disguise of a neatherd, but who puts off his disguise for the fight, delivers the heroine from three savage monsters to whom she is exposed. The credit of the achievement is taken by a rival suitor, but right finally triumphs, the hero doffing his disguise, and the recognition being effected by three rings. The hero is accompanied and helped by a dog.

In No. 9, The Brown Bear of the Green Glen, the hero is helped by an animal, is persecuted by his elder brothers (as his female counterpart Cinderella is by her elder sisters), becomes rough-skinned and bald, the final recognition being effected by means of a bird which will only perch on hero's head.

In No. 16, The King of Lochlann's Three Daughters, the hero is cheated out of the reward of his achievements by his companions, is helped by an animal, disguises himself as a smith, the final recognition being effected by three gold crowns which he makes.

This story is valuable as having a direct leaning on Benfey's theory. The hero is helped by an eagle—why our story does not say. Now, in a Hindoo story, translated by Garcin de Tassy in his Allégories, récits poétiques et chants populaires traduits de l' Hindustani, Paris, 1876, we learn, p. 423 ff., how the hero Almas saves the young of the Simurg from being devoured by a dragon, and is in consequence rewarded by the grateful animal's help. The remainder of the story goes off on a different track. Now, an Hungarian story (Gaal, p. 77) has this incident introducing a story so strikingly like our Gaelic one that it seems hard to believe the one was not borrowed from the other. The inference seems plain, the Hindustani is the primitive version, and the Hungarian is the link between it and the Gaelic, where the real meaning of the story has got lost. On the other hand, the final incident of our tale is as follows—The King, astonished at the beauty of the crowns made by the hero disguised as a smith, bids him come to Court. The hero illtreats the servants first

sent to fetch him, and the soldiers who come the second time. Only the third time, when a high official comes to beg his presence, will he go. Now, this incident occurs in the Mabinogion of Peredur, p. 113, written down in the 14th century, and in great part as old as the 10th century and probably older. This incident, however, may have come into the tale at a later period, so that the evidence derived from a careful consideration of the tale would seem, on the whole, to be in favour of Benfey's theory.*

No. 44, The Widow's Son, is very remarkable. The hero releases the heroine from enchantment, is thrown into a magic sleep, from which the heroine vainly tries for three nights to awaken him—(compare with this the heroine of the Black Bull o' Norroway series)—and leaves three gifts with him. When he awakes he pursues her as Pysche and the heroine of the Black Bull o' Norroway pursue the vanished husband; gets help from three sisters even as they do; obtains magnificent dresses and armour from the gifts left to him by the heroine, in the same way that Catskin gets her dresses from the magic nut she carries off, and the final recognition is brought about in much the same way as in many versions of Catskin. The peculiarity and interest of this story lie, it will be seen, in the fact that the hero is the counterpart of the heroines in both Catskin and Black Bull o' Norroway series, showing again the intimate connection of all these stories, and the necessity for comprehending them in a common formula.

The hero of 58 (The Rider of Grianaig) is helped by human beings bewitched as animals, whom he releases from enchantment by cutting off their heads; turns smith at the end, and is recognised in the usual way.

Of the usual form of Beauty and the Beast our collection does not offer one single example. As a rule the Beast is male. I am inclined, however, to count No. 86, Daughter of King Under the Waves, among the very rare versions in which this rule is reversed. The heroine is a hairy monster whom Diarmaid, most courteous and noblest of the Fenians, allows to share his tent, his hearth, and finally his bed, when she turns, of course, into a beautiful

* I have recently traced out some remarkable parallels between this tale and a group of tales allied to the Mabinogi of Peredur, to the folk-tale of the Great Fool and to certain incidents in the French mediæval romance, the Conte du Graal.

princess. So far the story belongs to the husk cycle only, the rest of the tale is a taboo incident. The wife breaks the taboo, the hero reproaches her violently, and seemingly breaks a taboo thereby himself—at all events the wife vanishes. The story is very fragmentary, and it is unsafe to draw any definite conclusion from it.

Class 5.—The Black Bull o' Norroway—can claim a clearer pedigree than most märchen. It is substantially the same with the story of Cupid and Psyche, written by Apuleius in the second century, with the myth of Zeus and Semele, and with that of Purūravas and Urvāsi, as we find them in the Greek and Sanskrit mythology. It is one of the märchen which we find among non-Aryan races, versions having been obtained from the Celebes, from the Maories of New Zealand, and from the Zulus. Finally, the mythological system of interpretation has been applied to it with a greater measure of success than is usually the case, even such a cautious scholar as Liebrecht being inclined to look upon it as an expansion of a fire or lightning myth. Neither of our versions is particularly good, or throws much light upon the story. In both the bewitched husband steals away the children, and they afterwards help on the mother in her search. In neither has the taboo anything to do with "fire" or "light," as in so many other forms of the story. In No. 2, Battle of the Birds, the recognition is brought about by a gold cock and silver hen, which remind the hero of what has taken place; in No. 3, the Hoodie, by a ring; in No. 12 (Daughter of the Skies), by the heroine's buying from her rival three nights in the chamber of her husband, the third night she is successful; in No. 44, The Widow's Son, she is unsuccessful, but leaves three gifts with her which bring about subsequent recognition, a very unusual form of the story.

Class 6, Melusina.—I have only 86, Daughter of King under the Waves, in this class. It has already been noticed, under class 4.

Class 7, Bluebeard.—The connection of Cinderella, Catskin, and Goldenlocks, on the one hand, and of Beauty and the Beast, and Cupid and Psyche, on the other, has long been admitted, but I am not aware that the relationship of Bluebeard to either of these two classes, and of the whole forming one common cycle, has yet been pointed out. Campbell's version of Bluebeard, No. 41, The

Widow and her Daughters, conclusively settles the point to my mind.

There are three main forms of the Bluebeard story. Of the first class, Grimm's Marienkind is one of the most beautiful examples; we have here a simple taboo, and the story of the disastrous effects consequent upon breaking it. Secondly, the class of which Dasent's Mastermaid, is a good example. The taboo comes here from the demon-husband, who is outwitted by the youngest of three sisters; finally, the form immortalised by Perrault, as Barbe Bleue, and known to all English children as Blue Beard. I look upon all these as debased forms of the story, and upon our version and its only known variant (that given by Professor de Gubernatis, p. 35, vol. ii., of his Zoologie Mythologique), as the primitive and genuine form. The peculiarity and interest of our story lie in the following incidents:—The hero is a disguised prince, who is unhusked at the end of the story—the heroine is helped by an animal, likewise a bewitched human being. The connection of our story with class 4 becomes apparent at once—there the breaking of the taboo merely entailed disappearance of husband—here it entails death to the offending wife. She is saved, however, by the helping animal, whom we meet in nearly every story of this cycle, and all ends well.

Having now gone through all the stories of this cycle, attention is again called to three points—1st, the disguise of the hero or heroine, which may not be dropped until a threefold task has been accomplished; 2nd, the taboo (almost invariably connected with this disguise), the breaking of which entails separation (for a given time or for ever) or death; 3rd, the helping animal, who is nearly always present in some shape or other to untie the knot and bring about a happy conclusion. This helping animal will be looked upon by many as a "grateful beast." This is a formula which has been used in a somewhat indiscriminate way to explain all sorts of difficulties, and it has been used, especially by Benfey, as a strong argument in favour of the Eastern origin of märchen. In many instances the case is clearly and beyond doubt proved, but in many others the reasoning is much as follows:—Our fore-fathers had no conception of the duty of humanity to animals, and could not therefore have

invented stories evidently intended to inculcate that duty; but in many stories we find animals acting towards men in such a way as can only be explained from gratitude for some benefit conferred on them; therefore these stories must be borrowed from the East, where humanity to the lower creation is an essential to the Buddhist faith. The whole question is entirely begged by the second premise. A careful examination of the "grateful beasts" incidents in Campbell and other collections leads me to doubt whether gratitude *is* the determining motive of the helping animal or animals. An instance will illustrate my meaning. A very common incident (we have it in No. 4, The Sea Maiden) is this: The hero finds a carcase and several animals round it unable to make up their minds how to share it between them; the hero shares it for them, and they in gratitude promise him their help. Now, this seems to me a most inadequate motive, and I should be inclined to look upon the incident as grafted on the story by a late narrator, who found the animals there and wanted to explain them. As a matter of fact, in one of the oldest instances of "grateful beasts," that in Cupid and Psyche, there is no question of gratitude, and in the seven stories of our collection, in which grateful animals make their appearance, in three only are they grateful, and one instance is that in the Sea Maiden just referred to. It seems then to me arbitrary in the extreme to refer all instances in which the hero is helped by animals without apparent reason to the "gratitude" formula, and I would venture to suggest that these helping animals may perhaps be explainable by some system of "totemism" such as obtains among many savage tribes of the present day. Again, the trials which Goldenlocks or Catskin or Psyche must undergo to win or rewin their love might be compared to the trials (many of them of incredible savagery) which, among so many races, precede final admission into the tribe. And this explanation would be no less plausible and no more so than many of the mythological theories advanced by eminent scholars.

(To be continued.)

TALES OF THE WATER-KELPIE.

THE water-kelpie is a personification of the power of streams, lakes, and even seas; it is the spirit of the flood. It does not, as some think, recall a time when such monster animals walked the earth in ante-deluvian times. "The mythic water-horses and water-bulls or cows are to be found in the religious systems of many nations of old." The worship of the water power was prevalent among the ancient Celts; the many river names called Dee or "goddess" prove this as far as rivers are concerned, and the numerous stories about the lake dragons and monsters of Ireland, which Fionn and his heroes, or one of the saints, encountered and destroyed, are proofs that lakes were haunted, and haunted, too, by evil beings. The sea-giant is represented in the Gaelic ballad of the Muileartach, by the one-eyed "toothy carlin" that nearly exterminated the Feinne. But whether the water-kelpie of our tales is a native Celtic growth or not, has been disputed. Dr. Karl Blind, who wrote a very exhaustive series of papers on the water powers in the *Contemporary Review* of 1881, maintains that the Gaelic stories are of Norse origin. What is significant in the matter is that such tales do not exist among the Welsh. "The mermaid superstition is seemingly absent in Wales," says Mr. Sikes in his "British Goblins," and the Welsh are intensely Celtic in such matters.

Like the power of fire, the power of water may be looked upon as malignant, as beneficent, or as merely kindly tricky. In Scotland, with its stormy seas and isles, and its short and rushing rivers, the water power is generally malignant. It appears, for the most part, as a horse, but it may, in its malignant form, be a young man of fair proportions, or it may appear as an old wife craving shelter and protection. In its kindlier aspects, it may be the mermaid who is caught by the lucky swain while in *deshabile* in regard to her seal's skin. She lives with him happily for a period of time, but at an unlucky moment the seal's skin is restored to her, and she disappears. The word "kelpie," as Mr. Campbell says, is not Gaelic. It is doubtless a derivative from the root of *calf* in English and the German *kalb*. The Gaelic

word for kelpie is "each uisge," water-horse. There is no general name in the Gaelic language for water-sprites. We may note in passing that in the well-known expression "Auld Nick," the name has nothing to do with Nicholas, but is the same as the German *nix* and the Norse *nyk*, which means a sea goblin.

Personally we have been assured of the existence, even in these modern days of trains and telegraph, of this water-horse. We know a man—he is of a family famous for their supernatural visions and second sights—who went one snowy night to a wood near where he lived; it was a plantation beside Tromie Bridge, in Badenoch, a rather wild place, and one famous for its bogles. The snow was lying deep on the ground. He had felled a tree for firewood, though this was quite contrary to the laws of the estate. He was just rolling it on to the road, when he saw in the middle of the road a horse ready caparisoned for the purpose of sledging home firewood, with traces and everything complete. He could not understand it, and was for a while fixed to the spot with wonder and alarm. But soon it flashed upon him that this was the water-kelpie, and breathing a fervent invocation to the Holy Trinity, he hastened from the place leaving the tree behind him.

The foregoing incident is a pure matter of fact. We may explain it according to our taste or knowledge. Of a similarly attested case Karl Blind says: "We must not forget that an imagination trained in the superstitious beliefs prevalent during many thousands of years is easily roused to wondrous conceptions, especially at night." The following tales come to us from various sources, but we are more especially indebted to a young man from Sutherlandshire, Mr. Cathel Kerr, presently a student at Aberdeen University. "There is a loch seven miles from our house," he says, referring to the neighbourhood of Farr and Thurso, "called Lochan-na-cloinne—the children's lake. It came to be so named because a number of children were playing by its side on one Sunday, when a beautiful bay (*buidhe*) horse came out of the loch. The children went where it was and mounted on its back, all except one, who did not care about riding on it. He, however, put his finger on its shoulder, to feel the sleek pile of the horse, but he found that he could not take the finger away again; it stuck

there! The horse began to move ; the boy whipped out his knife and cut off the finger. And well was his need, for the next minute the horse rode, with the children on its back, right into the loch and disappeared. When, next day, the people came to the loch to search, all they could see was the internal parts (*sgamhan*) of the children floating at the water's edge." The horse in this tale is bay, but the general colour is dapple-grey, that of water itself. We may note a certain moral, and, doubtless, modern touch in the tale—the children were playing on Sunday. But it may have been observed in the first story that the man was taking fuel from where he should not.

Thirteen men—the number must be noted—were walking through the hills, when they came to an old bothy. They quickly lighted a fire and were pretty well on with festivities and drinking. The idea of dancing seized hold of their minds, and as one of them was a piper, they all expressed their sorrow that they hadn't their girls there. No sooner said than thirteen beautiful ladies trooped in, and they set to dancing. The piper, who had the opportunity of surveying the scene, saw that each of the women had hoofs instead of feet. He at once understood the danger, and determined to make good his own escape at least. He told his lady-love that he wanted to go out for a minute, but she would not allow him. He took off his belt and told her to keep hold of the end of it, while he would hold the other outside the door. This she agreed to. He pinned the belt to the door-post and ran. He came to some horses and mounted the first he got hold of, but it threw him, for it was a mare. He mounted a second and it threw him also, for the same reason. By good luck, the third was a horse, and he was scarcely on its back when the fairy woman was at his side. But the noble animal succeeded in taking its rider out of danger, and next day, when the men sent to the rescue arrived at the bothy, they found only the "sgamhan" (lights) portions of the bodies of the unfortunate dozen.

The point of new interest in this story is that the mare—the female—does not help the man in his difficulties against the fairies and witches. Here is another incident illustrating this point, though not bearing upon the water spirit. A shepherd and his two dogs—one male and the other female—were in a far-away

hill bothy alone one night, when a small bird came down the chimney. It was very wet, and the bird began drying itself by the fireside. As it was getting warmer, it was getting larger. At last it turned into a woman, and rose with its head to the top of the bothy. She immediately attacked the shepherd, and was helped by the female dog, but the male dog helped the shepherd with such effect that the witch was fain to flee for her life, with the dog clinging to her breasts. Shortly afterwards, the dog returned, and immediately expired from loss of blood. Next day the shepherd returned to his house in the hamlet below, and found that a young woman, a neighbour's wife, was nigh death's door, having been, by some mysterious cause or other, torn in face and breast the night before. A completer version of this story than the Sutherlandshire one just given, will be found in Stewart's second volume of "Lectures on the Mountains," where time and place and name are most minutely given in the legend of the Wife of Laggan, a small farm near Kingussie. Only there the circumstance of sex in animals is not mentioned as of importance in witch encounters.

Water fairies used to be very troublesome to millers; for mills were an invasion into the domain of the water powers, which they did not, with their pre-civilisation notions, approve of. There was once a miller at Swordly called Adhamh Mor (Big Adam), and the fairies used to come to the mill every night and set it agoing with such violence that they were like to break it to pieces. He determined to watch them. He donned woman's clothes, and was spinning with a distaff when a fairy child came and let him know in a verse of good Gaelic—forgotten by our informant—that she knew him. Next night he also watched, with a similar result; and on the third night he was melting tallow when the fairy child came. The latter asked his name: "Mi fein 's tu fein" —myself and yourself—was the answer. While the fairy was warming itself at the fire, Adhamh poured all the boiling tallow over its body, and burnt it dreadfully. It ran away howling that it was burnt. This brought its parent on the scene; he asked who burnt it: "Mi fein 's tu fein," said the child. "Na'm b'e neach eile rinn e, 's mise gun dioladh e," replied he (if any one else did it, it's I that would avenge it). However, the mill was

that night wrecked and knocked down, and its ruins may still be seen as a testimony to the vengeance of the water fairies. "The man's grandchildren are still stopping beside the mill," says our Sutherlandshire informant.

The foregoing story is not merely illustrative of the spite that the water fairies have against civilisation in the shape of a mill, it is also important as embodying a myth of wide distribution. Everyone knows the story of Polyphemus, the son of the sea-god Poseidon, and how this one-eyed Cyclops was cheated by Ulysses with the "no-man" trick. All the portions of the Polyphemus myth appear in Highland tales, but not connected. The burning out of the giant's eye is told as a youthful exploit of Oscar's (Campbell's Tales, vol. iii.), while the trick of no-man occurs invariably in connection with tales of water sprites and not of giants. The giants, however, are sea-giants, inhabiting sea caves, and they possess but one eye, just as is the case with the "toothy carlin," known as the "Muilteartach." The following is a Skye parallel to the "no-man" trick of Homeric poetry:—One night a shepherd's wife was making her husband's supper, while he was out fishing on the loch near the house. When she was busy at this a very handsome young man came into the house and sat down on a chair. In the course of conversation, he asked her what her name was. She replied, "Mi fhein 's mi fhein"—myself and myself. The woman had noticed through a loose jacket he had on that his breast was covered with long grey hair, and by this she knew him to be a kelpie. It was porridge she was making, and when she was going to dish it she suddenly clapped the pot on the stranger's head. He rushed out yelling, and by his yells brought his father out of the lake. His father asked who hurt him. "Mi fhein 's mi fhein," he replied. Then the father made answer—"If any other kelpie or human being had hurt you, I would have avenged you, but since you hurt yourself you may bear the pain."

GAELIC ORTHOGRAPHY.

[By John Whyte.]

In the spring of the present year a Committee of the Gaelic Society of London issued a circular suggesting a conference to consider certain "important questions affecting Highland education generally, and in particular the orthography and grammar of the Gaelic language." The opinion of various Gaelic societies and individuals was desired as to the practicability and probable usefulness of such a conference, as well as an indication of the general questions and the points of grammatical detail that required consideration. The proposal was pretty freely canvassed in the public press, one subject or object in particular being pretty strongly emphasised as demanding very careful attention. That was the establishing of a standard of Gaelic orthography. Of course, all this implied that if the language was not at sixes and sevens, there was at least something seriously out of joint in its orthography, which represented not merely the diversities arising from ignorance, but differences about the reconciliation of which even the learned could not agree. In fact, one could not help inferring that after all there might be much truth in the old taunt that "Gaelic is a language that few can read, and nobody can spell." But not only was there said to be the absence of a standard of orthography, such as might be attained without resort to a phonetic system—such a standard, for instance, as obtains in any scholarly English treatise or a good English dictionary; we were further oracularly informed that the sound and spelling of the Gaelic language have no relationship with each other. In fact, the reading of Gaelic is represented as being almost impossible of acquirement—"Few can read it;" and to master its orthography is equally beyond the reach of the many who can speak and the few who can read it, for, we are told, "*Nobody* can spell it." If all this is true, it is surely the sheerest folly to expect that a standard of uniformity, not to speak of correctness, can be established at all.

But is it true? I do not profess to know much about languages, but I venture to say that—without professing to be a

language in any sense at all phonetic, with only one symbol for each sound and one sound for each symbol—few, if any, languages can compare with Gaelic in point of consistency and simplicity of orthography.

In the first place, its Consonants, which are thirteen in number, have almost unvarying sounds, determined by their proximity to either broad or narrow vowels or the aspirate *h*. Let the sounds of these letters be once learned, and their place in the syllable observed, their pronunciation will not present any difficulty beyond that which a Saxon may experience on account of the difference in value between some of the letters and the same letters in English. But of this more anon. The Vowels, again, are still more simple, and, when used with the accents ordinarily placed over them in Gaelic, can be pronounced with perfect ease by any one who knows the vowel sounds of the Continental languages, but not according to their English name-sounds Those who know the Gaelic words by head-mark require no accents. The vowels and the aspirate *h* perform toward the consonants the purpose which the accents serve with respect to the vowels. With a purely phonetic orthography the Gaelic language would require 18 vowel and 29 consonant symbols. When the fact is borne in mind that to produce these 47 distinct sounds the Gaelic language has only 18 letters, it might seem necessary to have some such expedients as accents or modifying letters to indicate the value of essential letters. And such is the care with which our old orthographers adjusted the matter that any person of ordinary intelligence could learn in half a day to *read* his Gaelic Bible correctly. To learn to understand it is the work of a much longer time, but I am at present only concerned with the question of reading and spelling. The correct enunciation of Gaelic I maintain to be simplicity itself. The spelling, however, is more difficult, and the difficulty arises, as in English and most other languages, from not having one fixed symbol for each sound. Even in this respect, however, Gaelic is not a greater sinner than other languages; certainly not within sight of English in point of distracting anomalies of orthography.

It is true that there are in Gaelic a number—not a large

number—of words, with regard to the spelling of which there is diversity even among scholars, but this is a good deal owing to want of accurate knowledge of these words in their older and purer forms; and as the science of philology and the historic grammar of the Gaelic language become better known, these anomalies will disappear. Such words as "deagh" or "deadh," and "laigh" or "laidh," are instances in point, but anyone who looks up the forms of these words prior to the introduction of the aspiration represented by the letter *h*, will find that in both cases the essential consonant in dispute is the letter *g*, thus leaving no doubt whatever that the words ought to be spelled "deagh" and "laigh." Even, however, in respect of such words as these, I believe the want of uniformity arises from the fact that Gaelic is so little written that usage has not done for it what it has done for more cultivated languages—settled the standard of correct spelling, as it were, by main force, and often in defiance of considerations of philology and grammar.

Let Highland people write more of their native language, and let all possible advantage be taken of the concession, small as it is, which the Education Department has made, placing Gaelic among the profitable subjects in our schools, and all disputings about uniformity of spelling will come to an end. A newspaper contemporary in the West, referring to the proposed conference to settle the standard of Gaelic orthography, has informed us that there is at least one man in London who writes the Gaelic language correctly. Well, *he* is a standard. Let Highlanders in general learn to write the language accurately, just as he learned to do it, and the thing is done. Our want of a Gaelic standard is simply another name for our ignorance of our native language.

An English person, or one who only reads English, must bear in mind that in Gaelic the vowels have a Continental sound, not an English one, and that the consonants, *b*, final *c*, *d*, *g*, *l* (*ll*), *n* (*nn*), final *p*, and *t*, differ materially from the same letters in English. Having once mastered their Gaelic sounds, however, he will have little difficulty in reading a page of modern Gaelic. To put the matter to the test, I propose to submit a few rules and a scheme of elementary sounds, by the application of which I have no doubt any intelligent person will be able to read the

Gaelic language with a surprising degree of correctness. There are a few sounds in Gaelic which are generally regarded as unpronounceable by an Englishman. One of the worst of these is the double sound of *l*, as in "là," a day; and the word "laogh," a calf, is usually put forward as a perfect settler, as it, in addition to this double *l* sound, contains other two posers, namely, *ao* and *gh*. But, in point of fact, the word need present no more difficulty to a courageous Saxon than the harmless animal with which it is identified. In fact, its final sound, that of *gh*—the one usually considered the least in point of difficulty—is the one most difficult to convey to an Englishman, unless, indeed, we simply tell him to regard it as the *rr* of the Newcastle *burr*. The sound of the initial *l* in "laogh" is one that English speakers pronounce every day without knowing it. It is a combination of *l* and the *th* in the English word "that." Place the tongue in the position for *l*, and, while pronouncing that letter, slip the tip of the tongue down to the points of the teeth as if for *th*, and you have the exact sound of the Gaelic *l* in "laogh," and *ll* in "call," "null," and, in fact, wherever *ll* is preceded by a broad vowel. Indeed, a more simple instruction might be to place the tongue as for *th* (*dh*), and sound *l*. The broad sound of *n* (*nn*) is to be treated in an exactly similar way. It is a combination of *n* and *th*, (*dh*). The sound of *ao* in "laogh" is, as it is invariably elsewhere, long, and is the same as the *œu* of the French, or the *u* of the English word "purr," lengthened out.

A peculiar philological fact with reference to *ll* and *nn* is that in old Gaelic they are very frequently *ld* and *nd*. The change of this *d* into *dh* gives at once the combined sounds *lth* and *nth*, to which I have been referring.

Before going further I may mention one or two defects in our Gaelic orthography. These are the want of a symbol to distinguish the various sounds of the letters *l* and *n*. To a person who understands the language the matter presents no great difficulty, but to a beginner in Gaelic reading they are a little perplexing, there being nothing necessarily in their proximity to certain vowels, to indicate their sound, as in the case of the other consonants. We require also a symbol to denote the indefinite short unaccented sound of the vowels—the sound of *a* in "cionta," *e* in

"duine," *i* in "is" (and), *o* in "rogha," and *u* in "agus." The same sound is found in English in "hov*e*r," "s*o*me," "f*u*n."

For the guidance of beginners in reading Gaelic, I propose to use the ordinary vowel accents, with the addition of *é* to represent the short sound of *è* as in "where," while *e* without any mark represents the short sound of *e* in "whey," and *ŏ* for the short sound of *ò*, as in "nŏt," "hŏt," etc. I shall also use the diæresis, thus ä, , etc., to represent the vowels when sounded like *o* in "some," and small capitals to represent the double sound of *l* (*ll*) and *n* (*nn*), thus—L, LL, N, NN. Letters which are silent or but very faintly sounded I shall put in italics, thus—"fi*th*eäch," "Lĕa*th*äNN" etc. Of course, after a little practice and some understanding of the language, the necessity for the use of these diacritics almost entirely ceases, the context in most cases showing whether the required word is "cas," a foot, or "càs," a dilemma; "tùr," a tower, or "tur," entirely. The point I wish to establish is, that so far from requiring a phonetic system of spelling,—a thing, I fear, out of the question at this time of day, and an experiment that would seriously endanger the life of our venerable linguistic grandmother—our orthography is quite sufficient for our purposes, and the only cause of stumbling is that our Saxon friends forget that our vowels and consonants are *Gaelic*, not *English* ones.

The following, I believe, will be found pretty complete for practical purposes. I have omitted one or two sounds that are so closely related to some of those given below that to give them distinct diacritics for themselves would but perplex the learner:—

VOWELS.

à as in "father."
a ,, ,, "lass," or German "Mann."
é ,, ,, "whey."
e ,, ,, the *noun* "survey."
è ,, ,, "where."
ĕ ,, ,, "whet."
ì ,, ,, "machine."
i ,, ,, "ratify."
ó ,, ,, "toe."
o ,, ,, "canto."
ò ,, ,, "lord."
ŏ ,, ,, "hot."
ù ,, ,, "pull."
u ,, ,, "put."

ä, ë, ı. ö, ü have all the sound of *o* in "some."
ao is always long, and is like the French *œu* or the *u* in "purr."

CONSONANTS.

b is like *p* in "shopboy," or *b* without the preliminary murmur which it has in English.

c like English *k*. When final, *c* has the sound of *hc*, the *h* being strongly aspirated or guttural.

ch as in German "nach," "ich," or in the Scotch word "loch."

d beside a broad vowel (a, o, u), is purely dental, and is sounded with the tip of the tongue between the teeth.

d beside a slender vowel (e, i), is like *dch* in "good cheer."

dh is exactly like *gh*, which see.

f as in English.

g as hard *g* in English, but without the preliminary murmur. Resembles English *k*.

gh (dh) beside a broad vowel is like the *rr* of a person speaking with a *burr*, or *g* in the German word "Tag."

gh (dh) beside a slender vowel is like *y* in "yew."

h as in English.

l as in English.

L, LL beside a broad vowel is like *lth (ldh)* in "although."

L, LL beside a slender vowel is like Italian *gl*, or *ll* in "million."

m as in English.

n as in English.

N, NN beside a broad vowel is like *nth (ndh)* in "on the."

N, NN beside a slender vowel is like Italian *gn*, or *n* in "vineyard."

p initial, as in English ; *p* final is *hp* (see *c* final).

r as in English.

s beside a broad vowel equals *s* in English,

s beside a slender vowel equals *sh* in English.

t initial, beside a broad vowel is purely dental, and is sounded with the tip of the tongue between the teeth.

t beside a slender vowel is like *tch* in "pitcher."

t final, when preceded by a short vowel, sounds *ht* (see final *c* and *p*).

The vowels are *nasal* when in contact with *m* or *n*.

Short vowels are *very short*, many of them being scarcely heard at all.

Contact with *h* modifies or silences consonants ; *bh* and *mh* equalling *v ; fh*, *sh*, and *th* equalling *h ;* and *ph* equalling *f*.

Let me remark, as still further showing the regularity and simplicity of the rules of Gaelic orthography and pronunciation, that all words, without exception, are accented on the first syllable. In the following exercise in reading, in order to keep some of the foregoing observations pictorially before the eye of the learner, silent or faintly sounded letters are printed in italics. In a future paper I may give some rules by which persons who already

understand Gaelic and a little of its grammar may dispense almost altogether with the accents and other marks so necessary to a non-Gaelic-speaking reader.

EXERCISE.

ùirnigh än tigheärn.—ar n-athair ä ta air nèamh, gu naomh-aicheär d' ainm. thigeädh do rìoghächd. dèanär do thòil air än talämh mär ä nitheär air nèamh. tabhair dhuinn än diugh ar n-aran làithèil agüs maith dhuinn ar fiächän, amhuil ä mhaitheäs sinnë d' ar luchd-fiäch agüs na leig ann äm buäireädh sinn ach saor sinn o ölc ôir Is lĕatsä än rìoghächd agüs än cumhächd agüs ä' ghlòir, gu slörruidh. amen.

GEORGE, FIFTH EARL OF CAITHNESS OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[BY GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND, F.S.A. SCOT., WICK.]

GEORGE SINCLAIR, fifth Earl of Caithness, who succeeded in 1583, held the Earldom for the long period of sixty years. He was the son of John Sinclair, who died in the dungeon of Girnigoe Castle. He married Jane Gordon, a daughter of the fifth Earl of Huntly. They had three of a family, two sons and one daughter—(1) William, Lord Berriedale, was the eldest son, and he died before his father. He was married to Mary, a daughter of Lord Sinclair. They had a son named John, the Master of Berriedale, and this John was married to Jean, a daughter of the Earl of Seaforth. John had three of a family—George, who became the sixth Earl of Caithness, and John and William. (2) Francis of Northfield. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Fraser. They had a son, George Sinclair of Keiss, who became the seventh Earl of Caithness. They had also a daughter named "Jean, Lady Mey." She died in 1716. (3) Elizabeth, who was married to George, Lord Lindsay, afterwards Earl of Crawfurd. She had no family. In Douglas's Peerage she is named Anne, but this is a mistake.

At the proof, which was led in 1791, when the Earldom was

contested in the House of Lords, a certified copy of a charter was produced, which had been granted by Queen Mary, dated 2nd October, 1545, to John Sinclair, son and apparent Earl of Caithness. This document proved that George, the fourth Earl, was married to Lady Elizabeth Graham, and that they had a son John, in whom the Earldom became a male fee to him and his heirs male, but reserving the liferent to the Earl then living. King James the Sixth granted a charter to George, fifth Earl of Caithness, on 17th December, 1591, and this charter shows that George, the fifth Earl, was a son of John, the late Master, and that he was married to Lady Jean Gordon.

This Earl was known by the appropriate title of "Wicked Earl George." He was, by a long way, the worst Earl that ever wore the Caithness coronet. He was a striking contrast to the Earl who preceded him. That Earl expended all his energies to make the Caithness family a power in the land, while this Earl shattered, and almost ruined, the work which his great predecessor had accomplished. He was animated more by caprice and passion than by any distinct aim in life.

He signalised his advent to power by the murder of two servants of the late Earl, namely, David and Ingram Sinclair. He did this openly and in the day time. The reason for the murder was because the two men were the keepers of his father, John Sinclair, in Girnigoe, and it may be assumed that he thought that they had a hand in his father's death. He did not take into account that they were obeying the instructions of the former Earl, in the same way as he might expect his own servants to have obeyed himself. Ingram resided at Wester, and David at Keiss. The tradition is that Ingram had a daughter who was to be married, and that, on the morning of the marriage day, the Earl, who was on horseback, met David, who was travelling from Keiss to be present at the wedding, on the Links of Keiss. It is said that the Earl there and then ran him through with his sword and killed him. After he had done this, he proceeded to Wester, where he found Ingram engaged in playing football. He called him aside, and, with a pistol, shot him dead. Mr. Calder, in his History of Caithness narrates that "he then coolly turned his horse's head towards Girnigoe, and rode off with as little concern as if he had

merely killed a brace of moor fowl." This crime passed unpunished, and the relatives were no doubt afraid that they would suffer the same fate themselves if they made any complaint on the subject. Sir Robert Gordon, on the other hand, asserts that the Earl had killed the two men for the reason that they were friendly to the Earl of Sutherland. This interpretation of the affair is most unlikely, and the true theory seems to be that it was on account of feelings of revenge due to his father's death. Sir Robert has, as stated, a different version from that which is generally received. Sir Robert writes: "One of these two gentlemen had invited Earl George to the brydell-feast of one of his daughters. The Earle went cheerfullie, and after denner playing at football. . . . the Earle himselff, without any other preamble, came to Ingrahme Sinclair, who suspected no such matter, and shott him in the head with a pistoll, whereof he died instantlie at that place. David Sinclair was immediately thereafter slain by the Earle with a sword, who had caused their wapones to be stollen from them." But in whatever way Sir Robert might have used the incident to the disparagement of the Earl of Caithness, it is clear enough that the murder was unjustifiable in the circumstances, and that the tragic affair did not redound to the Earl's character or reputation.

The Earl's own conduct was not long in undermining his influence, not only in his own county, but also as a Baron of the Kingdom. In 1584 his Commission of Justiciary was reduced at the instance of the Earl of Huntly, who was the Principal Sheriff of Inverness. The fact of his being deprived of the office of Justiciar was a fatal blow to his prestige, and indeed it would have been better for the fortunes of the family if they had never exercised the office, as it was in and through it that the clan got mixed up in many a broil in which they would never otherwise have been engaged. The power of the Earl of Caithness was also reduced, whereby he could summon assizes in "four halffis about," that meant in the four adjacent Sheriffdoms. He strongly protested against this reduction, and in 1587 it appears that his name is included in a Roll of Landlords, on whose lands "broken men" dwelt. He was a Commissioner for holding Parliament in

1607, and was present at the Conventions at Stirling and Edinburgh in the years 1584 and 1625.

The Earl had a very chequered career, and in his somewhat eventful life several noteworthy incidents took place. It was through his influence that Wick was created a Royal Burgh by King James the Sixth of Scotland in 1589. The Earl, it is believed, had several reasons for getting the creation in question. On the one hand it is alleged that his chief reason was that, if the town was a Royal Burgh, it could not be ravaged and destroyed by the Sutherlands, as had been done in 1588 and 1589, to which reference will afterwards be made. On the other hand, it is contended that the rival family of the Sinclairs of Murkle were promoting the interests of the town of Thurso, and that as the townsmen of Wick had been assisting his Lordship in his patrimonial broils and clan quarrels, he was determined that Wick should have the pre-eminence. Hence the creation of Wick into a Royal Burgh ; but, at any rate, it is evident enough that the Earl had some real motive for his action in the matter. Further, it must be seen that he must have had some influence at the Scottish Court at the time, before he could have got the matter sanctioned. The charter of erection bears that Wick was erected into a free Royal Burgh "with the advice of our trusty cousin, George, Earl of Caithness." In the pleadings and the action, in 1823, at the instance of the Town Council of Wick, for the removal of the Sheriff Court from Thurso to Wick, it is stated that Wick had "always enjoyed the peculiar favour and protection of the Earls of Caithness," and that the attachment of George, the Fourth Earl, was such that, before his death, he desired his heart to be sent to Wick. It is also mentioned that the Fifth Earl had been a great protector to Wick, and that the inhabitants "had adhered to him against his enemies," whereby they had, "of course, encountered much of the resentment of the other faction in the County."

There is another point of interest of which mention may be made. The huge and impregnable castle in which he resided was known as Girnigoe Castle up to 1606, but in that year he obtained a special act in the old Scottish Parliament changing the name from Girnigoe to Castle Sinclair. It had become fashionable

at the time to give the baronial piles and keeps the name of their respective clans. Some imagine that the old part of the building was Castle Girnigoe, and the more recent portion Castle Sinclair. Hence the building is commonly talked of as Castle Sinclair and Girnigoe, whereas the fact is that the change in the name has caused the misapprehension. Previous to 1606, as matter of fact, the castle was named Girnigoe, and thereafter Sinclair.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE knighthood just conferred on the Provost of Inverness, in commemoration of Her Majesty's jubilee, will be regarded with universal satisfaction. Whether, in consideration of his position as Chief Magistrate of the capital city of the Highlands on the occasion of such an exceptional outburst of loyal feeling; his personal character; his wide and varied culture and his literary gifts, it will be universally acknowledged that the honour, if such marks of distinction were to be dispensed in any measure at all, could not have been more appropriately bestowed than on him whom we are now proud to designate Sir Henry Cockburn Macandrew.

PROVOST MACANDREW'S loyalty is not a mere sentiment of devotion to the august personality who wears the crown of this great Empire—though there is nothing lacking in this respect—he is deeply imbued with an intelligent patriotic regard for the honour of his country at large, and is especially solicitous for the good of the Highlands and the Highland people. To the conservation of the ancient prestige of his native town, he has devoted much attention, tracing its importance back to Columban times, and showing that both in ancient and modern royal eyes Inverness was deemed no mean city. We are pleased to add that our own pages have been once and again enriched with his contributions to this subject, and to the general and social history of the Highlands. We trust he may long live to enjoy, and worthily to wear, as he has worthily earned, respect and honour from his Sovereign, and from this northern community over which he presides. All that is now required is that his *alma mater* should supplement the civil honour with that usually conferred for eminence in Literature.

IN the list of pensions granted during the year ending on the 20th June, 1887, and charged upon the Civil List, occurs the name of Mrs. Clerk, of Kilmallie, who gets a pension of £120, "in consideration of the literary merits of her late husband, the

Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., as a Celtic scholar, and of her destitute condition." It is a graceful act. We welcome it on two grounds, for it recognises the merits of a Gaelic scholar, while it confers substantial benefits on a lady whose father's name is a household word among the Gael. We welcome it, too, because we hope that it augurs continuous recognition of Gaelic literature in the future, and that the example thus set will be often copied and repeated.

PROFESSOR SAYCE presides in the Anthropological section of the British Association at Manchester. He will probably confine himself in his opening address to the evidence supplied by languages as to the history and development of mankind, when he will likely have a good deal to say upon the Celts. Mr. Stuart-Glennie is also to contribute a paper on a kindred subject.

THE first three numbers of Vol. VIII of the *Revue Celtique* have followed close upon one another, and it is evident that the editor, M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, is striving to make it a regular Quarterly. We wish him every success, for he deserves it. The present numbers are fully up in interest and scientific importance to the standard of those of the former volumes. The editor himself has two series of articles on early Gaulish history and antiquities that are of the highest importance to Celtic scholars. The one series of articles deals with the question of the use and origin of landed property among the Gauls, and, indeed, among the Celts generally. M. D'Arbois shows conclusively that the Celts did not recognise private property in land till the Romans introduced the idea and the reality when they conquered Gaul. We hope soon to place his ideas and conclusions more fully before our readers, for they have a direct bearing on the historical aspect of the agrarian question among ourselves. M. D'Arbois' other series of articles treats of the condition, political and social, of Gaul at the time of the Roman conquest. We have the first article only of this series, and therein he deals with the agriculture, the inhabited places—towns, villages, and houses—and the inhabitants in their classes of kings, magistrates, senates, knights, or nobles, and their dependents.

Among the other papers in these numbers of the *Revue Celtique*, there are two by Dr. Whitley Stokes, marked by his usual accuracy and intimate knowledge of the Irish language. He edits and translates as his first article the "Siege of Howth," from the Book of Leinster (12th century), and his other article is a similar treatment of the "Irish Verses, notes and glosses in Harleian, 1802," another MS. of the 12th century. The other leading contributors are MM. Ernault ("Breton Studies"), Loth, Dottin, and Gaidoz. We note, in the way of derivations, M. Ernault's connection of Gaelic *bas* (palm) with the Greek *agostos* for *gFostos* and of Welsh *banadl* (broom) and Breton *balan* and Gaelic *bealaidh*, both by metathesis, with the Latin *genista*. In these cases original *gv* appears, as always, in Gaelic as *b*. Dr. Stokes meets in the "Irish Verses" with the Irish word *trist*, which he says O'Curry told him meant "a short time." It is well known in Scotch Gaelic as *treis* (a while). We cannot think that it is borrowed from the Eng. *tryst*, as Dr. Stokes half suggests. It seems to contain the prep. *tre* (through).

A CONFERENCE on Education in the Highlands is to be held in Oban on the 2nd instant, and it is expected that the leading educationists of the North will

take part in it. The New Code has hit the Highlands more severely than any other rural district of Scotland. For instance, the Class subject of English, which is compulsory if Class subjects are taken, is not one where Highland children can make an excellent appearance. It is compulsory, and will not pay in their case. Some relaxation of the rule ought to be made in the Highlands. We hope the Conference will pass a resolution to the effect that Gaelic be made a Class subject, or that at the very least, the Gaelic may count in considering the English Class subject. It would be well if the Department were reminded that the Gaelic is not yet placed on the specific schedule, and that, though it may be taken as a specific subject, teachers do not yet know what is to be expected of them for a pass.

The ninth annual report of the Council of the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language" was issued lately and has been sent to us. On June 1st, 1886, the Council passed, among others, the following resolutions :—

"That no language can be successfully taught unless the vernacular is employed as a medium for instruction."

"That the population in Irish-speaking districts, who do not speak, or who are most imperfectly acquainted with English, amount to one-fifth of the nation"

"That the practice of endeavouring to teach English in Irish-speaking districts to pupils unacquainted with the English language, through the medium of the latter, is opposed to every principle of education, and tends to perpetuate illiteracy of the people, and, therefore, no progress in education can be made in such districts, unless Irish is employed as the medium for teaching English in primary schools."

IRISH may be taught in the National schools to pupils of the fifth class and upwards, but not within school hours. Payments are made on the results of the passes. The following is the Irish Programme for the pupils, which we reproduce in the hope that it may help and suggest in the shaping of the Gaelic schedule for the Highlands :—

FIRST YEAR—(*a.*) Joyce's Grammar, to the end of the regular verb, with the verb *is, tá;* (*b.*) To translate into English the Irish phrases of the exercises in the First and Second Irish Books, published by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.

SECOND YEAR—(*a.*) Joyce's Grammar, to the end of Etymology ; (*b.*) To translate into English the Irish phrases of the exercises in the "Third Irish Book ;" (*c.*) To translate into Irish the English phrases of the exercises in the First and Second Irish Books.

THIRD YEAR—(*a.*) Joyce's Grammar, to the end of Syntax ; (*b.*) The first seven chapters of Keating's "Forus Feasa ar Eirinn," omitting the poetry ; (*c.*) To translate into Irish the English phrases and sentences of the exercises in the "Third Irish Book."

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ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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THE PICTS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

IV.

THEIR LANGUAGE.

WITH the view of considering the remains of the Pictish language, as preserved in the two or three words that have been handed down in the list of proper names and in the names of places in Pictland, we must first lay down the leading letter changes as between the two chief Celtic languages — Gaelic and Welsh. The vowels of Gaelic and Welsh represent the original Celtic or Aryan vowel sounds in the same way, except in the following instances: original short *i* is in Gaelic *i* or *ea*, and in Welsh *y;* short *u* is in G. *u*, or oftener *o*, and in W. *w;* Gaelic long *e* and *ia* become in Welsh *wy;* G. *ao* is the W. *u*, and long *u* appears in Welsh as *i;* *dún* is in Welsh *din*. Welsh sometimes changes an earlier *e* into *a*, as Lat. *centum* and Gaelic *ceud*, W. *cant;* so *ceum* is *cam*, and *beinn* is *ban*. It is due to the action of the liquids in combination with other consonants and with themselves. The Welsh and Gaelic treat the original nine mute consonants and the liquids (Welsh *ll* is for *l*) exactly in the same way if they begin words, but, between vowels, that is, when "aspirated," the Welsh mute tenues become medials; *d* becomes *dd*, *g* disappears, and *b* (and *m*) becomes *f*. Indo-European *p* has disappeared in Celtic, except in the combination *-pt*. Gaelic *p* initial appears only in borrowed words, excepting when it stands for original *sv* in one or two words, and native non-initial *p* stands for *-ms-*. It

must be well noted that Welsh *c* is always Gaelic *c*, but Gaelic *c*, for original *qv*, appears in Welsh as *p*. The following table shows all the letters and combination of letters that are differently dealt with in the two languages; the hyphen before a letter means that it comes after a vowel, and in the examples Latin or Gaulish(*) stands for the "original" form, and forms in parenthesis belong to the old stage of the languages:—

ORIGINAL	GAELIC.	WELSH.	ORIGINAL.	GAELIC.	WELSH.
qv, cv	c, -ch	p, -b	quod, equus	co, each	pa, ebol
p -p	none	none	plenus, tepe-(st-)	lan, teas	llawn, tes
v, -v	f, -fh,-	gw, -w,-	verus, (g)vivus	fìr, beo	gwir, byw
s, -s	s, -sh,-	h,-	senex, soror	sean, siur	hen, chwaer
sqv	sg (sc)	chw	old Celt. sqvetlon	sgeul	chedl
sv	s or p	chw	soror (*svesŏr)	siur, piuthar	chwaer-
-nt	-d (-t)	-nt	centum	ceud	cant
-nc	-g (-c)	-ng (-nc)	*root* anc-	eug (éc)	angeu (ancou)
-cc	-c	-ch	*broccus	broc	broch
-ct	-chd (t)	-[i]th	rectum	reachd	rhaith
-tt	-t	-th	cattus	cat	cath
-pt	-chd (t)	-[i]th	septem	seachd	saith
-rt	-rt	-rth	*nerto-	neart	nerth
-rc	-rc	-rch	*marka-	marcach	marchog
-x	-s	-ch, -h	*uxello-, dexter	uasal, deas	uchel, deheu
-st	-s (ss)	-st	old Celt. closta	cluas	clust

It is of importance to compare the above list with that which Mr. Skene puts forward:

PHONETIC LAWS BETWEEN WELSH AND GAELIC.

p into c or b	g into d	w into o
c into t or g	gw into f	y into e
b nto g	h into s or f	e into ea

This table is both incorrect and misleading. Welsh *p* never becomes Gaelic *b*; *pen* (head) has nothing to do with Gaelic *beann* or *beinn* (hill): *pen* answers to Gaelic *ceann* (head), and *beinn* is in Welsh *ban*, as already said. Welsh *c* never becomes *t* or *g* of Gaelic, nor W.*b* become G.*g*; W.*g* is never G.*d*, nor W.*h* ever G.*f*. Mr. Skene's examples of such are either wrong or illusory. His idea that Gaelic *d* and *s* interchange is also an illusion, for in his example, *duil* and *suil* meaning "hope," the latter is the word *suil* (eye) used metaphorically as in the English "have an eye to." In Mr. Skene's application of this law to the Pictish *diuperr* (rich), the Gaelic *saoibhir* means "rich" certainly, but equally certain is it that Gaelic *daibhir* means "poor"! He forgets here the use of the prefixes *so-* and *do-*, the former giving a positive

and the latter a negative quality. It is, therefore, no wonder that Mr. Skene's philological laws do not help him at all in unravelling the Pictish mystery; while they do not advance his position, they keep him from discovering the truth.

Let us apply our laws to the three Pictish words *peanfahel* (wall's end), *cartit* (a pin), and *diuperr* (rich). Bede speaks of the beginning of the Firth of Clyde wall thus: it began "in loco qui sermone Pictorum Peanfahel, lingua autem Anglorun Penneltun appellatur." The same name is met with in a gloss upon Nennius, which runs, "*Penguaul*, quæ villa Scotice Cenail, Anglice vero Peneltun dicitur." This place was the town or *villa* at which the wall of Severus began. We see that the Gaelic for it was Cenail and the Pictish Peanfahel or better Penguaul. *Pean* or *pen* answers to the Gaelic *cen* for *ceann* (head): *penn* is the British form, and here the Pictish agrees with it. In regard to Bede's second part of the word, *-fahel*, which means "wall," the word is evidently borrowed from the Latin *vallum*, and answers to neither Gaelic nor Welsh in form. True, the *f* of *-fahel* is the Gaelic representative of Latin *v*, which becomes *gw* (*gu* of the old language) in Welsh. The gloss form, *-guaul*, is thoroughly British. Cormac's word *cartit* (a pin) is obscure. Mr. Stokes has suggested a connection with the Welsh *garthon* (a goad), old British *gerthi*. The word *diuperr*, translated by *dives* (rich), is proved to be non-Gaelic by its *p*. The Gaelic form ought to be *diucerr*. Prof. Rhys suggests that the original Celtic word whence it came was *doqvirr-*, and he finds names that are possibly parallel in some Lusitanian inscriptions in Spain. The evidence of these three words is decisive for the Brythonic connection of the Pictish language.

We shall now turn to the national, personal, and place names that we find in the "Chronicles" of the Picts. Does the name *Picti* mean the "painted men"? Prof. Rhys says it does, and the usual explanation is that the custom of tattooing, which was in Cæsar's time general, was in the 3rd and 4th centuries confined to northern Scotland, and hence these people came to be called Picti. That they did paint and puncture their bodies, we have already amply proved, and the name may have arisen as suggested. Or it may have been an attempt at translating the British

and Gaelic names of this people into Latin—the names Prydyn and Cruithnech, which are from a root *qvrut*—signifying in modern times, "form, picture." But we have, further, to remember the Gaulish inhabitants of what is now Poitiers; they were called Pictavi and Pictones. Prof. Windisch goes so far as to say that the Scotch Picti and the Pictavi are inseparable as to name, remarking that, if the Latin *pictus* be their basis, they must be hybrid formations. Cormac has a word *eicht* (a carver), which may be from a Celtic form *qvict-*, which would give a Gallo-British form *Piet* and modern *Pyth*. This suggests a native origin for Pict of like force as Cruithnech of the Gaelic and Prydyn of the Welsh—"carved or pictured people." In any case, Cruithnech (plural Cruithnig) was the native Gaelic name for them, and its Welsh counterpart Prydyn is remarkably like the Welsh name for Britain, which is Prydain. Now, curiously enough, good MSS. of Diodorus and Strabo spell the name of Britain with a *p*. Thus we meet with Prettania and its adjective Prettaniké. But we are not left to depend on MS. evidence which is comparatively late. Stephanus of Byzantium (circa A.D. 490) tells us that Ptolemy (120 A.D.) and Marcian (2nd century) spelt the name of Britain with a *p*. It is very probable that, originally, Britain was called Pritania, for old Celtic Qvritania, the root *Qvrit* of which is the same as Welsh *Pryd*yn and Gaelic *Cruith*nech. The *u* of Cruithnech may come by metathesis from the *v* or *u* of Qvrit-an-.* It is probable that, when Pytheas and the Greeks visited these islands in the 4th century, B.C., the name of the island was Pritania and its inhabitants were the Pritani, the Welsh Prydyn and the Gaelic Cruithnig; in short, the Picts may have had possession of the whole island, and actually given it their own name, by which, in a modified form, it still is known.

The list of personal and kings' names begins with the eponymous Cruithne, whose seven sons are thus commemorated in a verse ascribed to Columba:

> Seven children of Cruithne
> Divided Alban into seven divisions:
> Cait, Ce, Cirig, a warlike clan,
> Fib, Fidach, Fotla, Fortrenn.

* See M. D'Arbois de Jubainville in *Rev. Celtique*, VII. pp. 383-4.

Now these names may still be partly recognised in those of the Celtic mormaerships and the seven great earldoms of Scotland: five of them are easily settled. Fib or Fife and Fortrenn fill the district between the Tay and Forth; Fotla appears in Ath-fhotla or Athole; Circin appears in the records as Magh-Chircinn which answers to modern Mearns and the neighbouring districts; and Cait is Caithness. Ce is probably Moray and Ross, while Fidach may have been the district of Strathearn and Menteith. The mormaership districts were practically the same: Fife, Strathearn, Athole, Angus, Mar, and Moray, to which may be added Caithness, though oftener Norse than Celtic from the 9th century downwards. The form of these names is Gaelic; the initial *f* is not British. Cait and Ce, if they represent *Caith-* and *Keith*, are Brythonic; Cirig, Fib and Fidach are unexplained; Fotla is a well-known Irish name—a name for Ireland itself—and is Gaelic as well as Pictish. Fortrenn, from Verturiones, is Brythonic, and Professor Rhys connects therewith the Welsh *gwerthyr* (a fortification). The Gaelic has no similar word, for the word *fert* in Gaelic means a grave.

From the sons of Cruithne downwards a complete list of the kings' names is given, just as the names of the Irish Milesian kings, who were contemporaries of the Pictish kings, are gravely given in the annals from 1700 B.C. down to our era; nor are details and genealogies wanting in the Irish. But the same power of imagination was not brought to bear on the concocting of the Pictish list, for thirty Brudes are made to reign consecutively, a method of bridging gaps which saves the effort of imagining and inventing new names. Despite the fact that these lists have nearly all been handed down by Gaelic scribes, the names have yet their peculiar Pictish appearance about them. A few epithets are Gaelic in appearance, but most have a foreign look about them. After the sons of Cruithne there reigned Aenbecan Mac Cait, Finechta, Guidid gadbre, Gest gurcich, Wurgest, and then the thirty Brudes. Each Brude has an epithet and they go in pairs in regard to epithets, the second always having the epithet of the one before with the addition of the prefix ur-. Thus the first of the Brudes is Brude pont, the second Brude urpont; the third Brude leo, the fourth Brude u(r)leo: then B. gant, B. urgant. The other epithets

are gnith, fecir, cal, cint, fet, ru, gart, cinid, uip, grid, and mund. In regard to these obscure epithets, their form proves something: the terminal *-nt* in so many of them is distinctly Brythonic. The *ur-* is evidently the Gaulish prefix Ver- so common in personal names, the British Vor- (Vortigern, Vortiporios), and the early Welsh, Breton, and Cornwall Gur-, Uur-, Our-, Wur-, Ur-.* It means "excelling" and is likely of the same origin and meaning as our Graeco-English prefix *hyper-*. There is no Gaelic equivalent of like meaning and use. Its continual appearance in the Pictish names whether as ur- or wur- or wr- is the very strangest proof of the Brythonic connections of the Pictish. The rest of the list from the Brudes to Nectonius about A.D. 480 is thus given in the oldest MSS. After Gilgidi come—

T(h)arain	Usconbuts	Vipoig namet
Morleo	Carvorst	Canutulachama
Deo-cilunon	Deo ardivois	Wradech uecla
Cimoiod filius Arcuis	Vist	Gartnaich diuberr
Deoord	Ru	Talore f. Achivir
Bliesblituth	Gartnaith	Drust f. Erp
Deototric frater Diu	Breth f. Buthut	Talore f. Aniel

Then Necton Morbet, son of Erp, who gave Abernethy to "God and St. Bridget." Thereafter the list becomes trustworthy on the whole. Of the above names only one-half appear again; the rest are very barbarous. Deototric is evidently Teutonic, and reminds us of Deodric, son of Ida, king of Bernicia. Taran, Cimroiod for Cinoiod (Ciniod, Kenneth), Gartnait, Breth (Bred, Brude), Wradech, Talore or Talorc as some have it, and Drust appear again. Vipoig appears in the more Gaelic lists as Fiacha, which shows that this word is Brythonic, and representing a Celtic *Viqvoc-*. The epithet attached to his name is *namet* or *ignaviet*, which other lists translate by "albus" or "white." Wradech is the Brythonic for the well-known old Gaelic name of Feradach, and the epithet *vecla* or *vetla* is translated by Fyngal, the Gaelic for parricide. Gartnait duiperr appears as Gartnait dives. The following are the kings till Brude Mac Mailcon:

Drest gurthinmoch, Galanan erilich, the two Drests, son of Gyrom and son of Wdrost or Budros, Garthnach f. Girom, Cailtram f. Girom, Talorg f. Muircholaich,

* For examples of it see Loth's *Vocabulaire Vieux Breton* pp. 10-14; *Rev. Celtique* I., p. 341, 344-5; VII., p. 315; VIII., pp. 73-74 and *Grammatica Celtica* pp. 136-7 and passim.

Drest f. Munait, Galam (Talalad) cennaleph, and Brude or Bridei, son of Mailcon (A.D. 554-584).

From Brude the list continues thus to Bred, the last Pictish king:

Gartnait f. Domelch	Brude f. Bili	Drest f. Talorgen
Nectan nepos Uerd (Uerb)	Taran f. Entifidich (Amfredeth	Talorgen f. Onnist
Cinioch (Cinaetha) f. Lutrin	Brude f. Derelei	Canaul f. Tarla (Tang)
Gartnait f. Uuid	Nectan f. Derelei	Constantin f. Urguist
Brude f. Uuid	Drest and Alpin	Unuist (Angus) f. Wrguist
Talorc frater eorum	Onnist f. Urguist	Drest f. Constantin
Tolorcen f. Enfret	Brude f. Wirguist	Uven (Unen) f. Unuist
Gartnait f. Dounel	Ciniod f. Wredech	Wrad f. Bargoit
Drest frater ejus	Elpin f. Wroid	Bred

These names are foreign to the Gaelic language, and the monastic scribes felt that such was the case, for they are ill-preserved and worse understood. Speaking generally, we are first struck with the non-Gaelic but good Welsh terminal sound *-st.* Even names that are possibly of Gaelic origin, as Fergus, appear in *-st.* The name Angus appears in Cornish and Pictish both as Ungust; the root is *gust-* (choice, taste), and the meaning "unique choice." Gartnait or Garnet is not Gaelic; it is Brythonic. Nectan or Bede's Naiton is not native to Irish Gaelic. Ciniod or Cinaeth is now Kenneth; it seems to be the British Cunedda. The Gaelic Coinneach, Book of Deer Cainnech, is to be kept separate. Brude is a common Pictish name, but it seems unknown elsewhere. The fathers of the Brudes are all British in form or origin. Brude Mac Mailcon's father has the name of the famous Maelgwn or Maglo-cunus of Welsh and Strathclyde renown; indeed, Maelgwn may have been Brude's father. The name is not the Irish Milchu as some think; the phonetics forbid the connection. Bili, the father of another Brude, was king of Strathclyde; Derile is not Gaelic; but Fergus, the father of another, is; while one of the last kings, Bred or Brude, is son of Ferat or Wrad, and another is son of Fetal. Talorc or Talore (*Talorj*)—both for *Talorg*—contains the well-known *tal-* (forehead) so common in Gaulish names terminally and initially in Taliesin, and *arg-* (silver.) The meaning is "silver-browed," and the Gaulish form is Argiotalus. Talorgen is a diminutive of the same. The name Drust or Drest, with its diminutive Drostan, is also Brythonic; it is Welsh Drystan and the Drustagni of the Cornish inscription at Fowey.*

* Rhys' Lectures, p. 403.

We may compare the Greek *thrasus* (brave). Taran means thunder, and is exactly the present Welsh word for it; it has a further equivalent in the Gaulish god Taranis. Onnist, son of Uriguist or Angus, son of Fergus, has a name that is both Gaelic and British. Alpin is not Gaelic; the *p* proves that. The Welsh Elphin is a very old name. Canaul is a doubtful name; most lists do not have it. Constantin is Latin; Uven or Unen is the Welsh Owen and Wrad or Ferat may be Gweryd or Guriad, Welsh names. Of the paternal names, Uuid is the Gwid of the ancient Welsh poems; Enfret, and perhaps Enfidech or Amfredech, is the Saxon Eanfred and Wradech is the well-known Feradach of early Irish and Gaelic names. We see that an analysis of the list of the Kings' names shows that more than three-fourths are Brythonic, and exclusively Brythonic, in their relations.

The names of places in Pictland also lend most valuable proof as to Brythonic connection. Nearly everybody is agreed that the kingdom of Fortrenn was possessed by the Britons. The Irish "Nennius" and other Irish accounts speak decisively of the "Britons of Fortrenn," so that leading authorities on different sides, like Mr. Skene and Prof. Rhys, allow that the territory between the Tay and the Forth, belonging to a wing of the old Damnonii, was British. Its topography is as Gaelic, as British, and as Pictish as that of any other portion of Eastern Pictland. Dealing first with the physical features, we find the Brythonic Ochil (Uxello-) Hills in Fortrenn, and the *p* of the Grampians proves a non-Gaelic origin for the name of our greatest range. The river names are more important, however, and the most important of them, with but one or two exceptions, are Brythonic. The general term for water and for river is much used in Brythonic topography for *individual* rivers; this is rare, in fact practically unknown, in Gaelic and Irish topography. Pictland, north and south, has its Avons, and there are two Esks, whose counterparts are known only in Wales and other British ground. Water-worship, of rivers and of wells, was common in Gaul, British ground, and in Pictland. The Dee, which means goddess, is common to Wales, Galloway, and Pictland; it is unknown to the Gaels. The Don, in old Gaelic and old Norse literature, was known as the Deon or Dion, and is now called in Gaelic

Dee-an. It recalls the Gaulish Divona, "Celtarum lingua fons addite Divis," as Ausonius explains the name. The Dean, in Forfar, is to be placed with the Don; and if the two Devons of Fortrenn belong to this "goddess" group, what Prof. Rhys calls "perspective in language" is not well attended to. The Tay is paralleled by the Welsh Tawe; the Eden is known only on British and Pictish ground; the rivers bearing the name of Nethy recall the Nith, which, again, can be explained only on Welsh philological principles, and represents Ptolemy's Novios. The Ythan, with its foreign-looking name, finds a parallel in the Ython or Ieithon of Radnorshire, which Dr. Stokes has connected with Gaulish Jactus.* The *p* of Spey settles its non-Gaelic character, and Spean may be its diminutive. Lesser rivers and tributaries, like the Levens (smooth), the Brans, the Calders, and the Urie and Ore (Gaulish Ebura), are also purely Brythonic in their connections. The Ness, and the two Islas, and the Ulie (Ila of Ptolemy), are enigmatic. The Doveran seems neutral, but the two Earns (Earn and Findhorn) are Irish in their connections; and the Lossie, for old Loxa, seems to show Gaelic influence. Loxa should in Welsh be Lochy.

The names of counties and districts point in the Brythonic direction. Leaving names like Mearns, Forfar, and Fife, which are somewhat doubtful, we find Perth at once by its *p* and its *th*, proving its Brythonic character. Perth, in modern Welsh, means a brake or hedge. What Kincardine, which appears several times in parish names, means, we cannot say, but it is interesting to compare the Welsh Aber-Cerdin, and, perhaps, Cardiganshire. Banff is Irish, and Angus and Elgin are likely so; Moray is neutral. Inverness and Aberdeen follow their river names. The Carse of Gowrie finds its counterpart, for both terms, in the Welsh language and in the Gower district. Coming to place names, we may claim those with Lan (Lin) as Brythonic — Lintrathen (Forfar), Lumphanan for Lan-finnan (Aberdeen), and Lhanbryde (Moray). The prefixes Fetter or Fother, or For (?) and Fin (old Fothen) are peculiar to Eastern Pictland; while the terminal -otter is confined, so far as we know, to the region of the Picts. Garth is a Welsh form; the

* His "Breton Glosses," p. 34, in the proceedings of the Phil. Society.

Gaelic and Irish is Gort. The Welsh "Tre" may appear in Trinafour of Perthshire (this *-four* is peculiarly Pictish, and wide-spread in Pictland), as Dr. Maclauchlan suggests,* and he points to two "Tres" in Stratherrick. But our greatest burden of proof, both for the connections of the Pictish language and for the extent of the Pictish power, lies upon the two prefix words Aber and Pet. These words are not found in Ireland or Argyle, nor in the West Highlands save intrusively once or twice. The Gaelic knows them only by borrowing, and misunderstood them in the process. Aber means "the mouth of a river, a particular point at which the lesser water discharges itself into the greater." Zeuss derives it from the root *ber* (Eng. *bear*, Lat. *fers*), with the prefix *at-*, and Prof. Rhys agrees with Zeuss as to the root, but he suggests *od-* (Eng. *out*) as the prefix, and gives *oper* as the old Welsh form. Curiously the Gaelic form in modern pronounciation is *Obair-*. The Gaelic equivalent both in meaning and derivation is *Inver-*, and the Gaels in taking slow possession of Pictland generally accepted the Abers if towns or villages or even farms were so named, but likely called any confluences not so occupied by their native word Inver. At times they likely substituted the understood word Inver for the unintelligible Aber. The *p* of Pet or Pit is at once conclusive of its non-Gaelic character, but it is only within the last few years that the word has really been cleared up. It appears in the Book of Deer (circa 1132) as Pett, and signifies a portion of land or farm, as *Pett in mulenn*, "the land of the mill," *Pett malduib*, "Maldub's land or farm." The primary meaning is share or portion, and the word is the same as the Welsh *peth*, and allied to the Gaelic *cuit* or *cuid*, all from an old Celtic base *qvetti*.† The English *piece* and *petty* are hence derived. The word has nothing to do with the English and Gaelic *pit*, both borrowed words, but the sinister confusion has caused the rapid disappearance of the word Pit in more modern times, and the substitution of the native Gaelic Baile or Bal (township or farm). Pitlochry is in Gaelic Baile-Chloichridh, Pitchirn is Balchirn, and so forth. Of course

* *Celtic Church*, p. 27, where he discusses the British character of the Picts. The "tres" are Trinloist and Trinloit.

† Thurneysen's *Keltoromanisches*, p. 71.

it is only in the western and more Gaelic districts of Pictland that this later substitution has taken place.

The east of Pictland contains more Abers and Pits than the west, but the intrusion of Invers and Bals and other Gaelic names shows that all Pictland was in the possession of the Gael at one time (about the 10th century). Mr. Skene gives the distribution of Abers and Invers thus: To the east of a line drawn from a little south of Inveraray to a point a little north of Aberdeen, Abers and Invers are in about equal proportions, about thirty-five, and to the west of this line there are only 12 Abers. There are 6 Abers in Inverness-shire against about five times as many Invers (not including the Invers of the Isles). We can find no Aber in Ross-shire save Applecross, though Mr. Skene finds Invers to Abers there as two to one. The following are the northernmost and westermost Abers:—First, the dubious Applecross or Apurcrossan and the Abercross or Aberscors of Rogart (Sutherlandshire); then far south of these—Abriachan (Inverness), Abertarff and Aberchalder (S.W. of Fort-Augustus), Aberarder (at Loch Laggan), and thence straight along Drum Alban to Aberfoyle, and Aber at the eastern corner of Loch Lomond, with Aberdalgie and Aberuchil considerably east of this line. The range of the Pets or Pits is much the same. We find Easter Ross southern Sutherland included: their northern and western boundaries run thus: Pitgrudy (Dornoch), Pittentrail and Pitfour (Rogart), Pitkerrie (Fearn), Pitculzean and Pitcalnie (Nigg), Pithoggarty and Pitnellies (Tain), Pitmaduthy (Logie), Pitglassie (Dingwall), Pettyvaich (Kiltarlity), Pitkerald (Glen-Urquhart), and Pitmain (Kingussie). The *Retours* and old maps give Pitchalman and Pitalmit (Glenelg), and Pittenglassie (Brae Lochaber). There are about 50 Pits in Perthshire (Pitlochrie, Pitnacree, etc.), but they are considerably east of Drum Alban, and run in a line from Pittagowan (Blair Athole), and Pitmackie (Kenmore), to Pitkellony (Muthill). From the distribution of these Abers and Pets we may conclude that the Picts held with their power and their language the district north of the Firth of Clyde, east of Drum Alban and the watershed of the Caledonian Glen, and from there north-eastward somewhat past the Dornoch Firth. They had intruded into Lochaber and the district opposite Skye, hav-

ing a flying station at Applecross, and they appear to have had at times the suzerainty of the whole north of Scotland, including the Orkney Isles. Of Aryan races only Gaels and Norse appear to have colonised what is west and north of the bounds we have given to ancient Pictavia.

Some facts of Archaeology point to a Brythonic connection. The Book of Deer, a MS. of the 9th century, belonged in the 12th century to the Monastery of Deer in Aberdeen. The clerics of that monastery entered, in the 11th and 12th centuries on some blank leaves and margins memorials of grants made to the monastery. These entries are in Gaelic, and contain many proper names. Almost the only other example of such charter entries on the margins of their sacred books among the Celts exists in the Book of St. Chad at Llanaff. The doubling of letters to mark aspiration is found in the Book of Deer, and it is a Welsh method, showing that in the Gaelicised monastery of Deer there were strong traces of Welsh or British influence. The Pictish names recur in the same book: Gartnait, Drostan, and Nectan, with the addition of the very Welsh name of Morgan, a clan surname still not uncommon in Aberdeenshire. The archaeological monuments of Pictland are of importance in this connection, but they are very obscure. Pictavia, Caithness, and Shetland can alone boast of "ogams" and monuments with symbols and ornamental work, whose parallel can be found only in Wales and Cornwall. Pictland, however, has its peculiarities, and the development of stone circles and chambered cairns, taken along with the still more remarkable custom of succession through the females, and the persistence of the tattooing till late Roman times, shows unmistakeable traces of non-Celtic and non-Aryan influences. However that may be, we maintain that we have proved the Pictish language to have been Brythonic in its connections. In the chain of proof, single links may have been weak, but in the aggregate we think the evidence is irresistible.

Two points in regard to the language remain: first, as it was different from the British of Bede's time, wherein and how was this difference? Secondly, how did the Gaelic so quickly, to all appearance, supersede the Pictish? To the first question we might give two answers: The Gallo-British languages under

the Roman sway borrowed an immense vocabulary from the Latin, and, indeed, that language was entirely transformed in grammar as well as dictionary. The Pictish, even if it were of the same exact stock, had not undergone any such changes or influences and remained, doubtless, in such state of pristine purity as was consistent with the advance of time. Or, and this is more likely, the Pictish belonged to a different development of the Old Gaulish from that of the Gallo-British or Brythonic branch. That what is known as the Old Gaulish was not one language, but, at least, two, that is, two dialects, perhaps mutually intelligible, might be inferred from what Caesar says of Celtica, Belgica, and Aquitania: "They differ in language, institutions, and customs." The form Seqvani seems to prove the existence of a more Goidelic dialect, as does the preservation of *b* after *r* and *l* in words like *carpentum* and *Alps*. The Picts, we think, belonged to an earlier Gaulish invasion than the Britons whom Cæsar encountered, and they may have possessed the whole island to the Friths of Forth and Clyde when the Greeks heard of Britain and called it by their Gaulish name. The Gaels came to Scotland from Ireland in more than one immigration; they seem to have in the first century or two of our era spread over the whole of western Scotland north of the Clyde. They were continually reinforced from Ireland. The extent of their power and language was not confined to the limits of Dalriada; they hung on the flanks of the Picts in Ross-shire, and pressing from the west and north, they began to cross Dum Alban and the Caledonian watershed, finally, in the favouring circumstances of the 8th and 9th centuries, possessing themselves of the lordship of Pictland. A circumstance that must have been extremely favourable to the Scots existed in the fact that the succession among the Picts was through the females. As a consequence, sons of Pictish princesses that were married to the kings and chiefs of other states and were resident in their husband's territories, as in the case of the son of Eanfred, the Anglian, the son of Bili, the Welshman, and the sons of several Scots of Dalriada, succeeded to the throne and to the chief offices of the Pictish State by right of their mothers. Under such a one-sided exogamy, the assimilation and supersession of the Pictish kings and chiefs by the Scots must have been comparatively easy.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

The Macleods of Lewis.

(Continued.)

In March, 1609, Lord Balmerino was convicted of high treason. This effectually debarred his lordship from taking any active share with Sir George Hay and Sir James Spens in colonising the Lewis, neither of whom spared trouble nor expense to carry into effect the terms of the royal grant recently made to them. They were most active, made great preparations, and, assisted by the neighbouring tribes, invaded the Lewis for the double purpose of planting a colony in it and of subduing and apprehending Neil Macleod, who now alone defended it. Mackenzie despatched his brother, Roderick, afterwards Tutor of Kintail, and Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, with a party of followers numbering 400, ostensibly to aid the colonists, now acting under the king's commission, to whom he promised active support. At the same time he despatched a vessel from Ross loaded with provisions, but privately sent word to Neil Macleod to intercept her on the way, so that the settlers, being disappointed of the supply of provisions to which they looked for maintenance, should be obliged to abandon the Island for want of the necessaries of life. Matters turned out just as Kintail anticipated: Sir George Hay and Spens abandoned the Lewis, leaving a party behind them to hold the fort, and intending to send a fresh supply of men and provisions back to the Island on their arrival in Fife. But Neil Macleod and his followers took and burnt the fort, apprehended the garrison, and sent them safely to their homes on giving their oath that they would never come on that pretence again, which they never did. Finding this, the Fife adventurers gave up all hope of establishing themselves in the Island, and sold their acquired rights therein, as also their share of the forfeited districts of Troternish and Waternish in Skye, to Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, who at the same time obtained a grant from the King of Balmerino's forfeited share of the Lewis, thus legally acquiring what he had so long and so anxiously desired. In addi-

tion to a fixed sum of money, Mackenzie granted the adventurers a lease of the woods of Letterewe, where there was an iron mine, which they wrought by English miners, casting guns and other implements till their fuel was exhausted and their lease expired. The King confirmed this agreement, and "to encourage Kintail and his brother, Roderick, in their work of civilising the people of the Lewis," he elevated the former to the peerage, as Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, at the same time, on the 19th of November, 1609, conferring the honour of knighthood on his brother, Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach.

In 1610 his lordship returned to the Lewis with 700 men, and finally brought the whole island to submission, with the exception of Neil Macleod and a few of his followers, who retired to the rock of Berrisay, and took possession of it. At this time religion appears to have been at a very low ebb—almost extinct among the inhabitants; and to revive Christianity among them, his lordship selected and took along with him the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, a native of Kintail and minister of Gairloch, who had been recommended to that charge by the Bishop of Ross. Mr. Macrae found quite enough to do on his arrival in the Lewis, but he appears to have been very successful among the uncivilised natives; for he reports having gained many over to Christianity, baptised a large number in the fortieth year of their age, and, to legitimise their children, married many others to the women with whom they had been for years cohabiting. Leaving the rev. gentleman in the prosecution of his mission, Kintail returned home, having established good order in the island, and promising to return the following year.

Sir Roderick Mackenzie, acting as Tutor for his nephew, Lord Colin, was determined to bring the remainder of the Macleods under subjection. Neil Macleod, as already stated, on Mackenzie's arrival retired to the impregnable rock of Berrisay, at the back of the Lewis, to which, as a measure of prudence, he had for some years previously been sending a stock of provisions and other necessaries, so as to be available in the event of his having to retire to the rock as a last resort. He was accompanied thither by his three nephews—the sons of Rory Og—Malcolm, William, and Roderick; the four sons of Torquil Blair, and thirty of their

more desperate and determined followers. In this impregnable position they held out for three years, during which they were a constant source of annoyance and insecurity to the Tutor and his followers. Sir Roderick at last, in 1612, found his opportunity, and, by a most desperate stratagem, he succeeded in bringing about Neil's surrender and that of all his companions.

While one of the Tutor's followers, named Donald Mac-Dhonnchaidh Mhic Ian Ghlais, was stationed on a little rock within shot of Berrisay, he was killed by Neil, who at the same time, wounded another called Tearlach MacDhomh'uill Roy Mhic Fhionnlaidh Ghlais. This exasperated the Tutor so much, after all other means had failed to oust Neil Macleod from his position, that he conceived the inhuman scheme of gathering together the wives and children of all those who were in Berrisay, as also all the people in the island in any way related to them by blood or marriage affinity, and having placed them on a rock in the sea during low water, so near Berrisay that Neil and his companions could see and hear them, Sir Roderick avowed that they would leave those women and children on the rock until they were overwhelmed by the sea and drowned, on the return of the flood tide, if Neil and his companions did not instantly surrender and leave the rock of Berrisay. Neil knew by stern experience that the promise of the Tutor, once given, was as good as his bond, and he immediately yielded up the rock on condition that he and his followers should be allowed to leave the Lewis. After he had given up the rock Neil proceeded privately during the night to Macleod of Harris. The Tutor learning this caused Macleod to be charged, under pain of treason and forfeiture, to deliver Neil up to the Council. Sir Roderick finding himself in such a position prevailed upon Neil to accompany him, taking his son along with them, to Edinburgh to seek forgiveness from the King; but under pretence of this he delivered them up on arriving in that city, where Neil, in April, 1613, was at once executed, while his son was banished out of the kingdom.

Neil was shortly before guilty of similar treachery towards another. He had met with the captain of a pirate vessel named the *Priam* while on Berrisay, with whom he entered into a mutual bond that they should help each other, both being outlaws

at the time. The captain was to defend the rock from the seaward side while Neil made incursions on shore, and they promised faithfully to live and die together; and to make the agreement more secure the captain was to marry a daughter of Torquil Blair. The day fixed for the marriage having arrived, and Neil having discovered that the captain possessed several articles of value aboard his ship, he and his adherents, the captain being naturally off his guard, treacherously seized the ship and all on board, and sent off captain and crew to Edinburgh, thus hoping to secure his own peace as well as whatever was in the ship, and they were tried and executed at Leith by order of the Council. Much of the silver and gold Neil, it is said, carried to Harris, where probably it may have helped to tempt Macleod, as it had already tempted himself in the case of the captain, to break faith with his visitor.

The following extract from a letter, dated Edinburgh, 3rd September, 1610, from Sir Alexander Hay, Clerk Register of Scotland, to a friend in London, gives another version of the seizure of the *Priam*. Sir Alexander writes to his friend:—

You have heard no doubt of the pirate ship taken by Neil Macleod of the Lewis. The case is altered when the broken Highlanders become the persecutors of pirates. Yet they still observe our form, albeit it carries not much honesty, yet it is with not less hazard. This English captain, wanting men, desired some supply from Neil, and he willingly yielded to it. Neil is feasted aboard of him, and will not be so unthankful but will repay him with a banquet on land. The captain and his company for most part being all invited, whatever their fare was, the dessert was sure. Whether it was that they refused to pay their reckoning, or that Neil held them to be heretics, and so thought them not worthy to be kept promise to, for Neil is thought to be of the Romish faith, or that now by their delivery he thought to get his pardon, he detains them, has put [some] of his own men in the ship, and hath sent advertisement to the Council, whereupon my Lord Dunbar hath directed Patrick Grieve with a ship to bring her about. By the report of the messenger who come from Neil it is affirmed that the pirate had that same intention against Neil, but the other has taken the first start. It was right, 'sick lippes sick lattuce?' I think the Clan Gregor could wish Bishop and Wairde and all the rest of the pirates in Breadalbane, that so they might find means of a pardon. It is reported that the ship hath

some cochineal, sugar, and Barbary hides, and 26 pieces of iron, and many muskets. If His Majesty would be pleased, in regard of the service done, to direct Neil to the parts of Virginia, and to direct a state of inheritance to be given to him there, I think our country here should be best rid of him. There should be no such danger there as of his being in Ireland, for albeit both the speeches be barbarous, yet I hope he shall need an interpreter betwixt him and the savages."

On the arrival of Grieve, Neil at once gave up his prisoners, and, at the same time, addressed a letter to the Privy Council, in which he gives a different account of the capture to that given by Sir Alexander Hay, and also from the other given in the text, from a contemporary manuscript. The following is Neil's letter to the Privy Council:—

"Lewis, the 16th of October, 1610.

"My Lords of Council,—My duty [and] service being remembered, I received your letter from this bearer, Patrick Grieve, desiring me to deliver him the English pirate which was taken by my men, with all her equipage and apparelling. Surely, my Lords, I was not at the taking thereof, for had I been there, I should have sent the pirate, as she was taken, to his Majesty and Council; for surely I delivered her to the said Patrick, with all her munition, as I received her myself; to wit, with all her sails, tows, and two anchors, with XIV. 'peel of grite cairte peeleis,' with her captain and nine of his [men]. As for the rest, they were slain at the taking of the said pirate; and four Dutchmen that were taken by the captain, eight days before the hulk passed to the mainland, for I would not hold them as prisoners, in respect they were taken by force by the captain, with two that deceased, and I did keep one Scotchman in my own company till further advice. So I rest. (Signed) NEILL M'CLOUD."

It is not very probable that Neil would have communicated to the Privy Council too much, and his letter is not at all inconsistent with either the information in Sir Alexander Hay's letter, or with the other version given in the text. If his object was to secure a pardon for past crimes, Neil did not succeed; for he was afterwards condemned to death, and executed at Edinburgh, in the month of March, 1613, for murder, fire-raising, and other crimes, committed chiefly against the Fife adventurers in the Lewis. His trial is recorded in Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, Vol. III., p. 244. Sir Thomas Hamilton, the Lord Advocate of the day, writes to the King, under date 7th April, 1613, that

"Neill Makcloyde died at his execution verie Christianlie." And why not? He only acted against the law in defending what he believed to be the rights and hereditary property of his family.

In 1614, Kintail was excused from accompanying the Earl of Huntly and the other Highland chiefs to suppress a violent feud which in that year broke out among the Camerons in Lochaber. The Tutor pleaded the difficulties the Mackenzies had and the services they had rendered in the Lewis as a reason why they should be exempted from service on this occasion, and King James issued a proclamation, dated the 14th of September, 1614, in the course of which he says—

There rests none of the Isles rebellious, but only the Lewis, which being inhabited by a number of godless and lawless people, trained up from their youth in all kinds of ungodliness. They can hardly be reclaimed from their impurities and barbarities, and induced to embrace a quiet and peacable form of living; so that we have been constrained from time to time to employ our cousin, the Lord Kintail, who rests with God, and since his decease the Tutor of Kintail, his brother, and other friends of that House, in our service against the rebels of the Lewis, with ample commission and authority to suppress their insolence and to reduce that island to our obedience, which service has been prosecuted and followed this divers years by the power, friendship, and proper service of the House of Kintail, without any kind of trouble and charge or expense to us, or any support or relief from their neighbours; and, in the prosecution of that service, they have had such good and happy success, as divers of the rebels have been apprehended and executed by justice. But, seeing our said service is not yet fully accomplished, nor the Isle of the Lewis settled in a solid and perfect obedience, we have of late renewed our former commission to our cousin Colin, now Lord of Kintail, and to his Tutor and some other friends of his house, and they are to employ the hale power and service in the execution of the said commission, which being a service importing highly our honour, and being so necessary and expedient for the peace and quiet of the whole islands, and for the good of our subjects, haunting the trade of fishing in the Isles, the same ought not to be interrupted upon any other intervening occasion, and our commissioners and their friends ought not to be distracted therefrom for giving of their concurrence in our services. Therefore, we, with advice of the Lords of our Privy Council, have given and granted our licence to our said cousin Colin, Lord of Kintail, and to his friends, men, tenants, and servants, to remain and bide at home from all osts, raids, wars, as-

semblings, and gatherings to be made by George, Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Enzie, his son, or any other our Lieutenants, Justices or Commissioners, by sea or land, either for the pursuit of Allan Cameron of Lochiel and his rebellious complices, or for any other cause or occasion whatsoever, during or within the time of our commission foresaid granted against the Lewis, without pain or danger to be incurred by our said cousin the Lord of Kintail and his friends in their persons, lands, or goods, etc.

In consequence of this proclamation the Mackenzies found themselves able to devote their whole attention to the pacification of the Lewis, and the strengthening of their position among its people. How they succeeded, and continued in possession of this island principality for two centuries and a half—until Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie sold it in 1844 for £190,000 to the late Sir James Matheson—is matter of history, and to deal with it in lengthened detail does not come within our present plan in connection with a history mainly confined to the Macleods and their family chiefs.

(*To be continued.*)

CRITICAL NOTES ON THE FOLK- AND HERO-TALES OF THE CELTS.

[By Alfred Nutt.]

Group II.—Husk-cycle—is not so well represented in our collection. We have only one version (No. 33, Queen who sought Drink from a certain Well) of the Frog Prince class, and that an ordinary one. We have likewise only two stories of the Swan Maid group, and no example of the form where the husk is destroyed by burning. In both No. 10, The Three Soldiers, and No. 44, The Widow's Son, the unhusking of the betwitched heroine seems to follow upon the performance of a given task by the hero. Finally, we have no version of the Seven Swans group, in which a sister delivers her brothers from enchantment. And this is very remarkable if we remember the wide popularity of this märchen and the fact that it is well represented in both the German and Norwegian collections, still more remarkable when

we find that it was a well-known märchen in Ireland certainly as early as the 14th century and possibly long before. For the Fate of the children of Lir (upon which Moore has based his song "Silent, oh Moyle") is nothing more than a version of the "Seven Swans" märchen, woefully disfigured, indeed, by literary improvers and sadly altered to suit the fancy of euhemeristic historians, but preserving the genuine "märchen" incidents in perfectly recognisable form. There is the jealous stepmother opening, the bewitching of the stepchildren into swans, the watchful care exercised over the brothers by the sister, the punishment of the wicked stepmother, and the final disenchantment of the heroine and her brothers, the whole, however, fitted in with certain semi-historical facts, and made a peg on which to hang religious teaching. The oldest copy of the tale only dates from the beginning of the 17th century—it only professes, however, to be a copy, and I think it is allowable to push back the present recension of the tale some 50 or 60 years. We must then allow for a very considerable period of time during which the märchen became popular enough to attract the attention of the historian class, and be thought worthy of literary treatment, so widely and generally spread that it lost its distinctive features, and it became possible to connect it with historical and religious events. I do not think I shall be accused of exaggeration if I estimate the time required by this process at between 200 and 300 years, and consider it as almost certain that our märchen was popular in Ireland in the 14th century. Indeed, O'Curry thinks the tale may date from before 1000, and yet there is apparently no version of it now current in the Highlands.

The next group—the Calumniated Wife cycle—presents a difficulty of a similar and almost equally unexplicable character. In speaking of the hateful marriage opening, I mentioned that it was usually found in connection with this group. Now, two of the oldest known versions of the story are those in the Vitae Offae I. et II., dating from very early in the 12th century. These again have incidents which join them on to the historical Queen Dritha and to the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, and Suchier, who has studied these earlier myths with true German industry and critical feeling, mentions, without strong reprobation,

the theory that all the Calumniated Wife stories are distinctly Anglo-Saxon in character. Now our collection has only one version of this group. The Gaels would seem to have gone to India for märchen, and neglected those of their next door neighbours.

I have ranged, for convenience' sake, one story in this group, No. 18, the Chest, and the many problems it suggests are worth attention. The heroine is falsely accused as in Cymbeline, her husband taking a bet, and the layer of the odds smuggling himself into her room in a chest; later on in the story she puts herself into man's clothes, and saves her husband from a relentless creditor, who is about to take a thong of skin from his head to his heel (a common incident in our collection), by the same quibble (not a drop of blood to be shed) by which Portia defeats Shylock. A clear case of borrowing it will be said. Well, the point on which the whole story turns is this: The husband buys his wife for 100 pounds, and having bought her, has as much right to shoot her, or do anything else he likes with her, as with his horse, and everybody—the bride herself and her father included—admit this as perfectly natural and legitimate. If this is not primitive I do not know what is. I am inclined to think, though, that the two above-named incidents are borrowed, though it would not be hard to make a good case to the contrary.

The first section of my next group—the Recovered Heroine—deals with her rescue from the monster whose heart is outside his body. Both our versions (Nos. 1 and 4) are very fine, but neither throws any particular light upon that enigmatical being. Both the stories (Nos. 38 and 76) of the next section (recovery of the heroine from a mortal rival), as well as the only story I can bring under the Abduction formula, No. 60, Diarmaid and Graine, belong, in part, to the National Heldensage, and will be dealt with presently. The same remark applies to the six tales which I range under the "Dispossessed Prince" heading.

My next group (Task Cycle) comprises fourteen stories. Five of these stories are likewise referable to the National Heldensage. My next group (Wisdom-giving Snake or Fish) has likewise a Heldensage representative. Of group IX. (The Tiny Hero) we have only one very poor version. And this is remarkable, because Tom Thumb was most popular among

the Kymric kinsmen of the Gael, his fame, indeed, spread over the border, and the märchen of which he is the hero is one of the very few which have become real English folk-tales. It is important to note that Nos. 5, 6, 7 (three variants of the same story) of Group X. have, according to Dr. R. Köhler, no parallels in any modern folk-tale collection, but there is in Dolopathos (the French adaptation of the Seven Sages already referred to), written in the 12th century, a story of really startling similarity. Both Dolopathos and our versions contain the incident (first found in that oldest of all nursery tale books, the Odyssey) of the hero's escape from the giant whom he has blinded, by concealing himself beneath one of the giants rams. All know those words of exquisite pathos which Polyphemus addresses to his favourite ram. "Thou wast not wont to lag behind the sheep —surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy lord, which an evil man blinded." But the genius of the people has proved itself greater than that of the greatest poet of antiquity—in the Gaelic story the giant lets out one of the goats and he was caressing her, and said to her: "There thou art thou shaggy, hairy, white goat, and thou seest me and I see thee not," an exclamation to which, in its simple and pathetic intensity, it would be hard to find a match in the literature of the world.

Looking back now at the märchen we have just been considering, we notice one very remarkable omission (I have already laid stress on the absence of versions of the Little Snow White, Seven Swans and Calumniated Wife group). There is no Gaelic Sleeping Beauty. Now, the latter is not only a märchen of almost universal distribution, it is also one of the very few which can, with any certainty, be referred back to the Teutonic mythology and Heldensage. I would therefore call your special attention to its entire absence from either Gaelic folk tale or Heldensage.

Class III. Heldensage.—Of the Celtic Heldensage, one as rich and varied as that of any other European people, it is worth noticing that only a small and definite portion has survived to the present day in a popular form, but that this portion has maintained itself with a vitality to which a parallel would vainly be searched in any other European folk literature. Of the great Ultonian Cycle, which fills such a large

place in Irish mediæval romance, nothing can be found in the folk tale of the present day, beyond a few scattered references to Cuchullin. But Finn and Ossian, Osgar and Diarmaid, Goll Mac Morna and Keelta Mac Ronan, still live on in the traditions of the people. The Ossianic cycle has not hitherto been subjected to any real and searching criticism, and it would be unsafe to do more than speculate as to its origin and development. This much is certain. The traditions were substantially the same in the 12th century that they are now—that being the date of the Book of the Dun Cow, in which are contained many of the Ossianic legends.*

References to the cycle may be found at a much earlier period. It is safest, however, to take the date at which the Book of the Dun Cow was written as our starting point. From that time on the mediæval romance of Ireland is full of Fionn and his companions, and countless MS. versions of the principal incidents (few of them dating back later than 17th century, however,) are to be found in the Irish libraries. The more important of these have been edited by the Ossianic Society, and English translations have been published by Kennedy and lately by Dr. Joyce, in his Old Celtic Romances. Few of these versions are in anything like a primitive condition. They have been twisted by euhemeristic historians; they have been *embellished* by literary-minded reciters; and their latest translator, Dr. Joyce, has seen fit to treat them in a way against which it is impossible to protest too emphatically—adding, curtailing, re-arranging the incidents, giving us commonplace bits of magazine poetry in place of the original Irish verse which strikes him as "obscure and antiquated," and generally treating his subject in the unscientific way which seems to be a tradition among too many Irish scholars. If now we turn to the Heldensage taken down by Campbell from the mouths of the people, we find the same incidents as in the Irish romances following in the same sequence, the heroes have the same characters which are preserved with the greatest fidelity. The only difference is that a much wilder tone reigns among the Highland versions and that they are almost entirely free from the embellishments which so

* This statement is far too sweeping for the evidence that could be adduced in support of it, although I am still inclined to think it in the main accurate (1887).

disfigure the Irish stories. I include 22 tales in this class, two of which, Nos. 80 (Osgur, the Son of Ossin) and 86 (Daughter of King Under the Waves) are genuine märchen, though the actors of the story are prominent members of the Ossianic Heldensage. This fact, however, speaks volumes for the high age and wide popularity of the märchen in question. The same remark applies to No. 83 (Why the Dallag is called the King's Fish). This is a bit of popular folk-lore arbitrarily connected with Fionn.

Of the remaining nineteen tales, Nos. 29, The Feen, 31, Ossin after the Feen, 36, Maghach Colgar, 59, Fionn's Questions, 67, Caol Reidhain, 73, The Yellow Muilleartach, 77, The Son of the King of Bergen, 79, Fionn's Praise of Goll, 81, the Lay of Osgur, and 85, the Song of the Smithy, are purely Heldensagen, without any admixture of märchen incidents. Close parallels many be found to all of these in Irish romance. I will take No. 36, Maghach Colgar, as an instance of the way in which the same story is differentiated in Highland folk-tale and Irish literature. It is substantially the same with the Fairy Palace of the Quicken Trees, which Joyce translates from an Irish MS., dated 1733. Fionn and his companion are inveigled into the magic palace of a former companion of theirs. When they are once in, the marble walls turn into wattles, the doors vanish, and leave only one entrance, and the heroes find themselves fixed to their seats without power to move. In Joyce's version the cries of the heroes are heard by their companions, who are but a little way off—Diarmaid and Fiachaire hold a ford against the forces of the traitor—the way is narrow, and the two brave men maintain their ground throughout the night; but Diarmaid looks anxiously for the rising sun, which is the signal for Ossin to appear at the head of the Fenian forces. Ossin comes up in time, the traitor is defeated, and Fionn is released. In the Gaelic folk-tale, Fionn goes off to Norway; Diarmaid hears his cry of distress in Ireland; takes a light airy hero-like bound and is at his leader's side in a minute—there is no ford here, no narrow way, the hero feels no anxiety—he goes out to meet his enemies in the open plain, takes his sword and goes through them and over them like a hawk through a flight of small birds—like a wolf through a drove of sheep. The one tale has all the incidents in the wildest and most

fantastic form conceivable; in the other they are rationalised to the utmost possible extent, and made to appear as much as possible like a piece of genuine history.

I believe the folk-tale told twenty years ago is really closer to the earliest form of the story than the literary version written down in 1733.

No. 17*c* (The Slim, Swarthy Champion) with its variant presents very great difficulties. The tale is of the wildest possible character, and is obviously, as Campbell points out, the ruin of some old bardic romance. The main incident of the story seems to be referable to the märchen cycle of the skilful leech, a cycle of which Grimm's Dr. Allwissend, and Gevatter Tod are good examples. If so, the high antiquity of this cycle among the Gael is proved. The second part of 47, Farquhar Leigh, is referable to the same cycle.

Nos. 35, Conall, 51, The Fair Gruagach, 60, Diarmaid and Graine, 74, The Lay of the Great Fool, 76, Conall Gulbain, 82, How the Feen Was Set Up, are genuine Heldensagen, though each contains an incident likewise found in "Märchen." Nos. 35, 74, 76, and 82 belong to the Dispossessed Prince group. Now, this would seem to be a peculiarly Celtic story—we find it outside Gaelic folk-tale in the Welsh Mabinogi of Peredur, and in the Breton märchen of Peronik l' Idiot, and it is not found with the same sequence of incidents in any other European collection of folk-tales.*

No. 41, The Fair Gruagach, is an undoubted "task story," with this peculiarity that the task is imposed by the heroine herself.

No. 82 (How the Feen was Set Up) contains the incident found in the Book of the Dun Cow of Fionn's acquiring wisdom by tasting the flesh of a magic fish. This incident is likewise found in the Welsh Mabinogi of Taliessin, and in our No. 47 (where a snake is substituted for a fish), versions of which are found in almost every European folk-tale collection.

It will be seen that the connection between Gaelic folk tale and Heldensage is, in reality, very slight, three or four incidents, at the most, being common to both classes; and yet the connec-

* I have discussed this group of stories fully in my paper, "The Aryan Expulsion and Return Formula among the Celts."—*Folk Lore Record*, Vol. iv.

tion is infinitely closer than in any other folk literature, excepting the Welsh, and the two classes have subsisted together, and influenced each other, in a quite unique way.

I have left unclassified two stories—the first part of Murachadh MacBrian, No. 38, and the Lay of the Great Fool, No. 74. Neither of these has, as far as I know, any parallel outside Celtic folk literature. In No. 38 the three heroes pursue a supernatural maiden, with the aid of an equally supernatural servant. The pursuit fails the first and second times, only succeeding the third. Now, in the Mabinogi of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, we have the same incident. The hero stands on a mound, sees the passing of the magic maiden, vainly pursues her twice, only succeeding the third time. And this evidently is the same as Joyce's Conala of the Golden Hair, written down in the Book of the Dun Cow, in the year 1106. There, too, the hero stands on a little hill (possibly a fairy mound), the magic heroine is visible to him alone, the pursuit fails twice, but is rewarded the third time.

No. 74, the Lay of the Great Fool is, I think, the same as the concluding incident of the Mabinogi of Peredur. In both stories the hero is deceived by a supernatural being, who makes use of him to further his own ends. The framework of the two stories is very different, but they are closer to each other than to any other group.*

Mr. Campbell has already pointed out the close relationship of the Mabinogion to his Highland tales. One or two points of resemblance have escaped him. The Lady of the Fountain seems to me to be an expansion of a Goldenlocks story. The hero leaves his wife (breaking a taboo thereby), is forsaken of her, becomes rough and hairy, rescues her from three successive dangers, is recognised by and reunited to her. It is to be noted that the hero is accompanied by a helping animal. The opening incident of this story may be compared to Joyce's Pursuit of the Gilla Dacker, translated from a MS. copy, dated 1733. In both stories the heroes drink of the fountain, the lord of the fountain appears, and a fight ensues, in which the hero proves victor.

I have cited Peredur in connection with several stories already,

* In my forthcoming work on the Grail legends this story will be fully dealt with

and would merely point out that the second incident is a very good version of the Goldenlocks group. The hero comes disguised to the camp of the Empress of Christinobyl, lodges with a miller, of whom he borrows money to buy armour (exactly as in Grimm's, No. 60, The Two Brothers), is victor in the tournament on three successive days, always vanishing at the end, is finally recognised by and marries the heroine.

About Killhwch and Olwen I have only one new remark to make. The swiftest of Arthur's heroes is *Sgilte* Yscawndroed (he bent no blade of grass, so light and swift was his tread). The swiftest of the Fenians is *Keelta* Mac Ronan (he would overtake the swift March wind, and the swift March wind would not overtake him). Is there any possible etymological connection?

In Mabinogion VI., Pwyll Prince of Dyfed, there is a good example of the Calumniated Wife cycle. The jealousy of the stepmother is not the motive, as is usually the case; the child is removed by supernatural means, and it is the frightened nurses who accuse the mother.

No. VII., Branwen, the Daughter of Llyr, is remarkable as offering a close parallel to German Heldensage, a fact not hitherto pointed out to my knowledge. Branwen, married to the King of Ireland, invites her brother to her husband's court as Kriemhild invites Gunther. The brother sets off, accompanied by a "surly kinsman," who plays the part of the "grimme Hagen." A reconciliation is about to be effected when the "surly kinsman," seizing hold of Branwen's youngest child, kills him as Hagen kills Atli's youngest born. A general melee and slaughter ensue, as in the Niebelungenlied. A consideration of the possibilities suggested by this parallel is beyond my present limits. It seems to me much closer than the Diarmaid-Graine and Sigurd-Brunnhild parallel which has hitherto been looked upon as the chief connecting point between Teutonic and Celtic Heldensage.*

Two more facts, before I close, showing the striking relationship between the different branches of Celtic folk literature at different periods. In the voyage of Maildun, written in 1126, are two incidents to which I know no exact parallel in any modern folk-literature. In Chap. 12, Maildun and his companions come

* Cf. Mabinogion Studies, No. 1, Branwen.—*Folk Lore Record*, VOL. V.

to an island where they behold a wonderful prodigy. The island is divided into two parts by a wall which runs across, on either side are sheep, on the one side they are black, on the other white, and when they leap across the wall they at once change colour. In the Mabinogi of Peredur the hero comes to a valley and sees a shepherd feeding his sheep, and when he drives them to one side of the valley they turn black, and when he calls them back again they become white. In Chap. 28 Maildun and his companions are detained by the sorceress queen of the magic island, even as Odysseus is detained by Circe. She has a magic clew which she secretly fastens to the ship and always draws it back. At length one of the heroes cuts the thread and the spell is broken. Now, this exact story was told to Mr. Campbell in 1860—the island queen had become a witch and the magic clew a hank of worsted, but the incidents reproduce each other exactly.

The bearing of the preceding facts upon the folk-tale problem may be roughly stated as follows :—

The Celts possess in common with all other European races a body of märchen. The evidence at present does not warrant our affirming or denying the fact of their being borrowed from the East. We notice, however, three facts. These stories have a tone of peculiar and fantastic wildness which distinguishes them from any other modern folk-tales; they are closely connected with the national Heldensage, the oldest versions of the Ossianic cycle and the most primitive presentment we have of the Arthurian Heldensage (Killhwch and Olwen and Peredur) being genuine märchen; they were, as early as the 12th and 13th centuries, both in Ireland and Wales, worked up into a vast romantic literary cycle, which from Wales spread all over the Continent, so that the whole of European literature was dominated for over three hundred years by what were in many cases simply the specific Celtic form of the common Aryan folk-tales, such folk-tales as are current to this very day in Scotland and Ireland.

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A Sgeulachd of the Rannoch Camerons.

And now when the two hostile bands were rapidly drawing their cordon round about the devoted *Tigh-na-dige*, Ewen, having tenderly embraced Marsali and his four boys, bade them an affectionate farewell. "I expected, Ewen," said Marsali, shedding tears, "that that affair of the bow would have come to this; but God's will be done!" "I certainly was to blame in that affair," said Ewen; "but if I have offended I have borne the weight of it on my conscience, and if man prove cruel and revengeful I hope a merciful God will pardon me!" Iain also with much emotion bade Marsali and the children farewell; whereupon the two men ran down from *Tigh-na-dige*, and plunged into Loch Rannoch.

Iain set off in a north-easterly direction, as if intending to make for *Liaran;* but, before he had proceeded very far, he unfortunately got entangled in a fishing net, which the three brothers themselves had set, and was drowned. Ewen, on looking back, saw that his brother was in difficulties; but the enemy was now so near—being within bow shot of the place—that it was quite impossible to render any help. So Ewen, with a heavy and sorrowful heart, held on in his course, making for the place where the township of Killichronan now stands. Here, on the north side of the loch, the Mackintosh chief and Macgregor of Ardlarich were eagerly waiting the landing of the swimming fugitives. Ardlarich, on account of his oath, had refused to join the Mackintosh in invading the *Sliosgarbh;* but he offered to watch his own coast lest the Camerons should escape that way by swimming the loch, and the chief was so pleased with this arrangement that he resolved to accompany his friend, with the intention thereafter to cross the loch when matters were ripe for his presence on the *Sliosgarbh.* Ewen landed at the point called the *Creagan-Dearg*, and his two redoubtable foes were there to receive him. Mackintosh, on recognising his old rival, said:—"Co ac' is fhearr leat tighinn am meachuinn an Toisich no am meachuinn a Ghriogarich?" That is, "Which do you prefer coming under the clemency of Mackintosh or of Macgregor?"

Ewen replied: "Cha tighinn am meachuinn Toisich fhad 'sa bhiodh Griogarach beo!" That is, "I would not come under the clemency of a Mackintosh so long as a Macgregor were alive!" Hereupon Ardlarich, looking fiercely at him, said: "Ged gheall mi nach togainn claidheanh, cha d' gheall mi nach togainn biodag ad' aghaidh." That is, "Though I promised not to raise a sword I did not promise not to raise a dirk against you," and with that he plunged his dirk into Ewen's heart. Ewen called out: "A Mharsaili, is e brathair t-athar a rinn e!" That is, "O Marsali, it was thy father's brother that did it!" It is said that, hard-hearted as the Mackintosh was, tears came to his eyes on witnessing this painful scene, and that he said: "Ud! ud! na 'n robh thu iar thighinn am' mheachainn's, Eoghan, cha tachaireadh so!" "Tut! tut! had you surrendered to me, Ewen, this should not have happened!" And here it may be remarked that so long as Macgregor and his race remained in Ardlarich the spirit of Ewen Cameron haunted their dwelling, and was always seen seeking satisfaction for the murder committed in violation of a sacred oath. The Brownie of Ardlarich was indeed for many generations one of the most famous personages in the Braes; but he has long since departed together with the race whose footsteps he was in the habit of dogging.

The Mackintosh chief now entered a boat, and proceeded to cross over to the south side of the Loch. As he was gliding along over that mile of water which the ill-fated Ewen had so recently swam, he felt the demon of revenge rising within his heart, and he swore that he would make Marsali cry. "It was chiefly for this," said he, "that I came from Badenoch, and I will do it?" Having landed on the *Sliosgarbh*, he ascended the small rising ground leading to *Tigh-na-dige*, which he found was, according to his own instructions, surrounded by a cordon of men. Marsali, with her four boys, was standing on the green sward beside the large boulder to receive him. On his approach, she bowed politely but stiffly; and he returned the salutation with a formal bow. "Marsali," said the Chief, "I have to inform you that Ewen, your hushand, is dead." "That's bad news," said she. "I have to inform you further," said he, "that he was slain by the hand of your uncle, Macgregor of Ardlarich." "That is worse

news," said she. "And don't you cry," said he, "at such news?" "No," said she. "Why?" asked he. "Because," said she, "I suppose my crying would not amend matters." "But you must and shall cry," said he, raising his voice. "But I must not and will not cry," said she firmly. Here the Mackintosh seized her eldest boy by the legs and said: "Supposing I were to dash this boy's head against that stone, would you cry?" "I suppose if the devil put that into your heart," said she, "my crying would not prevent it." Thereupon he dashed the boy's head against the stone, and scattered his brains all around. Marsali remained firm. He then took her second son and did the same to him. She still remained firm. He then took up her third son and did the same to him. Here *Ian Biorach*, Marsali's fourth son, clung in terror to his mother's side, and tried to hide himself from the terrible man in her dress, whereupon she burst into a flood of tears. "A dhroch bhoirionnaich," arsa Macintoisich, "b' fhearr roimh no nis," *i.e.*, "You bad woman," said Mackintosh, "this would have been better before than now." Marsali retorted: "Ged chunna tu mo dheur cha chuala tu mo ghlaodh!" that is, "Though you saw my tears you did not hear me cry!" "You are a devil!" said he. "You are worse than a devil!" said she; "and you and your seed after you shall be punished for this day's horrible work." The men, who had looked on awestruck at the whole proceedings, felt a relief when they got the command to retire; and Mackintosh himself slunk away like a coward, under the consciousness that he had committed a dreadful crime. When William, after having long and anxiously watched the progress of events, at length saw the Mackintoshes and Macgregors retire, he cautiously emerged from his hiding-place in the Black Wood, and, with beating heart, returned to *Tigh-na-dige*. Here he was shocked at the state he found matters in. The bodies of the three boys were still lying side by side before that blood-stained boulder where the tragedy had been enacted; and Marsali, bending over them in an agony of distress, was now making the Black Wood to re-echo with her bitter cries and lamentations. Hence the saying—

"Chual' a Choille Dhubh glaodh Mharsalaidh
Ged nach cual' Macantoisich."

That is—

"The Black Wood heard the cry of Marsali
Although the Mackintosh didn't hear it."

Then little *Ian Bioraeh* (so called from his sharp features) touched the tenderest part of her heart by playing with his brothers' clotted locks, and speaking to them as if they were only asleep; while Ewen's faithful hound "Strone," realising by his instinctive faculties the horrors of the scene, kept up a dismal and piteous howling, which is still spoken of as "Caoineadh Stroin Cu Eoghain aig *Tigh-na-dige*," or "The lamentation of Strone, Ewen's dog, at *Tigh-na-dige*." "O William, William," said Marsali, "I am the most miserable woman in the world now. Ewen has been murdered; Iain has been drowned; my three boys have been murdered before my eyes; my little living boy cannot understand that his brothers are dead; and the very dog is howling as if he were seeing the spirits of the murdered ones hovering around this place in the air!" and with that she sobbed like to break her heart. William, though himself filled with unspeakable grief and horror at the situation of affairs, did his best to comfort Marsali; and, by sympathising with her, and at the same time exhorting her to bear her present calamity in a manner becoming her former reputation for womanly courage and address in the hour of trial, he wonderfully succeeded in rousing her up to a proper sense of duty towards the living and the dead.

And now they both set themselves to work. The first thing Marsali did was to get three napkins, and having carefully and tenderly gathered up the scattered brains of her dear boys, she lovingly bound up their heads, and impressed on the gory lips of each of them a fond kiss, such as only a mother can bestow. She felt her heart rising to her mouth. Thereafter, William removed the dead bodies, one by one, to *Tigh-na-dige*. There they stretched them out, side by side, and dressed them for decent burial; and, having partaken of some food, and humbly acknowledged that it was through God's goodness they were not all cut off, they at length retired to their respective apartments to rest.

When Marsali lay down on her bed she was so impressed with the horrors of the situation that, for a long time, sleep departed from her eyes. She could not help thinking of her late dear husband Ewen, whose comely body now lay stranded

on the unkindly shore of the *Sliosmìn*, and whose blood stained the dagger of her own kinsman, and branded him as a murderer. She thought of her late brother-in-law, whose body still lay in Loch Rannoch. And she thought of the dead bodies of her own issue that now lay stiff on the stretching board in *Tigh-na-dige*. In this train she was led on to ponder over her former relations with the Mackintosh, and more especially the dream that, had caused her to reject him as her suitor. This dream, which had long been forgotten, now came back to her mind, and that with a force and fulness of meaning which it had never seemed to her to have carried with it before. She had no difficulty in identifying the big grey stone of her dream with "*Clach-nan-Ceann;*" her bowels protruding and lying on the green sward, with her own children; and the fierce black cat devouring these, with the Mackintosh dashing the heads of her poor boys against that terrible stone. But what about the arm and hand wielding the Lochaber axe that so deftly came down and cut off the cat's tail? If the first part of the dream received fulfilment in the tragic events of that day, the remainder was still unfulfilled, but as part of the whole must also needs come to pass—and that some time in the not very distant future. And this solemn thought that, in the hands of a Higher Power, she, with a baby still unborn, was passing through a destiny allotted to her, gave her great comfort in the midst of her afflictions, and at length disposed her mind to kindly slumbers.

As soon as William lay down on his couch he fell into a profound sleep, which continued all night; but just as the morning was beginning to dawn, he opened his eyes and beheld the figure of Ewen between him and the light. "O Ewen," said he, with a startled voice, and his hair rising up on end, "what do you want now?" "William," said Ewen, speaking in tones more shrill than his ordinary, "I and my three boys have been murdered; but you go immediately, first to the Chief of Struan at Dunalastair, and he will give you help; and thereafter go to Lochiel, and tell them there what has happened." And with these words the shadowy form vanished into thin air.

William at once started up from bed; and, having hastily dressed himself, and explained matters to Marsali, set off for

Dunalastair. He arrived before breakfast time, and was so fortunate as to meet the Chief himself taking a morning stroll along his beautiful grounds. The Robertsons of Struan were not more distinguished for their bravery and fine intellectual endowments, than for those kindly qualities of heart which made them so deservedly popular in Perthshire; and this Chief, though rather passionate, was one of the best of his race. William respectfully saluted him. Struan, returning the salute, remarked—"Are you not one of the Camerons that hunt on the *Sliosgarbh?*" "Yes, Chief," replied William, "I am one of those three unfortunate brothers, and the only remaining one now!" "Do you know," said Struan, "that I have been waiting your arrival all this morning? A man, whom I took to be your brother, appeared to me last night in a dream; and he pressed me (*chur e impidh orm*) to go along with one that should arrive this morning bearing some dreadful news. As a rule I don't pay much attention to dreams; but in this case the same person appeared to me three times; and I am rather curious about the matter." Struan's dream is handed down in the following couplet:—

"Tannasg Eoghain aig leabaidh Shruain,
Cur impidh air is e na shuain."

Which may be translated,

"Ewen's ghost at Struan's bed,
Beseeching him about the dead."

William now related to Struan all the occurrences of the preceding day—the drowning of *Iain*, the murder of Ewen, the tragedy of *Clach-nan-ceann*, Marsali's condition and need of help, surrounded as she then was by the unburied bodies of her three murdered boys—and also Ewen's apparition that morning before him, with request to go first to Struan for assistance, and thereafter to Lochiel.

Struan listened with an interest not unmixed with a slight feeling of awe to William's simple narrative of the previous day's proceedings on his estate of *Sliosgarbh;* and when it was finished he energetically slapped his right thigh with his right hand over his kilt (which was his usual way of expressing his displeasure), and said—"This is the most shocking and disgraceful thing that ever was done in this part of the country! I will certainly go up

to-day to *Tigh-na-dige* myself to assist and comfort the poor widow in her distress. But you must first have something to eat." William bowed low and said;

"'S e bhur mòrachd, fhir Shruain,
'Bhi còir anns an eiginn."

That is,

"It is your greatness, O Struan, to be kind to the distressed." The chief, smiling, said, "Is grinn am balach thu!" That is, "You are a fine fellow!" and then led him on through the gate of Mount Alexander, over which, two hundred years later, his gifted but rather cynical descendant Alexander Robertson, the Bard of Struan, wrote the following lines:—

In this small spot whole Paradise you'll see,
With all its plants but the forbidden tree;
Here every sort of animals you'll find
Subdued, but woman who betrayed mankind;
All kinds of reptiles, too, their shelter take
Within these happy groves except the snake;
In fine, there's nothing pois'nous here enclosed,
But all is pure as heaven at first disposed;
Woods, hills, and dales, with milk and corns abound:
Traveller, pull off thy shoes, 'tis holy ground.

And, then, to the house, over the door of which the bard wrote:—

Turn thee, judicious guest, and relish all
The various beauties of the globe in small;
The power and being of a God you'll trace
In the contexture of this narrow space.

Truly, Dunalastair was then the beautiful seat of a worthy and hospitable Highland chieftain. Due south stood the conical Schiehallion—that "thing of beauty," Rannoch's "joy for ever;" due west three miles, Loch Rannoch, with its picturesque surroundings—*Sliosmìn* on the right, *Sliosgarbh* on the left, the mountains of Glencoe in the far distance; while through that charming valley, with those great mountain ramparts on the right and left, and woods and fields and homesteads lying between, the *Dubhag* wound its mazy way from Loch Rannoch like a silver thread until, in its passage through the deep gorge below, it washed the sacred foot of Mount Alexander, and "tumbled" on its course towards the east.

After William had partaken of a comfortable breakfast, he was

sent for to the back court of Dunalastair House, where he found Struan at the head of a body of fourteen armed retainers, preparing to set off for *Tigh-na-dige.* Here all presented a scene of excitement and commotion. The story of the murder of Ewen, and of the massacre of the children, having got wind in the house, now became the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and produced a feeling of horror and loathing which shewed that such utterly atrocious crimes were unheard of in Rannoch even in those dark and lawless times. The beautiful Lady Struan, in her stately manner, advanced towards William, and, with a gracious smile, shook hands with him; whilst the Master of Struan, and the young ladies of the family, and the servants of the household, crowded round to listen to what he had to tell them regarding the terrible transactions of the previous day. He told the harrowing tale from first to last; and never had Arabian storyteller, or wandering minstrel of the Middle Ages, a more interested and attentive audience.

Dh' inn's e sgeulachd Clach-nan-Ceann
Gus na chinn Baintighearn Shruain fann
Is thaislich cridhe gach aon a bh' ann.

That is—

He told the tale of *Clach-nan-Ceann*
Till Lady Struan fainted o'er,
And every heart was softened down.

So great, indeed, was the effect produced that William had to stop several times until somebody's lost equanimity should be restored; but after each interruption he was clamourously called on to resume his narrative, and was obliged to go on and finish the tragic tale.

(To be continued.)

THE ENCHANTED BRIDEGROOM.*

ONCE upon a time a young man was getting married, and, as he was coming out of the church after the ceremony was over, he was stopped by a tall dark man, who asked him to come round to the back of the church, for he wished to speak to him. The young man obeyed and went. The dark man asked him to be good enough to stand there till a small piece of candle which he held in his hand should burn out. The bridegroom complied with the request, for he saw that the candle was but small, and with a short run he could overtake the marriage party. The candle, as he thought, did not take two minutes to burn, and he rushed off to overtake his friends. On his way he saw a man cutting turf, and he asked him if it was long since the wedding party passed that way. The man replied: "I am not aware that any wedding party passed here to-day, nor for a long time past." "Oh, there was a marriage to-day," said the other, "and I am the bridegroom. I was asked by a man to go with him to the back of the church, and I went. I am now running to overtake the party." The man who was cutting the turf, feeling the impossibility of this, asked him what date he supposed that day was. The bridegroom gave his answer; and the man discovered that the date was two hundred years before that time. The bridegroom had passed two hundred years in those two minutes, which the bit of candle took, as he thought, to burn. "I remember," said he who cut the turf, "that my grandfather used to tell something of such a disappearance of a bridegroom, a story which his grandfather had told him as a fact which happened when he was young." "Ah, well then, I am the bridegroom," and so saying, he fell away as he stood, and nothing remained but a small heap of earth.

* From Mr. Cathel Kerr. See our September No., p. 512.

WINDISCH'S IRISCHE TEXTE: THE STORY OF DEIRDRE.

To those who take an interest in the literature and antiquities of the Scottish Gael, Prof. Windisch's second part of his second series of "Irish Texts"* ought to be highly welcome, for in it they may find, ably edited and translated by Dr. Stokes, the version of the story of Deirdre and the Sons of Uisnech which is contained in the famous Glenn Masain MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The further contents of the Professor's book are of more purely Irish interest. They are "The History of Philip and Alexander of Macedon" from the Lebar Brecc, a MS. of the end of the 14th century, and four of the prefatory cow-spoil stories that precede the Táin bo Cuailnge—the Cow-spoil of Cualgne. The History of Philip and Alexander is edited, with a German translation, by Dr. Kuno Meyer, whom our readers favourably know as a contributor to our own pages. Our only regret is that Dr. Meyer did not translate the story into English rather than into German, for the benefit of English and Irish readers, who are less learned in foreign tongues than German scholars. Personally we should prefer to find Dr. Meyer editing the text of some native story or saga when so many of them are still unedited and most of those that are edited belong to a past epoch of scholarship. The portion of the book which Prof. Windisch arrogates to himself is but little over a fourth of the whole and consists of the editing of the prefatory Táin tales already mentioned. These Táins are the Táin bó Dartada, T.b. Flidais, T.b. Regamain, and T.b. Regamna. The Professor gives a translation in each case and there are careful annotations and comparison of texts.

Dr. Stokes gives a full account of the saga of the Sons of Uisnech and completes the Glenn Masain text by additions from another Edinburgh MS., which Peter Turner procured for the Highland Society. As a consequence, the present version of the story is the completest and most important yet issued. Dr. Stokes thus describes the Glenn Masain MS. :—

"The MS. is a vellum quarto, marked LIII., and was probably written in the

* *Irische Texte* mit Ubersetzungen und Wörterbuch. Zweite serie, 2 Heft. Leipzig: Hirtel, 1887.

fifteenth century. It consists of twenty-six leaves or fifty-one pages, in double columns, with 38 or (rarely) 39 lines in each column. The first two leaves contain the first part of the story. Then comes a leaf containing a portion of the Cattlespoil of Flidais. Then our story is resumed on the recto of the fourth leaf and breaks off on the verso of the same leaf. The rest of the codex is taken up with the Táin bó Flidais. There is said to be a fac-simile of a leaf in the 'Report of the Committee of the Highland Society appointed to inquire into the nature and authenticity of the Poems of Ossian,' Edin. 1805, plate III., No. 4."

The MS. from which Dr. Stokes takes the conclusion of the saga is a small quarto paper manuscript, marked 'LVI. Highland Society, Peter Turner, No. 3.' Its contents are mainly the three sorrowful tales of Erin, viz., the Death of the Sons of Tuirenn, Death of the Children of Lir, and the Death of the Sons of Uisnech. It is of the 18th century, and once belonged to "Wm. Reidy, of Lismatigue . . . . Province of Linster, and Kingdom of Ireland," as a note on one of the pages has it.

Dr. Stokes gives a complete bibliography of the tale. The several editions and versions of the text are mainly six in number —(1) Keating's version in his History of Ireland; (2) O'Flanagan's text from an 18th century MS. in Trinity College, Dublin, published in 1808 in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin, and lately republished, with Nos. 3 and 5, in the *Gaelic Journal;* (3) a second text by O'Flanagan, published and republished as No. 2; (4) the text in the Yellow Book of Lecan (about 1391 A.D.), published by O'Carry in the *Atlantis*, Vol. III.; (5) the text in the Book of Leinster (12th century), published in Windisch's "Irische Texte," Vol. I.; and (6) the text in the Egerton MS. 1782, of the 15th century, which is not yet published. Besides these there are in the British and Irish libraries seventeen modern paper copies of the tale. We may mention here that the Inverness Gaelic Society has got an exceedingly full and excellent version of it as a popular tale, taken down from oral recitation by Mr. A. A. Carmichael in 1867 from an old Seanachaidh in Barra, and it is now in the course of publication. To these must also be added the versions of the ballads reproduced from various sources in Campbell's "Leabhar na Feinne," pp. 19-29. The version of the ballad found in Gillies is wonderfully accurate when compared to the somewhat older version of O'Flanagan (No. 2) as quoted by Dr. Stokes. The following is the reference in O'Flanagan's version to Inverness:—

Dochuir chuice eilid bhaeth
agh allaidh, is laegh re a cois,
is do ghabh sé chuice air cuairt,
ag filladh ó shluagh Inbher Nois.

The saga, as Professor Windisch says, contains good material for a tragedy, and, as a consequence, it has given rise to compositions in English, by writers more or less learned in Irish and in Gaelic, from Macpherson downwards. We quote in full Dr. Stokes' remarks on Macpherson: It is treated by "James Macpherson in his *Fingal*, London, 1762, pp. 155-171, under the title *Dar-thula*, a bombastic fabrication, in which the author mixes together incidents belonging to the two cycles of Conchobar and Find. He proves his ignorance of Gaelic by the following notes:—'Nathos [Macphersonese for Naisi] signifies *youthful:* Ailthos [Macphersonese for Ainnle] *exquisite beauty:* Ardan, pride.' 'Dar-thula or Dart-'huile [Macphersonese for Deirdre] a woman with fine eyes.' 'Selâma . . . The word in the original signifies either *beautiful to behold* or a place *with a pleasant or a wide prospect.*' 'Lona, a *marshy plain.*' 'Slis-seamha, *soft bosom.*' He proves his ignorance of old Gaelic manners and customs by making the sons of Usnoth [Macphersonese for Usnach] fall by the arrows shot by 'Cairbar's' bowmen. On this O'Carry is worth quoting (M. & C., Vol. II., 272). 'It is remarkable that in none of our more ancient historical or romantic tracts is there any allusion whatever to Bows and Arrows.'" *

The other writers that have dealt with the saga of Deirdre are Sir Samuel Ferguson (*Poems*, Dublin 1880), Dr. Robert Joyce (poem of *Deirdre*), and the late Dr. Angus Smith in his *Loch Etive and the Sons of Usnach.* The story is noticed also by Campbell in Vol. IV. of his *Tales of the Western Highlands*, and the ballads are given in his *Leabhar na Feinne*, and Mr. Skene has translated Deirdre's first song, "Inmain tír an tír ut thoir," in the introduction to the *Dean of Lismore's Book* published in 1862. "This translation," says Dr. Stokes with his usual directness, "is full of faults." The following phrases are mistranslated—we merely give the correct rendering: "fan mboirinn caoimh," under a fair rock; "sieng is saill bruicc," venison and badger's fat; "donímais collud corrach," we used to have an unsteady sleep; and "ualiche,"

* See also the *Celtic Magazine* for last March, p. 197.

prouder. Of Mr. Skene's theory that the Sons of Uisneach were Picts (!) and his topographical etymologies connected with them, Dr. Stokes says: "It is just possible that some of this topography may be correct; but when Mr. Skene connects Adamnán's regio or mons *Cainle* with the man's name *Ainnle* and the river-name *Nesa* with the man's name *Naisi*, and when he invents a place-name 'Arcardan' in order to connect it with *Ardán*, he must excuse Celtic, and indeed all other, scholars for declining to follow him." Dr. Stokes has done his work with his usual thoroughness and accuracy. His translation is excellent and he has added, besides the textual notes, grammatical and philologic notes full of the interest and importance that always attaches to his researches in these fields. We may suggest that "leirg a benn" on page 115 means in Scotch Gaelic "slope of the hills," which is doubtless the meaning intended. The word *leirg* is a well known word in the Highlands.

PROF. SAYCE ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

IN his presidental address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association, Prof. Sayce dealt with dress as indicating certain racial facts. As he spoke of the high antiquity of the Highland dress, we quote this portion of his address, for it is both of interest and importance:—

There are few things about which a population—more especially in an early stage of society—is so conservative as the matter of dress. When we find the Egyptian sculptor representing the Hittites of the warm plains of Palestine clad in the snow-shoes of the mountaineer, we are justified in concluding that they must have descended from the ranges of the Taurus, where the bulk of their brethren continued to live, just as the similar shoes with turned-up ends which the Turks have introduced among the upper classes of Syria, Egypt, and northern Africa, point to the northern origin of the Turks themselves. Such shoes are utterly unsuited for walking in over a country covered with grass, brush-wood, or even stones; they are, on the contrary, admirably adapted for walking on snow. Now, the dress of Celtic Gaul and of southern Britain, also, when the Romans first became

acquainted with it, was the same as the dress which "linguistic palaeontology" teaches us had been worn by the primitive Aryans in their first home. One of its chief constituents were the braccae, or trousers, which accordingly became to the Roman the symbol of the barbarian. We learn, however, from sculptures and other works of art that before the retirement of the Romans from the northern part of Europe, they had adopted this article of clothing, at all events, during the winter months. That the natives of southern Britain continued to wear it after their separation from Rome is clear from a statement of Gildas ("Hist., 19"), in which he refers in no flattering terms to the kilt of the Pict and the Scot. Yet from within a century after the time of Gildas, there are indications that the northern kilt, which he regards as so strange and curious, had become the common garb of Wales. When we come to the 12th century, we find that it is the National costume. Giraldus Cambrensis gives us a description of the Welsh dress in his own time, from which we learn that it consisted simply of a tunic and plaid. It was not until the age of the Tudors, according to Lluyd, the Welsh historian of the reign of Elizabeth, that the Welsh exchanged their own for the English dress. The Welsh, who served in the army of Edward II. at Bannockburn, were remarked even by the Lowland Scotch, for the scantiness of their attire, and we have evidence that it was the same a century later. If we turn to Ireland we find that in the days of Spenser, and later, the National costume of the Irish was the same as that of the Welsh and the Highland Scotch. The knee-breeches and sword-coat, which characterise the typical Irishman in the comic papers, are survivals of the dress worn by the English at the time when it was adopted in Ireland. The Highland dress, therefore, was once worn not only in the Scotch Highlands and in Ireland, but also in Wales. It characterised the Celtic parts of Britain, with the exception of Cornwall and Devonshire. Yet we have seen that up to the middle of the 6th century, at the period when Latin was still the language of the fellow-countrymen of Gildas, and when "Cunedda's men" had not as yet imposed their domination upon Wales, the old Celtic dress with trousers must have been the one in common use. Now, we can easily understand how a dress of

the kind could have been replaced by the kilt in warm countries like Italy and Greece; what is not easily conceivable is that such a dress could have been replaced by the kilt in the cold regions of the north. In warm climates a lighter form of clothing is readily adopted; in cold climates the converse is the case. I see, consequently, but one solution of the problem before us. On the one hand, there was the distinctive Celtic dress of the Roman age, which was the same as the dress of the primitive Aryan, and was worn alike by the Celts of Gaul and Britain and the Teutons of Germany; on the other hand there was the scantier and colder dress which originally characterized the coldest part of Britain and subsequently mediaeval Wales also. Must we not infer, in the first place, that the aboriginal population of Caledonia and Ireland was not Celtic—or at least not Aryan Celtic; and, secondly, that the dominant class in Wales after the 6th century came from that northern portion of the island where the kilt was worn? Both inferences, at all events, agree with the conclusions which ethnologists and historians have arrived at upon other grounds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

BERESFORD HOUSE, SWANSEA, 10th September, 1887.

SIR,—I have just read with very great pleasure the admirable article on "Tales of the Water-Kelpie" in your September issue. Will you allow me, however, in the interest of Celtic studies as well as of the science of folk-lore, to draw attention to one inadvertence? The writer seems to have been misled by Mr. Sikes into the belief that the mermaid superstition is not found among the Welsh. Mr. Sikes' book is a valuable one; but his experience of the Welsh was after all exceedingly limited, and too much reliance must not be placed on his generalisations. The stories of water spirits, which he himself records in the very chapter from which the writer of the article quotes, might have warned him against so sweeping a statement as he makes.

What is quite certain is that the mermaid is perfectly well known to Welsh tradition. Southey, in the notes to Madoc, quoting from a Welsh poet, mentions two proverbs concerning her, namely:—"Take the mermaid's advice and save thyself," and "Take shelter when you see the mermaid driving her flocks ashore;" and he explains that the white foamy waves are called the mermaid's sheep, and the ninth wave her ram. I have at the present moment no opportunity of verifying the quotation by search among the older Welsh literature; but this is of the less importance because Mr. Charles Hancock, the son-in-law of Dr. Karl Blind, a few years ago found the mermaid still a living belief among the fisher population of the south Pembrokeshire coast. The stories which he obtained were published by Dr. Blind in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1882. They include several varieties of incidents; and if none precisely parallel to the kelpie are included, sufficient analogies were discovered to warrant the hope that further search might yield even this.—I have the honour to be, sir, yours obediently, E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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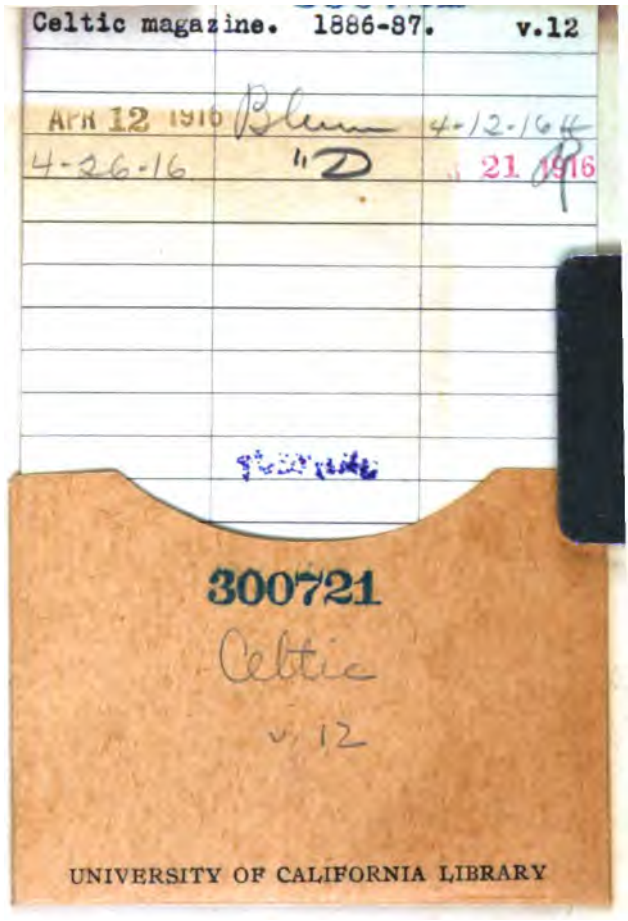
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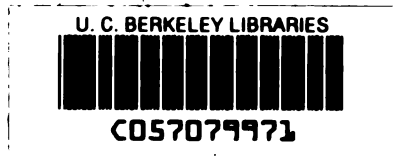
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